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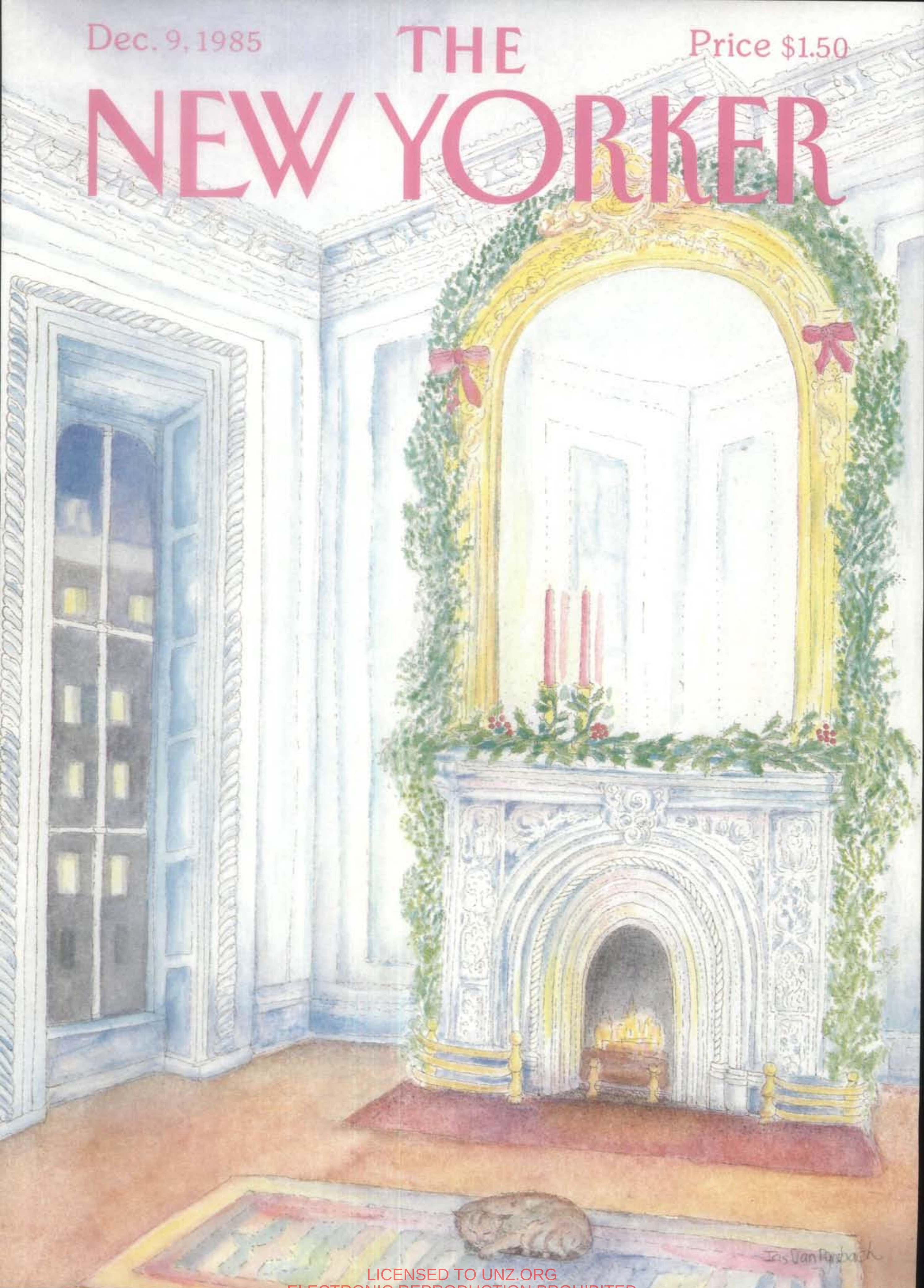
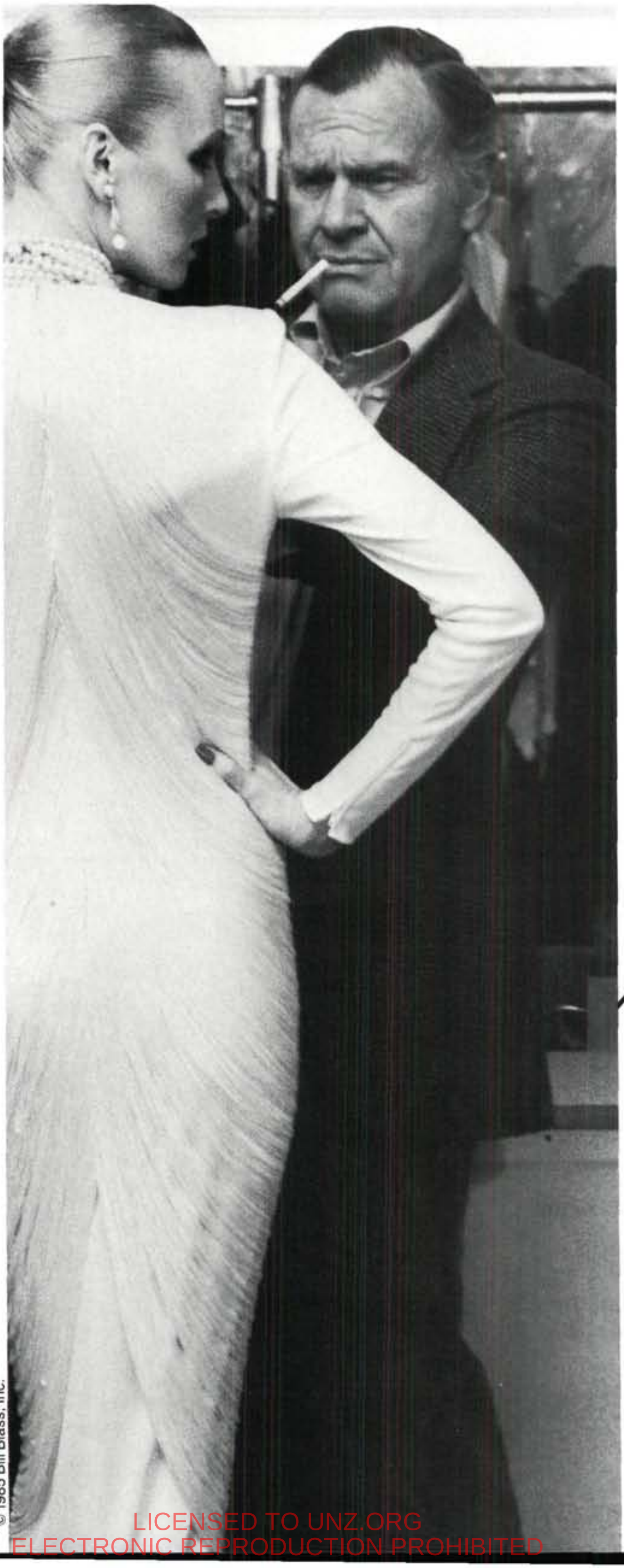

Iris Van Rynbach

My latest list of what I like and don't like so much about women.

My dislikes.

1. A woman who tells you everything. As soon as you've met her.
2. Who can't go to the movies by herself.
3. A woman who wears exercise clothes when she isn't exercising.
4. Who uses a pencil to dial the phone.
5. Who reads book reviews. Instead of books.
6. A woman who calls everyone darling.
7. Who thinks it's extravagant to buy two bottles of perfume at once.



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My likes.

1. A woman whose best friend is a man.
2. A woman who loves dogs that are bigger than cats.
3. Who enjoys getting dressed for dinner. At home.
4. Who sings, loud, even though she's tone deaf.
5. A woman who gets mad. And isn't afraid to say so.
6. A woman who sends a man flowers, just because it's raining.
7. Who doesn't think it's extravagant to buy two bottles of perfume at once. Mine, of course.

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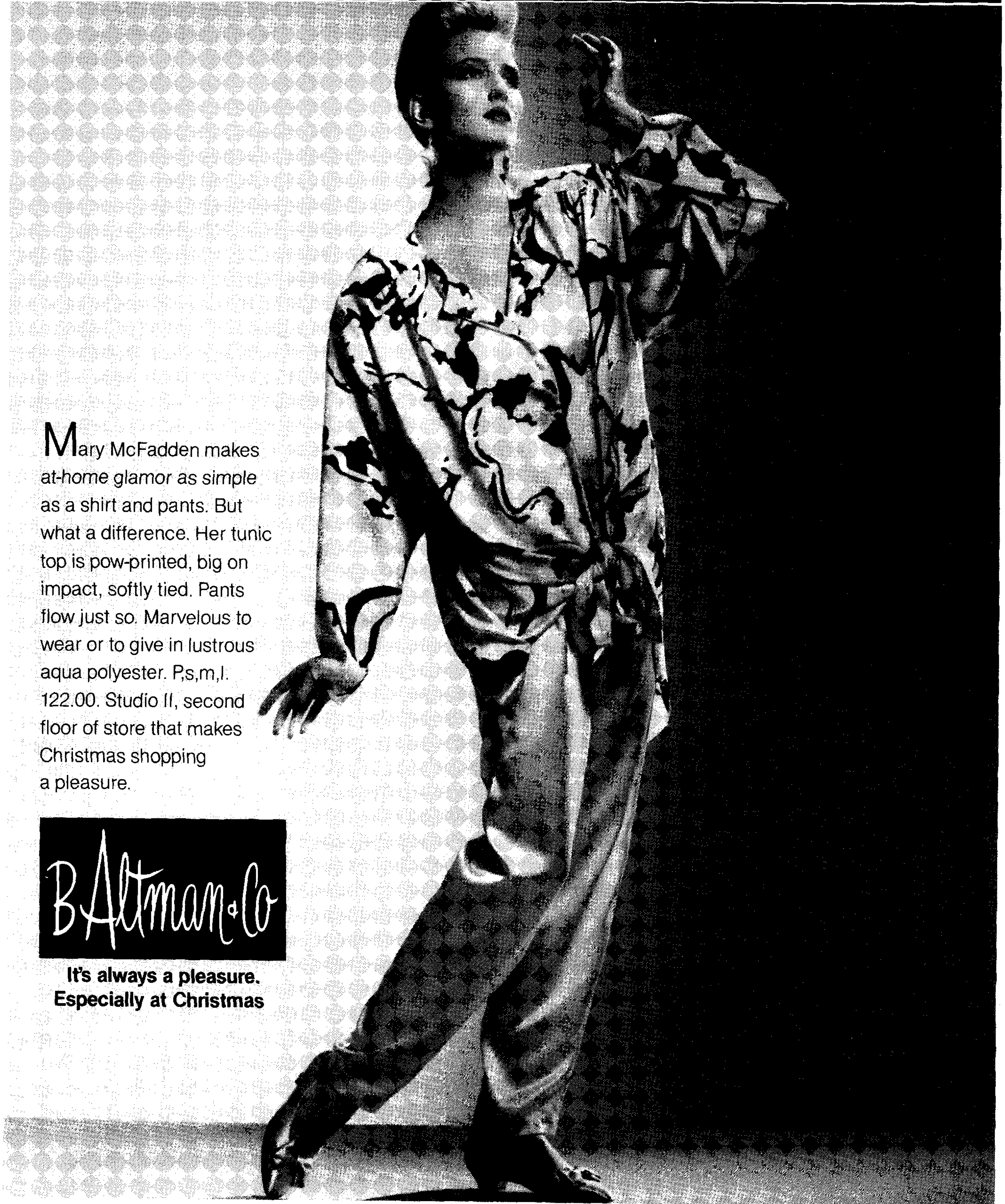

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anteroom—Harry Kondoleon's exercise in camp is tiresome most of the way, though the actors do all they can to redeem it. With Elizabeth Wilson as a zonked-out matron, and with imaginative costumes by Rita Ryack. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/2/85.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn, acted to perfection by Kathryn Pogson, Linda Hunt, Linda Bassett, Lynsey Baxter, and the author himself. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. (11/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Daniel H. Jenkins plays Huck, Ron Richardson plays Jim, and Clint Allen plays Tom. Heidi Landesman has provided an unusually evocative setting—somehow, she has managed to put the Mississippi River on a stage. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A comedy that verges on autohagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Blood Knot—The Yale Repertory Theatre production of Athol Fugard's drama, with Zakes Mokae and Mr. Fugard, who also directed. Previews through Monday, Dec. 9. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 6:30. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys of Winter—A play by John Pielmeier, directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cruise Control—Two couples, each of them seeking privacy, find themselves sharing a small island off the Atlantic Coast, in Kevin Wade's ingenious comedy with serious undertones. The actors are fine, under Norman René's direction. John Getz is the proprietor of a bar, Patricia Richardson is his wife, Derek D. Smith is a young rock singer, and Elizabeth Berridge is his girl. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

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Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—The scene is a locker room in a tennis club in Connecticut, where four men undress and dress and undress while they talk over their more or less miserable lives. This is a comedy. The author is David Wiltse, and the four men are played by Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Lillian Hellman's 1946 drama, **another part of the forest**, will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Dec. 5, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 22. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Festival of One-Act Comedies—The Manhattan Punch Line presentation of two programs of five one-act plays each, running in repertory. Program B: Previews on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 9, at 6:45. Other performances on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, at 8. . . . ¶ Program A: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 11-12, at 8. (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Through Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Ghashiram Kotwal—An experimental theatre work by Indian playwright Vijay Tendulkar, in its English-language American première. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 7.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Hamelin: A Musical Tale from Rats to Riches—A musical dud. (11/25/85) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hay Fever—A revival of Noël Coward's comedy, starring Rosemary Harris and Roy Dotrice and directed by Brian Murray. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 12. (Music Box, 239 W.

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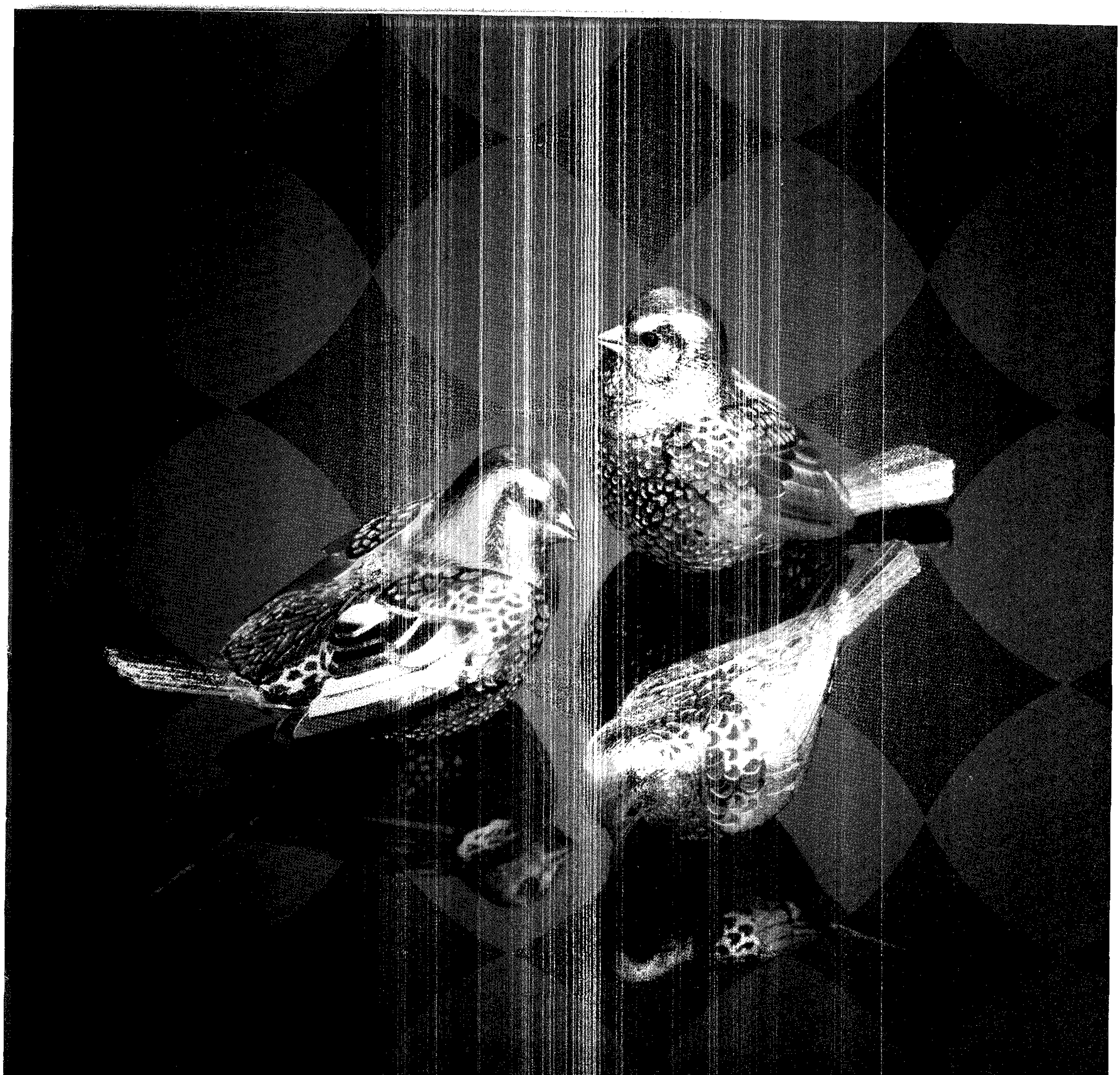

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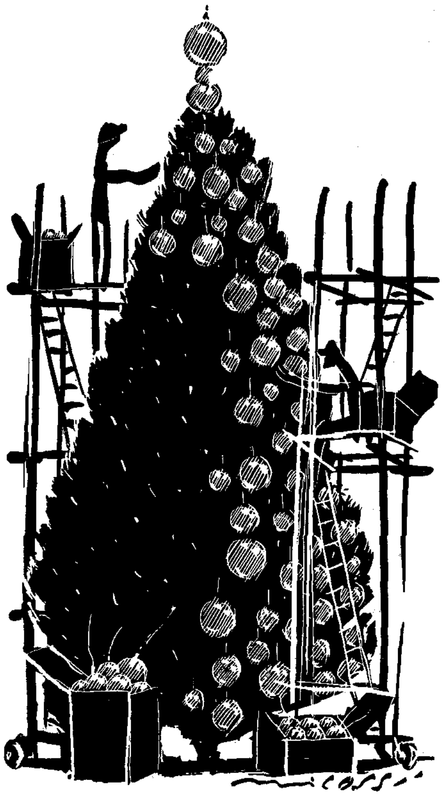

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45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A revival of the 1895 Oscar Wilde comedy. With Dina Merrill. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Inside Out—A drama written and directed by James Van Lare. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In the Boom Boom Room—A newly rewritten version of David Rabe's 1973 play, with Liz McDonald. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 4. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—A musical revue of show tunes written by Jerry Herman, with Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams. Staged by Larry Alford. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 7. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 8, at 6:30. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Just So—A musical based on Rudyard Kipling's "Just So Stories," conceived and directed by Julianne Boyd. The book is by Mark St. Germain, the lyrics by David Zippel, and the score by Doug Katsaros. André de Shields is the star. (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 4, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at noon and 4.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A return engagement of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, a musical adapted from two O. Henry short stories. Randy Courts composed the music and Mark St. Germain provided the book and lyrics. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 4, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 5. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—A new play by Sam Shepard, with Geraldine Page, Amanda Plummer, and Harvey Keitel. Mr. Shepard is the director. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 4. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 5. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 5. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 3:30 and 8; and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Marriage of Figaro—A smart-alecky reworking of the Beaumarchais classic, translated and adapted by Richard Nelson and directed by Andrei Serban, who relies on sight gags with skateboards as much as he does upon his cast, which includes Anthony Heald, Christopher Reeve, and Dana Ivey. (10/28/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 15.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3905. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The New York Shakespeare Festival production of a musical by Rupert Holmes, with Betty Buckley, Cleo Laine, and George Rose. The show is based on Dickens' unfinished novel of the same name. The director is Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The American of **EYES OF THE AMERICAN** is a C.I.A. man who comes to a newly independent island in the West Indies. The role is portrayed by the stalwart Graham Brown, who also doubles as a dictator; the other actors—just as good—are Eugene Lee and Seret Scott. The play, by Samm-Art Williams, is always absorbing but not always clear. (11/11/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable non-play about the victims of AIDS in the homosexual community of this city. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his successful comedy of twenty years ago, which was about a couple of male bachelors, into an unsuccessful comedy about a couple of female bachelors. The cast is headed by Sally Struthers and Brenda Vaccaro. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays, except Dec. 4, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

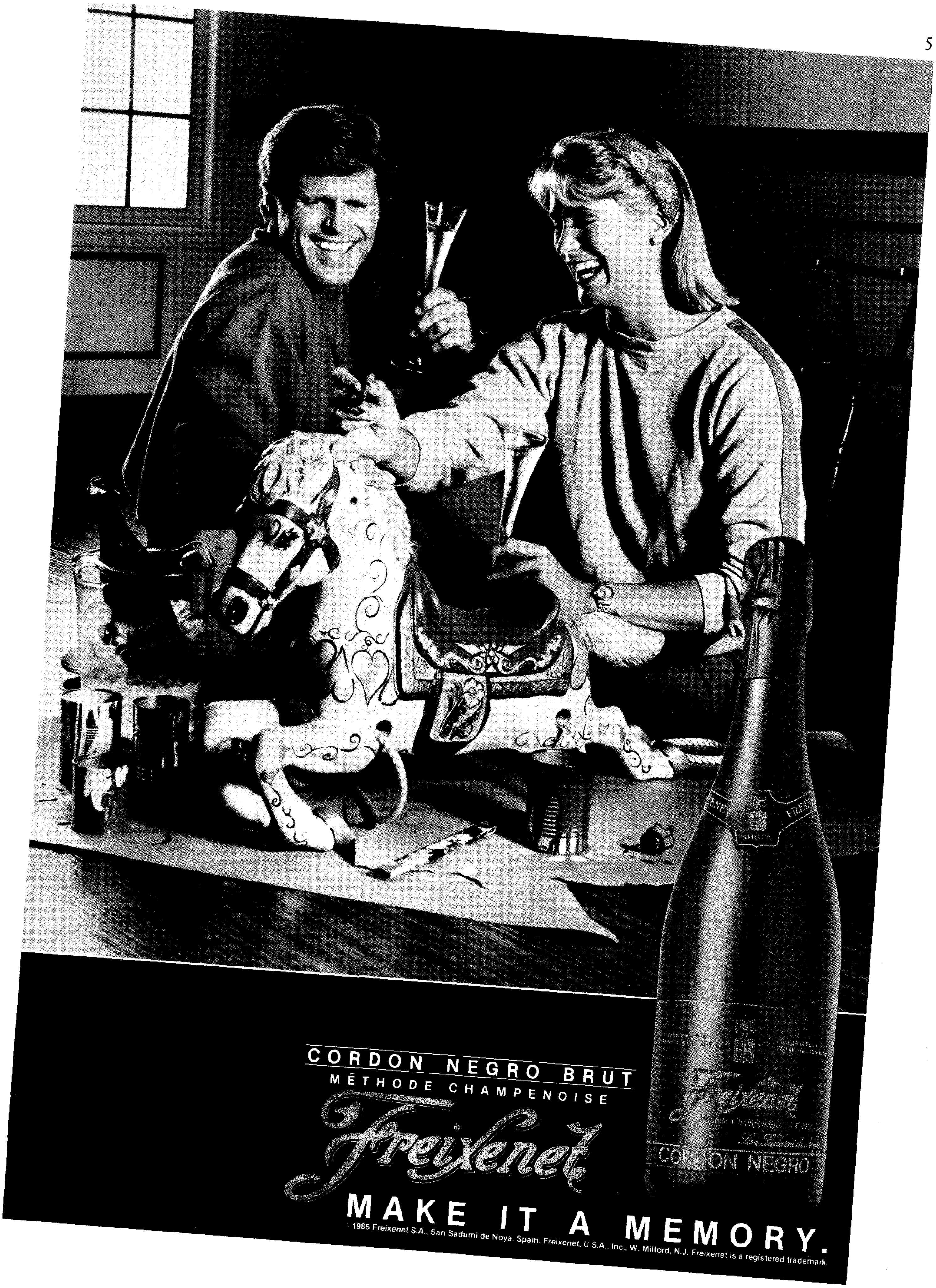
The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What could be more bizarre than an effortful re-creation onstage of what a movie once did with consummate ease and grace? Twyla Tharp has directed and choreographed this sad, enormous oddity. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song and Dance—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,656 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star over-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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night. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 4-5, at 11 and 2:30; Fridays *and Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 2:30 and 7:30;* Saturdays at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 8, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; and Thursday, Dec. 12, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 9.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7:45 [a benefit performance]; Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8; Fridays at 11 and 7:30; Saturdays and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 12:30 and 4; Monday, Dec. 9, at 6:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 10-12, at 11 and 6. Through Sunday, Jan. 5. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 5. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 7; Friday, Dec. 6, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 8, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 10-12, at 6; Friday, Dec. 13, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 29—Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30: "Speeds" (company première) and "For Bird with Love" (New York première). . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Concerto in F," "How to Walk an Elephant" (New York première), and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Speeds," "Divining," and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Divining," "Treading," "How to Walk an Elephant," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3: "Concerto in F," "Fontessa and Friends," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Isba," "Treading," "Lament," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Memoria," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Speeds." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "For Bird with Love," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Concerto in F," "Lament," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2: "Isba," "Treading," "How to Walk an Elephant," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Divining," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinèes Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Presenting a new "Event" each evening. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 4-6, at 8.)

Mark Morris Dance Group—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 22. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3 and 8; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 11-14, at 8.)

Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Co.—Opening performances of a two-week engagement—Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 7:30, and Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Freedom of Information" (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 11, and Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Shared Distance," "Fever Swamp" (company première), "Black Room" (American première), "Rotary Action," "The Lotus Eaters" (première), and "Continuous Replay." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2: "Secret Pastures." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Theatre of the Open Eye—New and repertory works by Jean Erdman, performed by a troupe of thirteen dancers. (Hunter College *Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St.* Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 5. For tickets, call 769-4142.)

Ritha Devi—In a program of classical dances of India. (Cubiculo, 414 W. 51st St. 265-2138. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **MARY ANTHONY DANCE THEATRE/PHOENIX:** Wednesday, Dec. 4, and Friday, Dec. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2. . . . **ANNA SOKOLOW'S PLAYERS' PROJECT:** Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 11-14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully nonself-indulgent singer, concentrates on the music of Kurt Weill in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. The rest of the evening belongs to **MARTHA RAYE,** who sings here through Saturday, Dec. 7. Music at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths, a curvy bar, and, at the moment, a roster of big bands. **WOODY HERMAN'S** band works Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 4-5; **BUDDY RICH** brings in his band to perform Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 6-11; and on Thursday, Dec. 12, **LIONEL HAMPTON'S** band will take over. Sets begin after nine. Jubilant, hard-bop trumpeter **TED CURSON** presides over after-hours jam sessions every night but Monday until about four in the morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-venue pop, rock, folk, and jazz club with, thank heavens, tables and chairs. Thursday, Dec. 5, Richard Belzer, at seven-thirty and ten; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III;** Monday, Dec. 9, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 10-11, **DAVID BROMBERG;** Thursday, Dec. 12, guitarists **LAURINDO ALMEIDA, LARRY CORYELL,** and Sharon Isbin; and Friday through Sunday, Dec. 13-15, **BILLY COBHAM.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven; and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. One of them, **RICHIE BEIRACH** and **EDDIE GOMEZ,** can be heard through Saturday, Dec. 7; Sunday, Dec. 8, will belong to **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **RED MITCHELL,** yet another fine duo; and on Monday, Dec. 9, **BARRY HARRIS** will move in to work with **RED MITCHELL.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room where you can hear **BOBBY SHORT,** always a cozy, elegant, and, above all, vivacious singer-pianist, with his trusty musical entourage, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is back, singing and soloing Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room. Guitarist **BIRELI LAGRENE** heads up a combo that features guitarist **VIC JURIS** through Sunday, Dec. 8, and on Tuesday, Dec. 10, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a big-voiced, swing-era-styled tenor saxophonist, will arrive with singer **MAXINE SULLIVAN.** Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL'S** trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 4, **MOJO NIXON,** the **VOLCANO SONS,** the Slickee Boys, and Boiled in Lead; Thursday, Dec. 5, Phil Ochs Song Night, with **TOM PAXTON, MELANIE, DAVE VAN RONK,** and others; Friday, Dec. 6, **ERIC ANDERSEN;** Saturday, Dec. 7, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO;** Wednesday, Dec. 11, Winter Hours; Thursday, Dec. 12, Lori Carson and Betsy Straton; Friday, Dec. 13, **TAJ MAHAL;** and Saturday, Dec. 14, **MELANIE.** Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler; Mondays are claimed by the Stan Edwards trio; Sundays **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano; and Tuesdays go to Swing Street-veteran guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and his trio. And they all begin at ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a wonderful stride pianist, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th

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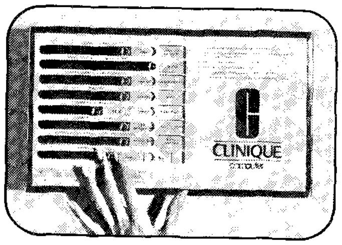

CLINIQUE

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St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-keyed bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** play duets through Saturday, Dec. 7; starting Tuesday, Dec. 10, **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** will take over. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas; when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday, Dec. 4, Poco; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, Duane Eddy; Monday, Dec. 9, a benefit concert with **DR. JOHN, DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN, SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES**, and others; Thursday, Dec. 12, New Orleans pianist, songwriter, and record producer **ALLEN TOUSSAINT**; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, **DR. JOHN.** Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. Some of the schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 4, East Coast Offering; Thursday, Dec. 5, DeCocoa & Hot Chocolate; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, **TOOTS THIELEMANS**; Monday, Dec. 9, **JUMP STREET**; Wednesday, Dec. 11, trumpeter **BRUCE PURSE**; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, **MC COY TYNER.** Music from about ten. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play such uplifting, irresistible, swinging music that it's nearly impossible not to want to Lindy to it. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Dec. 4, Howard Stern; Thursday, Dec. 5, **YELLOWMAN** and **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS**; Friday, Dec. 6, the Cult; Saturday, Dec. 7, the **NEVILLE BROTHERS**; Sunday, Dec. 8, the Divinyls; Friday, Dec. 13, the Romantics and Revo Bop; and Saturday, Dec. 14, Mr. Mister. Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Up-to-date jazz: Wednesday, Dec. 4, Juli Kohl; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 5-7, **KENWOOD DENARD, JOHN SCOFIELD**, and **ANTHONY JACKSON**; Sunday, Dec. 8, **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**; Tuesday, Dec. 10, **JAMEEL MOONDOC**; and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 11-12, **CHUCK LOEB.** Mondays are reserved for the **TOM PIERSON** orchestra. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Dec. 4, the Gladiators, with Yabby You; Thursday, Dec. 5, the Magnum Band; Friday, Dec. 6, **AFRICAN CONNECTION**; Saturday, Dec. 7, **MIKATA**; Tuesday, Dec. 10, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Wednesday, Dec. 11, singer **LEON THOMAS**; Thursday, Dec. 12, Tabou Combo; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A terrific trio—pianist **CEDAR WALTON**, bassist **RON CARTER**, and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**—holds forth until Sunday, Dec. 8; on Tuesday, Dec. 10, tenor saxophonist and singer **PHAROAH SANDERS** will bring in his band. Mondays are now the property of blues and ballad singer **DAKOTA STATON.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, basic blues and rock club. The partial schedule: Thursday, Dec. 5, and Wednesday, Dec. 11, rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY**; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, Loup Gurou; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, **BUSTER POINDEXTER.** Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate on Fridays and Saturdays, the **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND** participates in a swing-music-and-jitterbug evening that begins after nine. . . . ¶ Out on the Terrace, **MIKE LONGO** and **BEN BROWN** provide piano-bass conversations nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Former Mingus hands pianist **DON PULLEN** and saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 8, and on Tuesday, Dec. 10, saxophonist and composer **DAVID MURRAY** will begin working with his quintet. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from ten.

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WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Big-band-reed-section veteran **BENNY WATERS** guides a quintet through Sunday, Dec. 8, and on Wednesday, Dec. 11, saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** will come in with *his* quintet. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** is here through Saturday, Dec. 7, and on Tuesday, Dec. 10, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** will move in with bassist **CECIL MC BEE**; Sundays are allotted to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI**; and Mondays belong to pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ROY BUCHANAN, LONNIE MACK, AND ALBERT COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.

JOHN BLAKE AND STANLEY COWELL—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.

KEN WERNER—With Chico Freeman and Bill Frisell. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

THURMAN BARKER, JOSEPH JARMAN, AND AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CREATIVE MUSICIANS—With Frank Gordon, Leroy Jenkins, Henry Threadgill, Amina Claudine Myers, and others. (Symphony Space. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

SHARON, LOIS & BRAM—In a benefit concert for the Corlears Scholarship Fund. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2. For tickets, call 741-2800.)

ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM AND CARLOS BARBOSA LIMA—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 8.

ROGER DALTREY—With Big Country. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

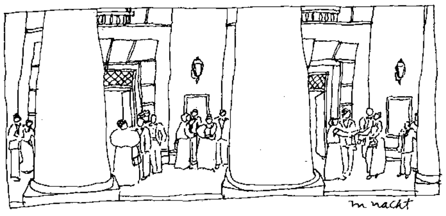
SADE—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8.

AL DIMEOLA PROJECT—With Allan Holdsworth. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

OLIVER LAKE—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.

HOLLY NEAR—With John Bucchino. (Beacon Theatre. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Dakota Staton, Doc Cheatham, George Kelly and the Jazz Sultans, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)



THOMPSON TWINS—With Orchestral Maneuvres in the Dark. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

GEORGE WINSTON—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 6 and 11.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Saturday, Dec. 7, at 9:30 and 11: Tom Pierson's Turning Point. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 9:30: C'est What! (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, Dec. 6: Wire Train, Miracle Legion, and Mojo Nixon & Skid Roper. . . . ¶ *Saturday, Dec. 7: Untouchables.* (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start after 9.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Betty Buckley, Don Scardino, Leata Galloway, Mandy Patinkin, and others performing a program of music by Peter Link for the benefit of the American Run for the End of AIDS. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 7.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Abstractions in miniature, usually applied with egg-and-oil tempera. Through Jan. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Constructions using brass mannequins, antique play blocks, and so forth; also, paper collages. Through Dec. 21. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

CARMEN CICERO / THOMAS HART BENTON (1889-1975)—Expressionist paintings and small sculptures of cowboys, dance-hall girls, and minstrels by a sort of hillbilly Dubuffet. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. / Paintings, works on paper, and a few sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD (1906-78)—Prints. Through Jan. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. A retrospective is at the Whitney Museum.)

STUART DAVIS (1892-1964)—Line drawings on canvas and paper. Through Dec. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

JAMES HILL—Imaginative sculptural works in stone, wood, and glass decorated with antlers, pebbles, seashells, and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA (1886-1980)—Paintings and drawings from the early part of the artist's career. Through Feb. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Oils and monotypes, plus jewelry designed by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Jan. 4. (Davis & Langdale, which has moved to 231 E. 60th St.)

JULIO LARRAZ—A monumental bunch of bananas and a steam locomotive speeding through a tropical landscape are seen in these realist paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Haime, 1000 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PIERRE LESIEUR—Paintings and drawings of interiors, still-lifes, and landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

BRUNO LUCCHESI—Terra-cotta figures of everyday New Yorkers—subway riders, a bag lady, moviegoers in line. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ALBERTO MAGNELLI (1888-1971)—Paintings by an Italian artist who embraced Cubism and later focussed on geometric abstraction. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Twenty bronzes: still-lifes, Oriental female figures, and one of ecclesiastical trappings left hanging on a chair. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

CATHERINE MURPHY—Homey scenes (the back yard, the cellar stairs) painted with painstaking exactitude in the past six years. Through Dec. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

HUNT SLONEM—Paintings of jungle flora and

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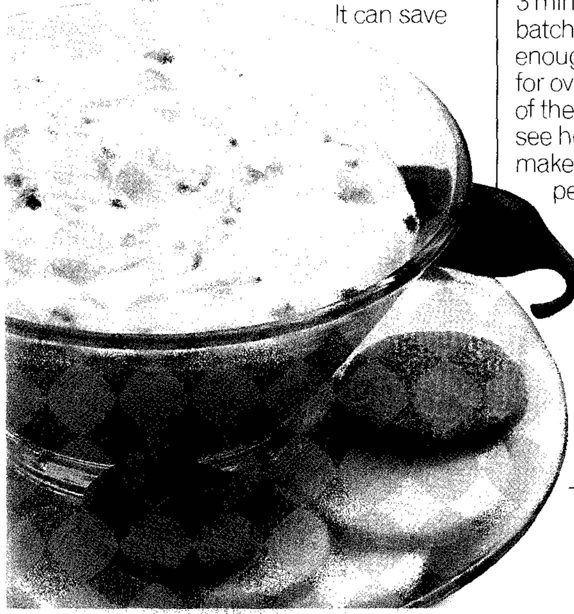

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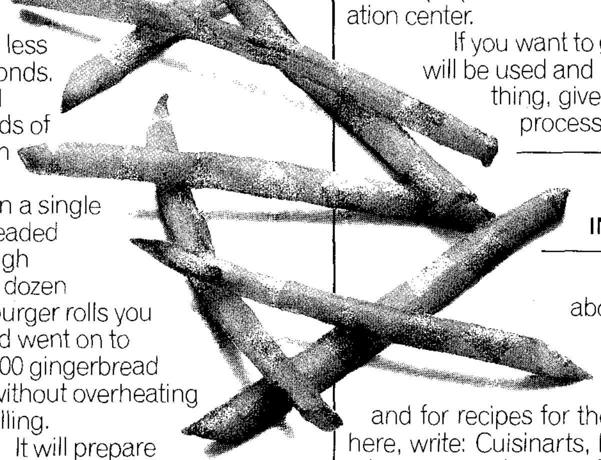

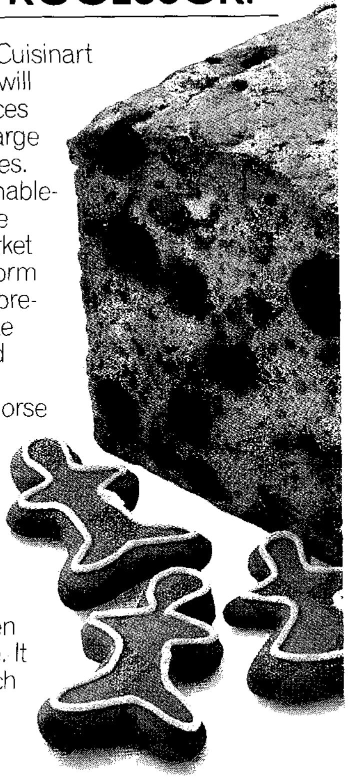

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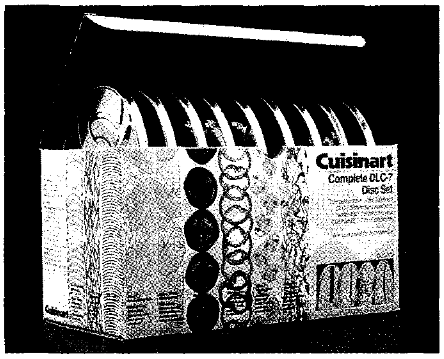

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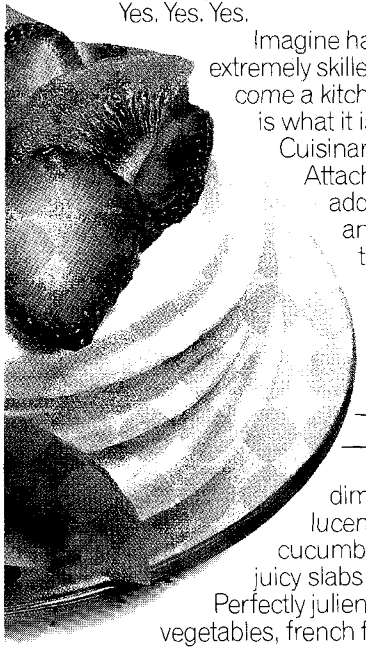

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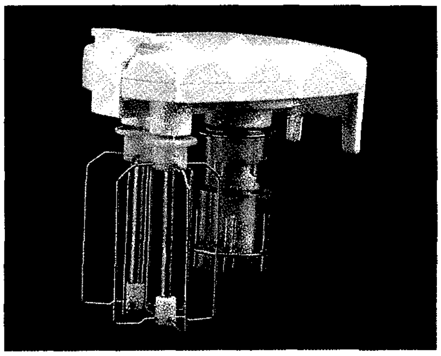
WHISK.

No more toiling with a hand mixer or having to buy a separate electric mixer.

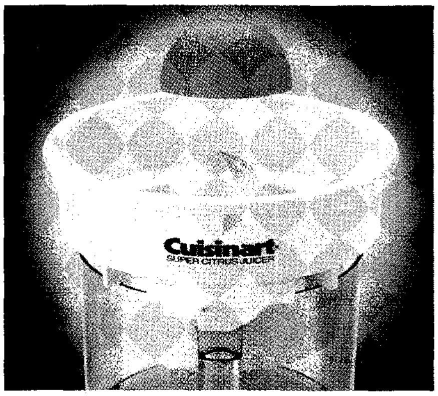
The Cuisinart Whisk Attachment does it all and with better results. Mountains of whipped cream without effort. Fluffy mashed potatoes. Perfect beaten egg whites.

In fact, the Cuisinart Whisk Attachment produces egg whites so stiff and fine textured, meringues, like the one shown, require only half the usual amount of sugar!



CITRUS JUICER.

With the new Cuisinart Super Citrus Juicer Attachment, the Cuisinart food processor makes electric juicers and hand juicers obsolete.



And unlike other juicer attachments, which operate directly off the food processor motor at unproductively high rpm's, Cuisinart's Super Citrus Juicer Attachment employs a unique speed reducer. It rotates at the best speed for fast juicing, greatly reducing spatter and eliminating the danger of bruising fingers. Plus it holds over 1¼ quarts of juice and the powerful DLC-7 motor can make more than 3 gallons of juice without overheating.

FOR MORE INFORMATION.

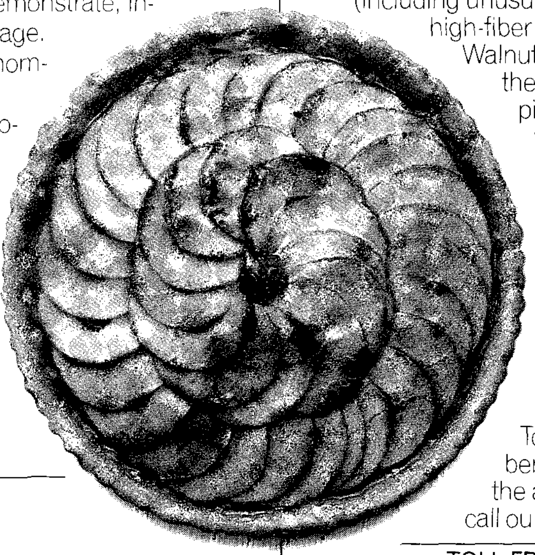
To learn more about all of the optional attachments, the Cuisinart Cooking Club, as well as for recipes for the foods pictured, write: Cuisinarts, Inc., 411(N) West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinart®
Optional Attachments

For a store near you, call toll-free
(800) 243-8540.

YOUR COOKING ALLIES.

WHY IT'S BEST TO GIVE OR GET A CUISINART® FOOD PROCESSOR.



We won't let a cook fail.

We'll talk, demonstrate, inform and encourage.

We want whomever you give a Cuisinart food processor to, to use it and enjoy it to the absolute fullest.

We want to help. When our machine is in front of you, our whole company is behind you.

CUISINART COOKING CLUB.

Every new owner of a Cuisinart food processor is given a *free* three month membership to the Cuisinart Cooking Club.

Created to help everyone who cooks at home get the most from their machine, club benefits include a monthly newsletter, "The Cuisinart Cook," full of food processor techniques and recipes (including unusual ones such as the high-fiber Whole Wheat Walnut Bread Ring and the Apple Gallette Tart pictured), as well as valuable discounts on mail order food products and other items.

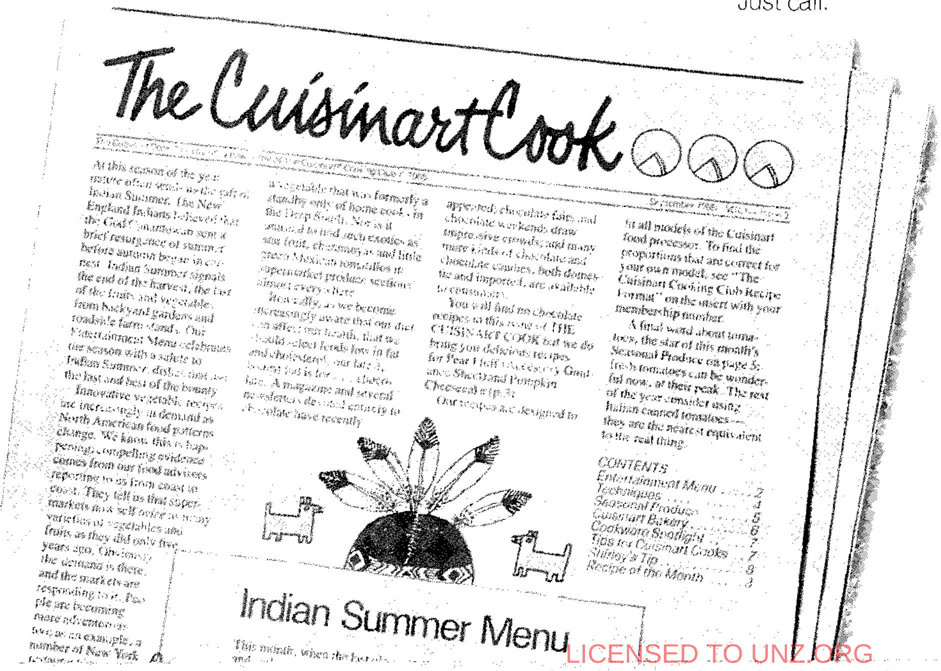
Club membership is also a thoughtful gift for someone who already owns a Cuisinart food processor. To send a gift membership, write to us at the address below or call our toll-free number.

TOLL-FREE NUMBER.

Cuisinarts' toll-free number, 800-243-8540, has just one purpose: to assist. We have 17 knowledgeable and friendly advisors to answer questions.

Want to know how to adapt your favorite recipe to your model Cuisinart food processor? The best way to process a particular food? Curious about a certain Cuisinart accessory?

Just call.



The Cuisinart Cook

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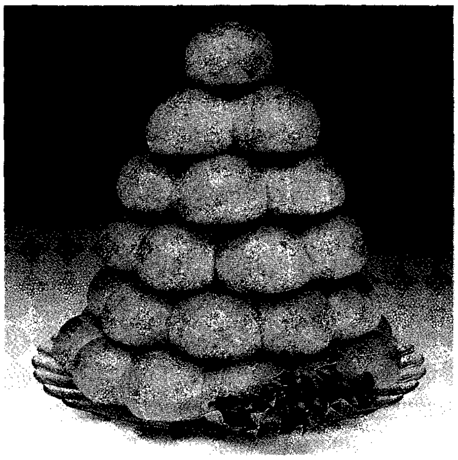
Indian Summer Menu

DEMONSTRATIONS.

Cuisinarts regularly holds informative demonstrations and cooking classes in stores around the country. Learn the latest food processor shortcuts. Pick up pointers on food preparation. See our new attachments. But mostly, we're there to help you discover just how easy it is to use a Cuisinart food processor and to witness how much you can accomplish with it.

WARRANTY.

The Cuisinart food processor comes with a warranty unsurpassed by any other brand of food processor. The machine itself is fully warranteed for three years in normal home use. Principal motor parts have a limited warranty for an additional twenty-seven years!



FOR MORE INFORMATION.

To learn more about the Cuisinart Cooking Club, about our magazine "The Pleasures of Cooking" and other publications, and for recipes for the foods pictured, write: Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinart®
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For a store near you, call toll-free
(800) 243-8540.

Announcing the 1986 Seville.
The new essence of elegance.

You've never seen a Seville like this before. The tailored, smooth-flowing design looks invitingly contemporary, yet its understated elegance remains strictly Seville.

On the road, the 1986 Seville handles magnificently. Trim, taut, and responsive. Without sacrificing the luxury you expect from the ultimate Cadillac.

Behind the real American walnut-trimmed instrument panel lives an electronics system so advanced it wa inconceivable a few short years ago. Technology not just for technology's sake, but technology designed to

LET'S GET IT TOGETHER. BUCKLE UP. GM

contribute to your driving comfort.

An especially revealing way to appreciate the 1986 Seville is to study the obvious attention to detail. The fit. The finish. The smooth flow of one design plane into the next. The precision of the electronic instrumentation. The quality of Seville is backed by a 4-year/50,000-mile limited warranty. In some cases, a deductible applies. See your dealer for details.

Destined to become another American classic, the 1986 Seville. The perfect combination of luxury and technology.

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BEST OF ALL...IT'S A CADILLAC.

THE EXTRAORDINARY AMERICAN.
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fauna. Through Jan. 15. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.) . . . ¶ Paintings incorporating Incan imagery. Through Dec. 28. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Bill Traylor (1854-1947)—Drawings made on cardboard scraps by an Alabama naïf. Through Jan. 11. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: From Bolivia and Peru, devotional paintings of the Virgin and angels which initially coincided with the establishment of Christianity there. The works span three centuries. Through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **colnaghi,** 26 E. 80th St.: European paintings, 1550 to 1800. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Impressionist paintings and works on paper by American artists, among them Mary Cassatt, William Merritt Chase, and Childe Hassam. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **prakapas,** 19 E. 71st St., and **ex libris,** 160A E. 70th St.: Drawings by Italian Futurists, chiefly by F. T. Marinetti, the poet and propagandist whose ideas rocked Italy early in this century. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Prakapas opens at noon; Ex Libris opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of paintings and drawings of Paris café scenes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists who frequented them. Courbet, Monet, Renoir, Picasso, and Braque are among those included. Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Frederic Amat / Peter Saul—Large works on canvas, each consisting of a recognizable image (a frog, a recumbent figure) rendered in wax, cast paper, and earth. Also, smaller works on paper using the same ingredients. Through Thursday, Dec. 12. / Drawings. Through Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Elena Borstein—Cityscapes of the Bronx, by an artist better known for her paintings of Greece. Through Jan. 4. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Brady—Watercolors of still-lifes in interiors. Through Dec. 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

George de Forest Brush (1855-1941)—American Indian and mother-and-child portraits are among the paintings and drawings in this retrospective. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Clough—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Dec. 21. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—Bronzes from the past twenty years and drawings done in the forties and fifties. Through Dec. 28. (Dorsky, 58 W. 58th St.)

Raymon Elozua—Painted-ceramic reliefs depicting soldiers, eagles, the Statue of Liberty. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Colorful abstract paintings, many of which seem to be based on dissections of flowers, sorting out the stamens and pistils and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Paul Manes—Paintings by a Texas artist with a bent for the apocalyptic. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Getler-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Ceramics done in collaboration with Josep Llorens Artigas. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Bronze sculptures dating from 1959 to 1962. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Annette Oko—Paintings of upper West Side storefronts. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marjorie Portnow / Kenneth Polinskie—Landscape paintings of Maine, New York, Virginia, New Mexico, and California by an artist who travels a lot. / Paper-pulp depictions of figures and flowers. Through Dec. 21. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Allen Ruppersberg—Preparatory works, as it were, for fictitious publications, including mechanicals that consist of pictures from calendars and titles carved into wood logs. Through Dec. 28. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Collages made up of the delicate bits and pieces she doted on—scraps of fabric, thread, feathers. Through Dec. 21. (At both Washburn galleries, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

David Saunders—Still-lifes and landscapes painted on a double thickness of canvas, with incised figures visible in the top layer. Through Dec. 21. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Seery—Bouquets of flowers painted on vellum, usually in a circular composition. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michael Steiner—Abstract bronze sculptures in tabletop sizes. Through Jan. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Stubbs (1724-1806)—Etchings: horses, of course, but also lions, sleepy-looking tigers, leopards, and anatomical drawings of nude male figures and a plucked rooster. Through Dec. 28. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Recent work, including painted cutout-aluminum sculptures. Through Dec. 28. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Another exhibition is at the Whitney Museum.)

Donald Sultan—Small paintings. Through Jan. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—What look like first-rate crayon drawings of nudes dashed off on a white wall are actually steel cutouts done with a laser beam, and aluminum cutouts done with a saw, all of them painted with enamel. A new technique for the artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Miniature paintings the artist keeps as a sort of index file of his major works. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William Zorach (1889-1966)—Oils the artist did prior to abandoning painting for sculpture, plus sculptures that include his very first piece—a wood bas-relief dated 1917. Through Jan. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Conrad Atkinson / Douglas Davis—Didactic paintings blasting consumerism in all its forms. / Works that use photographic material, some of it seen inside six walk-in booths. Through Dec. 28. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Robert Barnes—A retrospective of paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Bernd and Hilla Becher—Photographs of stark, Gothic-looking industrial landscapes—grain elevators, water towers, blast furnaces. Through Dec. 21. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

d. ehrenberg

Peter Bocour—Abstract paintings incorporating vigorous brushwork and poured paint. A few are in black-and-white but most of them are in vivid colors. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Rentschler, 72 Greene St.)

Chuck Connelly—Paintings, mostly of vast landscapes seen from aloft. In the largest of all, an army of tiny black figures is locked in battle with an army of tiny white figures, with war machines scattered all over. Through Thursday, Dec. 12. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings of frolicking figures on tropical beaches, a cockfight, girls wrestling, and so on. Through Wednesday, Dec. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joel Fisher—Recent sculptures in various mediums, and the drawings from which they originated. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Jedd Garet—Recent works by this surrealist painter, who often combines geometric abstractions with realistic images. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Totah-Stelling, a new gallery at 152 Wooster St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—A survey of paintings and works on paper from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Nonobjective paintings and large-scale prints. Through Dec. 21. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Roy Lichtenstein / Gianfranco Gorgoni—Large landscapes marked by swipes of raw color and his more characteristic Benday shading. / Photographs of art-world figures, including Mr. Lichtenstein and dozens of others—artists, and dealers. Through Dec. 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Paintings of upstate forest scenes, framed on the canvas with trompe-l'oeil masking tape, the artist's hallmark. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Jakob Mattner—Glass rectangles, disks, and slivers set into a white wall and impeccably lighted so that shadows become part of the sculptures. Through Dec. 28. (Carpenter+Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Mario Merz—An installation and other works at 142 Greene Street: downstairs, at Castelli, and upstairs, at Sperone Westwater. Through Dec. 21.

Andreas Schulze—Paintings of abstract sculptural forms, sometimes enlivened with surrealist touches—furry, clawed feet emerging from beneath an otherwise inanimate object, for instance. Through Dec. 21. (Gladstone, in a new location at 99 Greene St.)

Jonathan Scoville—Paintings by an artist who specializes in unusual cloud formations. Through Dec. 21. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Janet Stayton—Classic Italian scenery—gardens, bridges, fountains, statuary—painted in rich colors. A two-gallery show, the larger paintings at 112 Greene Street Gallery (through Saturday, Dec. 7), and the smaller ones at Heesy, 50 W. 57th St. (through Saturday, Dec. 14).

Valton Tyler—Large oil paintings of what seem to be huge armor-plated insects, part Disney and part Hieronymus Bosch. Through Thursday, Dec. 12. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Anthony Zych—A two-gallery show of landscape paintings that have components of the landscape itself—dirt, tar, pebbles—bound to the canvas with resin. Through Jan. 4. (Viafora, a new gallery at 568 Broadway, and Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sculpture—At the **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: Works by gallery regulars (Winsor, Judd, Andre), plus a whole wall covered with a Sol LeWitt of red, yellow, blue, and black pencil marks. Through Jan. 4. . . . **thorp,** 103 Prince St.: Noguchi, Bourgeois, Andre, and Zorach are among the twenty-odd sculptors represented in an exhibition entitled "Stone." Through Dec. 21.

OTHER GALLERIES

Lee Jaffe—Constructions made from found objects, including fur pelts that are used in a piece called "What Becomes a Legend Most." Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Rick Prol—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 22. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Michael Zansky—These compositions have mythical subjects painted in a crusty medium and are often coupled with found material fixed to the background—parts of a pipe organ, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Arte Povera—Organized by Germano Celant, the critic who invented the term, this is the first full-scale show in this country given to an Italian art movement that is roughly analogous to Minimalism and Conceptualism. The works of twelve artists occupy every available space of P.S. 1. Through Dec. 15. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Richard Avedon—A two-gallery exhibit of photographs from his portrait series documenting common laborers which is entitled "In the American West, 1979-1984." Through Jan. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Hiroji Kubota—Prints of China (a few enlarged to mural size) by a Japanese photojournalist. Through Jan. 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Joel Meyerowitz—Fifty prints of Cape Cod. Through Jan. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. The Brooklyn Museum has a complementary exhibit.)

Group Shows—At the **MORGAN LIBRARY,** 29 E. 36th St.: "Golden Age of British Photography, 1839-1900," an exhibit of more than two hundred photographs from the Victoria & Albert Museum. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: A selection of self-portraits, from the wet-plate era right up to Polaroids, by more than forty photographers (Nadar, Stieglitz, Abbott, Wegman, Samaras, Sherman). See below, under "Museums," for the dates and times of these two shows.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. . . . ¶ A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of lithographs and posters, mainly, by Toulouse-Lautrec, all from his last ten years. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ The Riklis collection of geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures has come the museum's way, and selections from it are the nucleus of an exhibit that follows this aspect of abstraction from European Cubism and Constructivism right up to American Minimalism. Through Jan. 7. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century self-portraits. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of about a hundred and twenty sculptures representing the different styles used by American and European artists since the forties, and singling out the contributions of Giacometti, David Smith, and Cornell. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective of paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. Through Feb. 2. A complementary show is at Hirschl & Adler Galleries, 21 E. 70th St. . . . ¶ Twelve painted-wood abstract sculptures by George Sugarman, completed between 1961 and 1966. Through Feb. 9. A show of current work is at the Robert Miller Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Jennifer Bartlett's work includes large-scale paintings, sculptures of objects seen in the paintings, and drawings. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Sixty sculptures by ten artists who have their studios in Brooklyn, among them Judy Pfaff and Ray Rapp. Through Jan. 6. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Joel Meyerowitz. Through Jan. 13. Daniel Wolf, 30 W. 57th St., has a complementary show. (The museum is open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

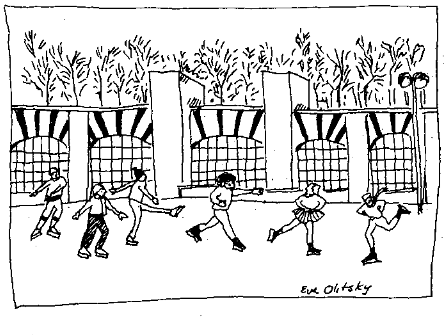
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Seventy-six paintings by American artists who have recorded the American West, to document either its history or its natural beauty. George Catlin, Charles Russell, Georgia O'Keeffe, Chuck Forsman, and others. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by more than fifty contemporary artists are on display in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show; some of the works will be bought by the Academy/Institute as gifts to museums. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Ivan Albright, Alice Neel, and Jimmy Ernst, and prints by Armin Landeck. Both shows through Dec. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, carpets, and other works from a productive period in Indian art masterminded by the sixteenth-century Mughal emperor Akbar. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—Rocks (lapis lazuli, soapstone, malachite) and paintings depicting rocks (on hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, fans) in a show underscoring the significance of the rock in Chinese culture. Through Jan. 26. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Festival of India has transformed the museum into a bazaarlike exhibition space filled with goods made by Indian artisans to the specifications of American and European designers—Mario Bellini's marble base for upholstery and Mary McFadden's adaptations of traditional costumes and jewelry are two. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show concerning the Ingres portrait of Comtesse d'Haussonville painted between 1842 and 1845. With the work as the focal point, the exhibit examines and documents other elements of the painting; everything from the porcelains seen in the portrait to memorabilia of the Comtesse to the artist's preparatory studies. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the community of immigrant Jewish artists who moved to the Montparnasse section of Paris in the first half of this century: Chagall, Modigliani, Zadkine, Sonia Delaunay, and others. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Letters and manuscripts penned by Mark Twain and Bret Harte, plus first-edition copies of some of their works, are on view in recognition of the authors' hundred-and-fiftieth anniversaries. Through Jan. 26. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nineteenth-century British artists. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Frederic Remington's impressions (paintings and sketches) of northern New York State, where he was born, done at the same time as the Western illustrations that earned him his reputation. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Nicky Paraiso and Mary Schultz (performance), Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Adrienne Altenhaus, Carol McDowell, Jennifer Monson, and Alison Salzinger (performances), Friday through Sunday, Dec. 6-8, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., 1-718 636-4100; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, David Holloway, and Brian Schexnayder; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Marvis Martin, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Gwendolyn Bradley, Karen Williams, Bernard Thacker, and

Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, and Vasile Moldoveanu; and "Pagliacci," with Jeannette Pilou, Jon Vickers, and Sherrill Milnes. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 9, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Gail Robinson, Marilyn Horne, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Priscilla Baskerville, Gwendolyn Bradley, Karen Williams, Bernard Thacker, and Robert Mosley; William Vendice. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Marvis Martin, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 13, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Gail Robinson, Marilyn Horne, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 1:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Priscilla Baskerville, Gwendolyn Bradley, Karen Williams, Charles Williams, and Robert Mosley; William Vendice. (A nonsubscription performance.)

NEW YORK OPERA REPERTORY THEATRE—Leigh Gibbs Gore conducting a semi-staged version of Virgil Thomson's "Lord Byron" in honor of the composer's eighty-ninth birthday. Directed by Nancy Rhodes. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

VINEYARD OPERA SHOP—James Kurtz conducting the American première of Donizetti's "Gianni di Parigi." Staged by Joseph LoSchiavo. The first six of nine performances. (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 683-0696. Fridays through Sundays, Dec. 6-8 and 13-15, at 8.)

MANNES OPERA DEPARTMENT—Marshall Williamson conducting scenes from "Tosca," "Werther," "Der Rosenkavalier," and other operas. Staged by Theodor Uppman. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Monday, Dec. 9, and Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

"FEUERSNOT"—John Crosby conducting the New York première of Richard Strauss's one-act opera, in an English version by William Wallace. Directed by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 11, and Friday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 504.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting a program of American music on Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8; Friday, Dec. 6, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Charles Dutoit conducting a varied program on Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8; Friday, Dec. 13, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 14, and Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8 (all with Glenn Dicterow, violin).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL:** Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 4-5, at 8, a Penderecki-Chopin-Dvořák program, with Maurizio Pollini, piano. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Friday, Dec. 6, at 8, a Sibelius-Prokofieff program, with Victoria Mullova, volin.

HUNGARIAN STATE SYMPHONY—Adam Fischer conducting a program of Hungarian music, with Jeno Jando, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Christoph von Dohnányi conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 11: With Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 13: With Hermann Baumann, horn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14: With Anja Silja, soprano. (Evenings at 8.)

MANNES COLLEGE ORCHESTRA—Yakov Kreizberg conducting, with Joseph Esmilla, violin.

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(Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz directing performances of Handel's oratorio, "Judas Maccabaeus," with Benita Valente, soprano; Kristina Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Rockwell Blake, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass-baritone; and the Y Chorale. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3.)

Concordia: A Chamber Symphony—Marin Alsop conducting, with Barli Nugent, flute; Franck Avril, oboe; Chris Gekker, trumpet; and Norman Krieger, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Philharmonia Orchestra—Peter Schubert directing an all-Bach program for the annual Christmas candlelight concert. With Mary Monroe, organ. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

I Cantori—A program of Christmas music. (Rutgers Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Requiem"—David Caddick conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Brenda Harris, soprano; Iain Paton, tenor; Paul Miles-Kingston, boy soprano; and the Boys Choir of Harlem. Maureen McGovern will also appear, performing show tunes by Mr. Lloyd Webber. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 9, and Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Catharine Melhorn and Kendall Rafter directing a Christmas concert. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. and 50th St. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8. For tickets, call 683-4220.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program of Christmas music, with Walter Hilse and Constance Cooper, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Handel's "Messiah"—masterwork chorus and orchestra: David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Jeffrey Horvath, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord continuo. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2.) . . . **musica sacra:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Sylvia McNair, soprano; Michael Chance, countertenor; David Gordon, tenor; and David Evitts, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 9, and Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Peter Orth—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—The second in a series of three Haydn-Brahms concerts, this one with Lawrence Dutton, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Jubal Trio—Music for mezzo-soprano, flute, and harp. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Two performances of the second in a series of three programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8.)

Western Wind—A program of music for the holiday season. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 316-7563. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 7:30.)

Ruth Geiger—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Michael Collier—Piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The first in a series of six concerts. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 5. For information about tickets, call 799-9595, Mondays through Saturdays.)

Matthias Naegele—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 5:30.)

Gyorgy Sandor—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

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Gregory Hustis and Richard Giangiulio—Horn and trumpet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 9, at 8:15.)

Boris Berman—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 2.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Gary Schocker—Flute, with Anthony Newman, harpsichord. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—A twenty-fifth-anniversary concert, with former members of the quintet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Tribute to Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichordists Hendrik Broekman, Kenneth Cooper, Shirley Mathews, Gerald Ranck, and Wendy Young, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Mannes Baroque Ensemble—A program of seventeenth-century Italian music, using Baroque bows. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Robert Mann and Stephen Hough—The first of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—Piano, in the second in a series of five concerts, this one an all-Schumann program, with guest artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting the second in a series of three concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Classic Brass Ensemble—A program of works for brass quintet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 7. Admission by contribution.)

Oleg Maisenberg—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano, in the second in a series of three recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

The King's Singers—A male close-harmony ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

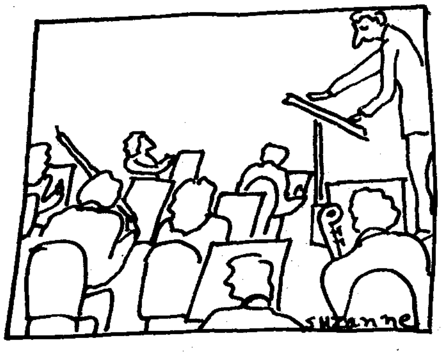
Waverly Consort—Performances of "The Christmas Story," a pageant based on medieval music manuscripts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, at 7 and 9:15.)

New York Philomusica—An all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Keith Jarrett, piano; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and members of the society. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Russell Sherman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—The second in a series of three Haydn-Mozart-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)



Chamber Music at BAM—With the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—Final performances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music of the third annual presentation of contemporary works of dance, theatre, music, and visual effects. In the **opera house**—Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 4-7, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 7: **the birth of the poet,** an opera by Peter Gordon. . . . **lepercq space**—Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 4-7, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2: **susanne linke,** in an evening of solo dance. . . . **carey playhouse**—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8: The **world saxophone quartet** and **cecil taylor,** solo piano.

"Christmas Rappings"—The first two of three performances of an oratorio by Al Carmines. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, Dec. 8, and Friday, Dec. 13, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Tuesday, Dec. 10. . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Thursday, Dec. 12. . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Saturday, Dec. 14. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, Dec. 4. . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 7. . . ¶ Nets vs. Sacramento, Tuesday, Dec. 10. . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Saturday, Dec. 14. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Chicago Bears. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 12:30.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Dec. 8, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Dec. 7, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, Dec. 14, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Friday, Dec. 6, at 7:35. . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 7:35.

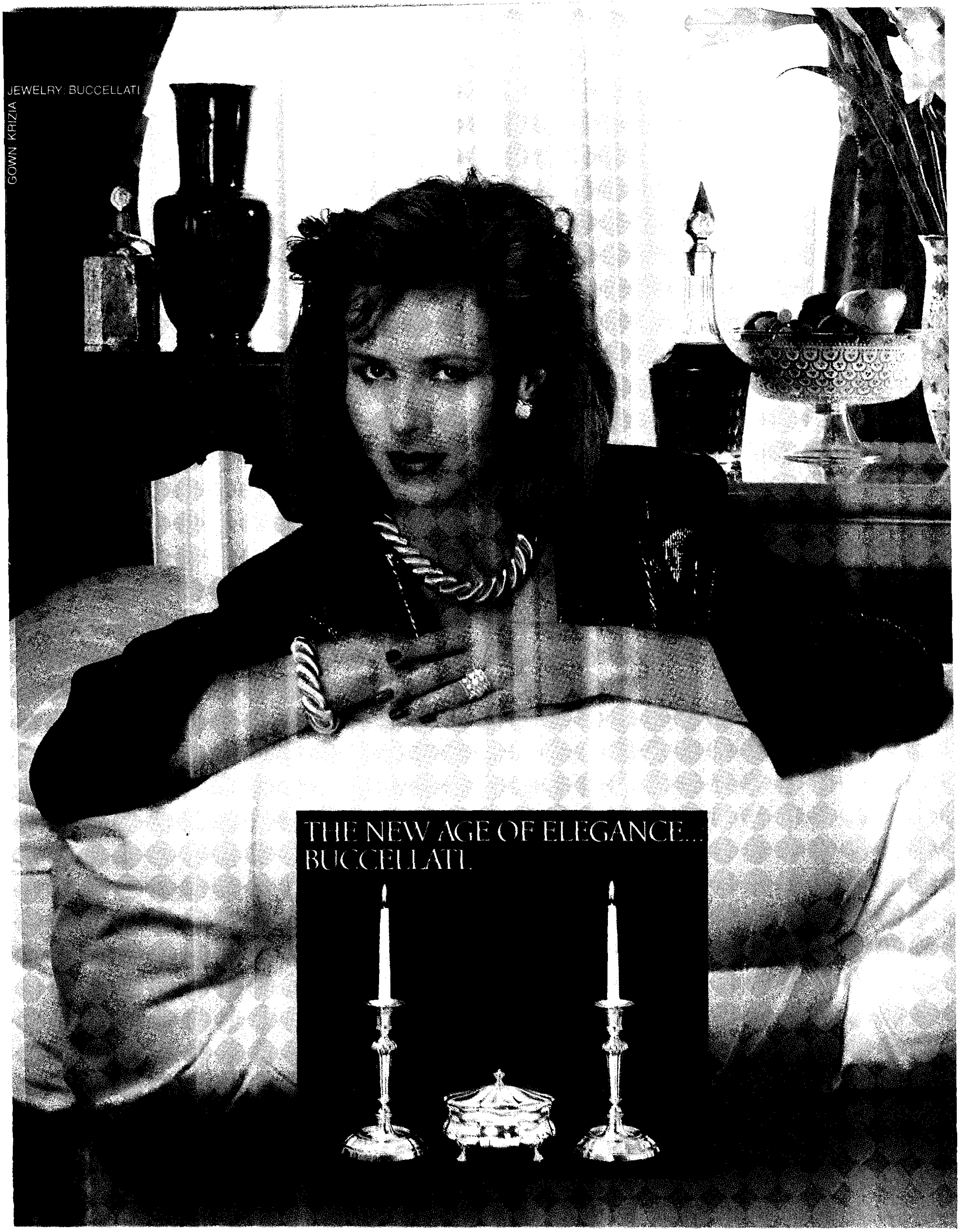
Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Nashua, Saturday, Dec. 14. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Roy Blount, Jr., reading from the works of Mark Twain. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Dec. 8, from 1 to 5.)—Thursday, Dec. 5, at 10:15: Chinese paintings, from the Yuzhai Collection. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 2: Chinese paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 10:15 and 2: Twentieth-century decorative objects. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 9, at 2, and Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 11-12, at 10:15 and 2: *Objets de vertu*, Fabergé and other Russian works of art, and English and Continental silver. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 6.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at about 5:30 on Monday, Dec. 9.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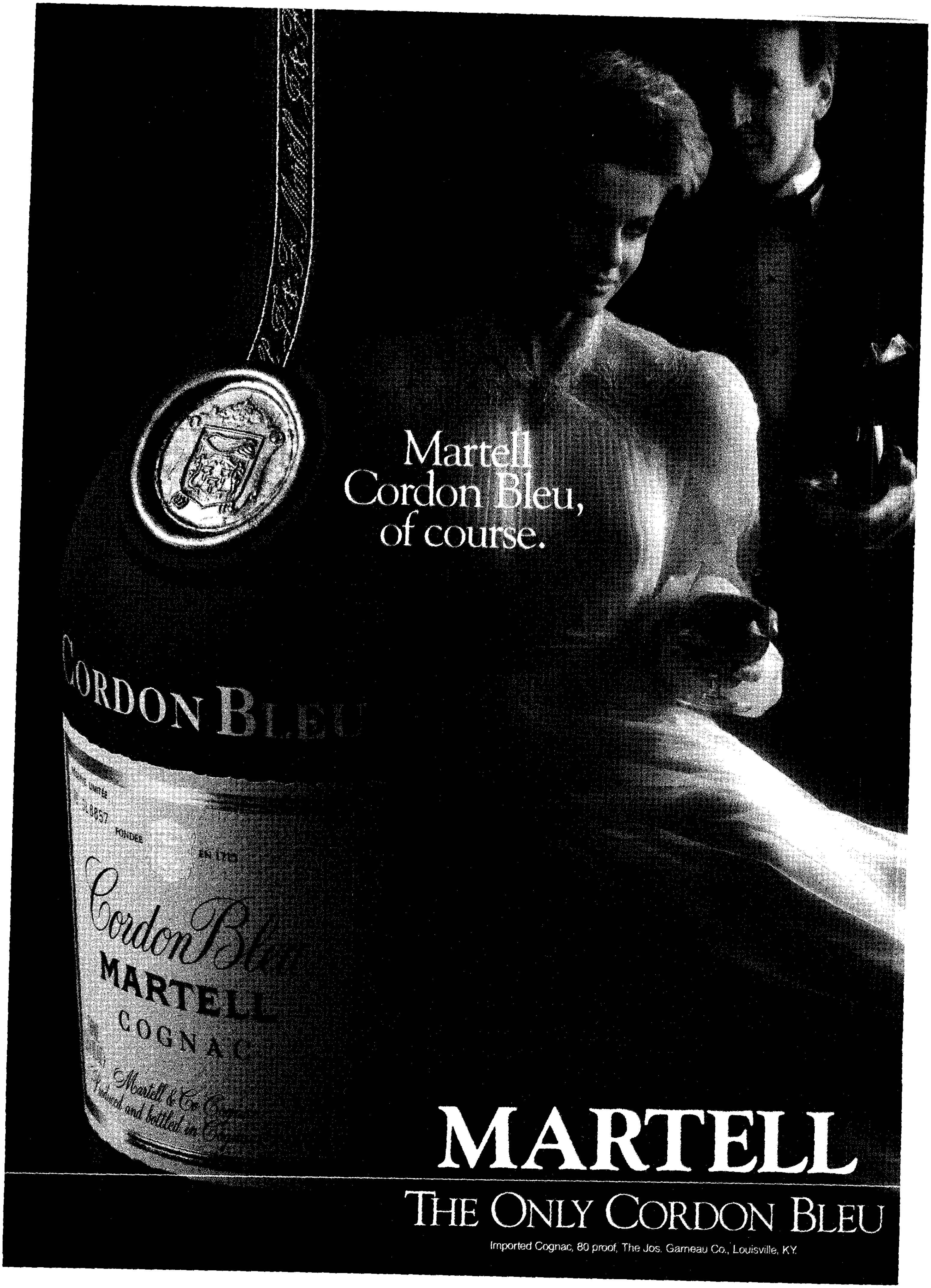
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Dec. 12: "Flowing" (1956; directed by Mikio Naruse; in Japanese).
From Dec. 13: "Only Emptiness Remains."

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 10: "After Hours" (†).
From Dec. 11: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 5: "Target" (†).
From Dec. 6: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 9: "Fever Pitch" (Richard Brooks), with Ryan O'Neal. From Dec. 10: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).
Theatre 3: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jagged Edge" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Back to the Future" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Dec. 10: "Target" (†).
From Dec. 11: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Dec. 5: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).
From Dec. 6: "Fool for Love" (Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "After Hours" (†). From Dec. 6: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 5: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain. From Dec. 6: "Spies Like Us."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly. From Dec. 6: "White Nights" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 12: "Jagged Edge" (†). No performances on Wednesday, Dec. 11. From Dec. 13: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Eleni" (†).
Theatre 2: "Subway" (Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Once Bitten" (Howard Storm), with Lauren Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Twice in a Lifetime" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "Fever Pitch" (Richard Brooks), with Ryan O'Neal. From Dec. 10: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).
Theatre 2: "Witness" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 31.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Macaroni" (Ettore Scola), with Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 5: "Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 5: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz). From Dec. 6: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "Late Chrysanthemums" (1954; directed by Mikio Naruse; in Japanese). From Dec. 11: "Sanctuary" (1984; James Becket; in Spanish, Ugandan dialect, Arabic, Russian, and Laotian, with English voice-over) and "Kim Phuc" (1984; Manus van Kamp).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 5: "Buddies" (Arthur J. Bressan, Jr.). From Dec. 6: "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (Paul Schrader; in Japanese), with Ken Ogata.

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "Chuck Amuck: Chuck Jones' Greatest Warner Bros. Cartoons," consisting of fifteen of his films. From Dec. 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 5: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Gringo" (Lech Kowalski).
Theatre 2: "Mixed Blood" (Paul Morrissey).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Bring on the Night" (Michael Apted), a documentary, with Sting.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain. From Dec. 6: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).
Theatre 2: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).
Theatre 3: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.
Theatre 4: "Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "Once Bitten" (Howard Storm), with Lauren Hutton. From Dec. 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 12: "Jagged Edge" (†). From Dec. 13: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"White Nights" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Sweet Dreams" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Gig" (Frank Gilroy), with Wayne Rogers and Cleavon Little.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Dec. 4: Theatre closed. Dec. 5: "Bring on the Night" (Michael Apted), a documentary, with Sting.
From Dec. 6: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Dec. 5: "Back to the Future" (†).
From Dec. 6: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 9: "Fever Pitch" (Richard Brooks), with Ryan O'Neal.
From Dec. 10: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (Claude Lanzmann), a nine-and-a-half-hour documentary. Part One will be shown daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah." Part Two will be shown daily.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 12: "Rasputin" (Elem Klimov; in Russian). From Dec. 13: "Jagged Edge" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "After Hours" (†). From Dec. 6: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Akroyd.
Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.
Theatre 3: "Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 10: "Target" (†).

Lamy Writing Instruments ■ Eltron Shaver ■ Calculator by Braun AG ■ Becker Clocks, Lighters, Desk Accessories, Diaries

ALL STORES
- ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
- *BLOOMINGDALES*
- BULLOCKS
- ELSON'S
- GOLDWATERS
- *HOFFRITZ*
- INGEAR
- LORD & TAYLOR
- MALM LUGGAGE
- MARSHALL FIELDS
- NORDSTROM
- PICCADILLY PLACE
- J.W. ROBINSON
- SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
- WILLIAMS CUTLERY

ALABAMA
- BIRMINGHAM-Mitzi's 2nd Place

ARIZONA
- PHOENIX
  - Copenhagen Imports
  - Dillards
  - The Flax Co.
  - Galleria Au Chocolat
  - Goldwaters
  - Modern Age Furniture
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - The Little Shop-Biltmore
  - Vosburgh-Fontanetta
- SCOTTSDALE
  - Ala Card
  - Ex Libris Art Books
- TUCSON
  - *Ackerman's Pen Shop*
  - Copenhagen Imports
  - Paper Paper Paper
  - Voiers Morrow Inc.

ARKANSAS
- LITTLE ROCK-Design Center

CALIFORNIA
- BERKELEY
  - I'm a Gift
  - Omni Design
  - Yarmo Zone
- BEVERLY HILLS
  - Beverly Stationers
  - Buyers Service
  - Great Things
  - Francis Orr
  - Price of His Toys
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Shapero's-Beverly Hilton
- BIG SUR-Ventana General Store
- CANOGA PARK
  - Canoga Park Stationers
- CAPITOLA-Paper Parade
- CARMEL
  - Adam Fox
  - Essentials
- CHICO-Zucchini & Vine
- CONCORD-*The Luggage Rack*
- CORONA DEL MAR
  - Hamilton House
  - Francis Orr
  - *Clairmont-Raku*
- CULVER CITY-Pen Stop
- CUPERTINO-Emporium Capwell
- FRESNO-AAHS
- HAYWARD-The Luggage Rack
- HOLLYWOOD-Bernard's Luggage
- HUNTINGTON BEACH-D&N Stationers
- LAGUNA BEACH
  - Laguna Gander
  - Thee Foxes' Trot
- LA JOLLA-Studio Line
- LONG BEACH-Queen Mary
- LOS ANGELES
  - Bullocks-all stores
  - By Design
  - H.G. Daniels
  - Details
  - Downtown LA
  - Industrial Revolution
  - L'Artech
  - Fred Segal Luggage
  - Shapero's-LA Hilton
  - Shapero's-Century Plaza
  - Square One
- MALIBU-Malibu Art & Design
- MARIN
  - Bellweather
  - Detour Luggage
  - Emporium Capwell
  - Fig Garden
  - Ideal Stationers
  - Sausalito Stationers
  - Strawbridges
  - Williams Cutlery
- MENDOCINO-Metro
- *MODESTO-Bags & Baggage*
- MONTEREY-Stern's Luggage
- NEWPORT BEACH
  - AAHS
  - *Benchley Luggage*
  - Newporter Inn
- OAKLAND
  - Caulfield's
  - Cunningham's-Hyatt Regency
  - Omni Design
- ORANGE-Orange Stationers
- PALM DESERT
  - Palm Desert Pharmacy
  - Robert Floyd
- PALO ALTO
  - Congdon & Crome
  - Edwards Luggage
  - Ingear
  - Nordstrom
  - Norneys
  - The Paper Chase
  - Paperworld-Stanford
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Williams Cutlery
- PALOS VERDES
  - Pennsylvania Stationery
- PASADENA-Vroman's
- *PLEASANTON-The Luggage Rack*
- SACRAMENTO
  - Bags & Baggage
  - The Duffel Bag
  - *Martyr & Curry*
- SAN DIEGO
  - H.G. Daniel
  - Ideas Inc.
  - John's 5th Ave. Luggage
  - Rueben H. Fleet Space Theater
  - West Gate Hotel
- SAN FRANCISCO
  - All That Jazz
  - Arch
  - J.D. Browne
  - H.S. Crocker
  - *Dandelion*
  - Edwards Luggage
  - The Exclusive Cutlery Shop
  - I. Magnin
  - Ingear
  - Macy's
  - Michael's Artist's Supplies
  - Museum Books
  - Modernissimo
  - Papertree Stationers
  - Shaperos
  - Scribbles
  - Skeffington's
  - Techsis
  - Williams Bros.
  - Z Gallerie
- SAN JOSE
  - The Luggage Rack
  - Nordstrom
  - Stern's Luggage
  - Williams Cutlery
- SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO
  - Ripples Stationery
- SAN MATEO
  - Courting & Gill
  - Edwards Luggage
  - Ingear
  - *Nordstrom*
  - Paperworld Hillsdale
  - San Mateo Stationers
- SANTA MONICA
  - AAHS
  - Card Blanche
  - Green Butterfly
  - Homework
  - *Metro Design*
- SANTA ROSA-Designo
- SHERMAN OAKS-AAHS
- STOCKTON-The Paper Plum
- SUNNYVALE
  - Sunnyvale Stationers
  - Williams Cutlery
- THOUSAND OAKS-AAHS
- TOLUCA LAKE-Rubber Boots
- TORRANCE-AAHS
- WALNUT CREEK
  - Contra Costa Stationers
  - Nordstrom
- WEST LAKE-Pipe Pourri
- WESTWOOD
  - AAHS
  - Z Gallerie

COLORADO
- ASPEN
  - The Baggage Claim
  - Crossroad Drug
- BOULDER
  - Applause
  - *William Ernest Brown*
  - In the Cards
- COLORADO SPRINGS
  - William Ernest Brown
  - A.E. *Meeks Trunk & Bag*
  - Nantucket
  - Pikes Peak Pen & Paper
- DENVER
  - *Avant Card I & II*
  - William Ernest Brown
  - Card Blanche Ltd.
  - Colorado Baggage
  - A.E. Meeks Trunk & Bag
  - H.R. Meininger Co.
  - Pace Jewelers
  - Philips Stationers
  - Shapero's-Cherry Creek Inn
  - Spivak's
- ENGLEWOOD
  - Colorado Shaver Centers
  - A.E. Meeks Trunk & Bag
- FORT COLLINS
  - A.E. Meeks Trunk & Bag
- VAIL
  - The Baggage
  - Krismar's
  - Vail Apothecary & Fragrances

CONNECTICUT
- EAST HADDAM-The Seraph
- FAIRFIELD-Natelsons
- GREENWICH-Therese St. Clair
- GUILFORD-Zimmerman & Fink
- HARTFORD
  - G. Fox
  - Koenig Art Emporium
  - Pottery Barn
- NEW CANAAN-Langs Pharmacy
- NEW HAVEN
  - The Owl Shop
  - *Write Approach*
- NORWALK-Primo
- STAMFORD
  - Bloomingdales
  - Macy's
  - Natelsons
  - Pottery Barn
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- TRUMBULL
  - G. Fox
  - Hoffritz
- W. FARMS-G. Fox
- W. HARTFORD
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Plimptons LOPC
- WESTPORT
  - Artafax
  - Electronics Service Corp.
  - Silvers
- WILTON-The Right Stuff

DELAWARE
- WILMINGTON
  - Strawbridge & Clothier
  - *John Wanamaker*

FLORIDA
- BAL HARBOR
  - Elson's Sheraton
  - *Saks Fifth Avenue*
- BOCA RATON
  - William Court
  - Luminaire
- CORAL GABLES-*Luminaire*
- FT. LAUDERDALE
  - Arango
  - Gallerio
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Luminaire
  - Maus & Hoffman
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Smokers Gallery
- FORT MYERS-Jacobson's
- GAINESVILLE-Initial Impression
- HOLLYWOOD
  - *Shapero's Diplomat Hotel*
- JACKSONVILLE
  - Drury's Leather Goods
  - Jacobson's
- *LAKE BUENA VISTA*
  - Walt Disney World Village
  - Walt Disney World EPCOT Center
- LONGWOOD-Jacobson's
- MELBOURNE-Meehan Stationery
- MIAMI
  - Arango Inc.
  - Balbough Jewelers
  - Bloomingdales
  - Bob's Pipe Shop
  - Braman Porsche-Audi
  - Burdine's
  - Luminaire
  - Macy's
  - Omni Chemists
  - Porsche-Audi Collection
  - Sirgany International
  - Shapero's-Miami Hyatt
- MANALAPAN-Roundabout
- NAPLES
  - Harper's-The Good Design Store
  - Olde Naples Luggage
- NORTH MIAMI
  - *Turnberry Isle Gift Shop*
- NORTH PALM BEACH
  - William Court
  - Elson's PGA Sheraton
  - *Jacobson's*
  - Roundabout
- ORLANDO-George Stuart, Inc.
- PALM BEACH GARDENS
  - *Elson's Sheraton Resort*
  - Lord & Taylor
- SARASOTA-Jacobson's
- STUART-Quill & Press Inc.
- TAMPA
  - Elson's-Hyatt
  - Sam Flax
  - The Pen Store
- VERO BEACH
  - Mark Chrisman
  - Roundabout
  - Tratalour Square
- WEST PALM BEACH-Elson's-Hyatt

GEORGIA
- ATLANTA
  - Abercrombie & Fitch
  - Artlite Office Supply
  - Davison's
  - Golinskis-Buckhead
  - Guffey's of Atlanta
  - Hoffritz
  - House of Denmark
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Muse's
  - Rich's
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Storehouse
  - *The Nth Degree*

HAWAII
- HONOLULU-Honolulu Pen Shop
- MAUI-The Wailea Gift Shop

ILLINOIS
- CHAMPAIGN
  - Pyramid of Urbana
  - Shays Office Supplies
- CHICAGO
  - Carnegie Drugs
  - Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. (State Street)
  - Chiasso
  - City
  - Crate & Barrel
  - Deutsch Luggage (All Stores)
  - Eclectricity
  - Marshall Fields & Co. (All Stores)
  - The Flax Company
  - J. C. Penney
  - Lord & Taylor (All Stores)
  - Museum of Contemporary Art
  - Not Just Copies
  - O'Hare International Shop
  - Old Chicago Smoke Shop
  - Otto Pomper
  - Rocs
  - Saks Fifth Avenue (All Stores)
  - Space Options (All Stores)
  - Solomon Cooper Drug Store
- DEERFIELD-Martha's North
- DES PLAINES-Van Artists Supplies
- GALENA-The Great Galena Card Shop
- GLENCOE-Scarborough Fair
- PEORIA
  - Beanies Ltd
  - Bergner's
- ROCKFORD-Bergner's
- *SPRINGFIELD-Scully & Scully*
- URBANE-The Card Shop

INDIANA
- INDIANAPOLIS-Hoosier Pen

IOWA
- CEDAR RAPIDS-Enzler's
- DAVENPORT-Enzler's
- DES MOINES
  - The Art Store
  - Madison Avenue
  - Yonkers

KANSAS
- OVERLAND PARK-Function Junction
- WICHITA
  - Custom Sound
  - Function Junction
  - Mister Guy
- LEXINGTON-Strauss Tobacconists

KENTUCKY
- LOUISVILLE-Bittner's

LOUISIANA
- BATON ROUGE-Office Supplies Inc.
- DENHAM SPRING-Barnet Bros.
- HOUMA-Gary's Luggage
- LAFAYETTE
  - Les Amis Gifts
  - J. Moroant & Associates
  - *Sandy Austin Ltd.*
  - The Paper Place
  - Coleman E. Adler
- NEW ORLEANS
  - *Elson's*
  - Rapp Luggage
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- SHREVEPORT-Gate House

MARYLAND
- BALTIMORE
  - Baltimore Museum of Art
  - Howard Luggage Co.
  - The Store Ltd.
- *BETHESDA-Lord & Taylor*
- CHEVY CHASE
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- *HYATTSVILLE-Ginns Retail*
- UPPER MARLBORO
  - Fahrney's (All Stores)
- WHITE FLINT
  - *Bloomingdales*
  - Burtram's Inkwell

MASSACHUSETTS
- BOSTON
  - Bloomingdales
  - Filenes
  - Le Bon Voyage
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Pad & Pen
  - Placewares
- BURLINGTON-Pad & Pen
- CAMBRIDGE-Marcella's

MICHIGAN
- ANN ARBOR-Silvers
- BIRMINGHAM
  - Birmingham Drugs
  - Fred Lavery Porsche/Audi
  - Gail's Office Supply
  - Orthogonality
- BLOOMFIELD HILLS
  - Miner's of Bloomfield
- DEARBORN-Saks Fifth Avenue
- DETROIT
  - *Hudsons*
  - London Luggage
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Ren Cellar
  - *Shapero's-Renaissance Ctr.*
  - Shaver's World
  - Silvers
- GRAND RAPIDS
  - Papers Plus
  - Shavers World
- GROSSE POINT FARMS
  - Ment Woods Pharmacy
  - Schettlers
- MIDLAND
  - Wellington Ltd.
  - Plymouth Wellington Ltd.
- ST. CLAIR SHORES-Malcot Sales
- SOUTHFIELD-Humidor One
- TROY
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Schettlers

MINNESOTA
- MINNEAPOLIS
  - The Cutlery
  - Dayton's
  - Foster Monahan
  - The Perfect Gift Co.
  - *Props*
  - Scarlet Letters
  - Shapero's Amfac Hotel
  - Shapero's Hyatt Hotel
  - *Thomas & Grayston*
  - Walker Art Center
- ROCHESTER
  - Progressive Presents
  - *Scandinavian Design*
- ST. PAUL
  - Avenue
  - Starkman Highland Drug

MISSISSIPPI
- JACKSON
  - The Owls Nest
  - The Rogue

MISSOURI
- KANSAS CITY
  - Demaree
  - Footlights
  - Function Junction
  - Halls-Country Club Plaza
  - Halls-Crowne Centre
  - Mister Guy
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- SPRINGFIELD-Town & County
- ST. LOUIS
  - Froehlichs
  - Function Junction
  - Library, Ltd.
  - Metropolis-Frontenac
  - Mister Guy
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Shapero's-Stouffer's River Front Tower

MONTANA
- BILLINGS-Teale's Men's Store

NEBRASKA
- OMAHA
  - The Afternoon
  - Desk Set
  - Noteworthy
  - J.B. Pattons
  - Pens Inc.
  - Suttons
  - The Wardrobe

NEVADA
- LAS VEGAS-*Saks Fifth Avenue*

NEW JERSEY
- BRIELLE-Brielle Galleries
- EAST BRUNSWICK
  - *Platypus*
  - The Plum Store
- ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS-Party Plus
- FORT LEE-Pine & Pen
- HACKENSACK
  - Bloomingdales
  - Hoffritz
  - Roots
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- MONTCLAIR-Cat's P. Jamas
- RED BANK-Natelsons
- SPRINGFIELD-Saks Fifth Avenue
- SUMMIT
  - Bloomingdales
  - Hoffritz
  - Siegels
- WESTFIELD-The Luggage Store

NEW MEXICO
- ALBUQUERQUE
  - The Apothecary Shop
  - Pennysmiths
  - Roberto's
- SANTA FE
  - *Case & Crystal*
  - Paper Unlimited

NEW YORK
- BROOKLYN-Enterprize
- *BUFFALO*
  - Albright Knox Art Gallery
  - L.L. Berger
  - Hyatts
  - *Pitt Petri*
- CEDARHURST-Gifts by Gary
- CHAPPAQUA-Paper Route
- EAST HAMPTON-Farmhouse Inc.
- *ELMIRA-Carey's Luggage (All Stores)*
- GARDEN CITY-Apple Office Supply
- MANHATTAN
  - Arts 'N Letters
  - Bergdorf Goodman
  - Henri Bendel
  - Bloomingdales
  - A. Brown & Bros.
  - Classy Cards
  - Conran
  - Contrejour
  - Dempsey Carroll
  - Sam Flax
  - Hi-Tech Stationery
  - Hoffritz
  - Ideal Stationery
  - Joon Stationery
  - King Office Supply
  - Kovacs
  - Lederer
  - Light Forms
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Macy's
  - Manhattan Ad Hoc
  - Menash
  - Museum of Modern Art
  - Parsons Art Supply
  - *Pearl Paint*
  - Pottery Barn
  - Royal Copenhagen, George Jensen Silversmiths
  - *Saks Fifth Avenue*
  - D. F. Sanders & Co.
  - Shapero's-Plaza Hotel
  - Sointu
  - State of the Art
  - Venture Stationers
  - Zittomer Pharmacy
- ROCHESTER-Park Leigh Pharmacy
- SCARSDALE-Eclat
- SOUTHAMPTON-Loring
- WHITE PLAINS
  - Bloomingdales
  - Ingenuities
  - Macy's
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - What's What

NORTH CAROLINA
- CHAPEL HILL-Bentwood
- CHARLOTTE-Sharon Luggage
- DURHAM-Sharon Luggage
- GREENSBORO-Sharon Luggage
- LINCOLNTON-King's Office Supply
- RALEIGH
  - Bentwood
  - The Globetrotter
  - Hudson-Belk
- WINSTON-SALEM
  - *Sharon Luggage*
  - O'Neils

OHIO
- AKRON-Prinz Office Equipment
- *CINCINNATI*
  - d'Raphael
  - Parchment & Presents
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - *Shapero's Westin Hotel*
  - Shillitos
  - Strauss Tobacconists
  - The 221 Store
- COLUMBUS
  - Continental Office Outfitters
  - J. Duffy's
  - Lazarus
  - Nitschke Bros.
  - The Inkstone
- DAYTON-Contemporary Galleries
- PEPPER PIKE-Miller Drug Store
- TOLEDO-The Depot

OKLAHOMA
- ARDMORE-Houseriggers
- McALESTER-Entilements
- NORMAN-Ratcliff's of Norman
- OKLAHOMA CITY
  - Additions
  - Cam-nl Enterprises
  - Kambers
- PONCA CITY-Paris Furniture
- TULSA
  - Renberg's
  - Snow Goose
  - Spectacular Visions

OREGON
- PORTLAND
  - Alan Costley
  - Da Vinci
  - Paper Parlour Ltd.
  - *Portland Cutlery*
  - Zell Bros.

PENNSYLVANIA
- KING OF PRUSSIA-Bloomingdales
- LEWISBURG-*Pennsylvania Mercantile*
- PHILADELPHIA
  - Holt Cigar
  - Options Lighting
  - *Philadelphia Art Supply*
  - A. Pomerantz
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Shapero's
  - Urban Guerilla
  - Urban Objects
  - John Wanamaker
- PITTSBURGH
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Specialty Luggage Co.
- WILLOW GROVE-Bloomingdales

SOUTH CAROLINA
- COLUMBIA
  - The R.L. Bryan Co.
  - Cokesbury Book Store
  - Columbia Luggage

TENNESSEE
- MEMPHIS-Tobacco Corner Ltd.
- NASHVILLE
  - Taylor Armistead
  - Turnbulls

TEXAS
- ABILENE-Jeffory's Village Peddler
- AMARILLO
  - Colbert's Harry Holland
  - McCoy Ballou
  - Neunn Electrics
  - Quilts Etc.
  - Scribbles
- ARLINGTON
  - William Bradley
  - *Eldridge Men's Clothing*
  - The Write Place
- AUSTIN
  - Avanti Britton's
  - Foley's
  - Higgenbottoms
  - Irresistibles
  - Paper Place
  - Practical Stuff
  - Scarbroughs
  - The Cadeau
  - The Finnish Line
- COLLEGE STATION
  - Engineering & Office Supply
  - R. Rush & Co.
  - Texas A & M
- DALLAS
  - Arresta
  - Bloomingdales
  - Drawing Board
  - Elson's
  - Harrison & Co.
  - Heart's Desire
  - The Ice House
  - Irresistibles
  - Marshall Fields
  - Pockets
  - Rush Art Supplies
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Vertu
- EL PASO-Roberto's Luggage
- *FORT WORTH*
  - Clarkson's
  - Elson's
- FREDERICKSBURG-Linen Closet
- *GALVESTON-The Curiosity Shop*
- HILDAGO-Brady's Bonded Warehouse
- HOUSTON
  - Beckeman Office Supply
  - Domicile
  - Drummonds
  - Foleys
  - Ft. Bend Office Supply
  - Macy's
  - Marshall Fields
  - Massin Office Supply
  - Norton Ditto
  - Papers Etc.
  - Paper Place
  - Pens Plus
  - Post Oak Pharmacy
  - Sak's Fifth Avenue
  - Shapero's
  - Skylark Camera
  - William Ernest Brown
- HUNTSVILLE-Ernst Jewelers
- KERRVILLE
  - Schreiner's
  - Shamrock Office Supply
- LAREDO
  - G & S Office
  - Norton's
- LUBBOCK
  - Hemphill-Wells
  - Hour Glass
  - Malout's
  - *Uncommon Graphics*
- McALLEN
  - Jones & Jones
  - Jones Office Supply
- *MIDLAND-Roberto's Luggage*
- SAN ANTONIO
  - Paul Anderson Co.
  - Ferguson Map Co.
  - Foley's
  - Nancy Harkins Stationers
  - Natural Selections
  - Oak Park Pharmacy
  - On Main
  - Piccadilly Place-Four Seasons
  - Shamrock Office Supply
  - Kevin Wagner
- TEMPLE-Paper Works
- VICTORIA
  - Foxcroft
  - Town & Country Gifts
- WACO-Schmidt

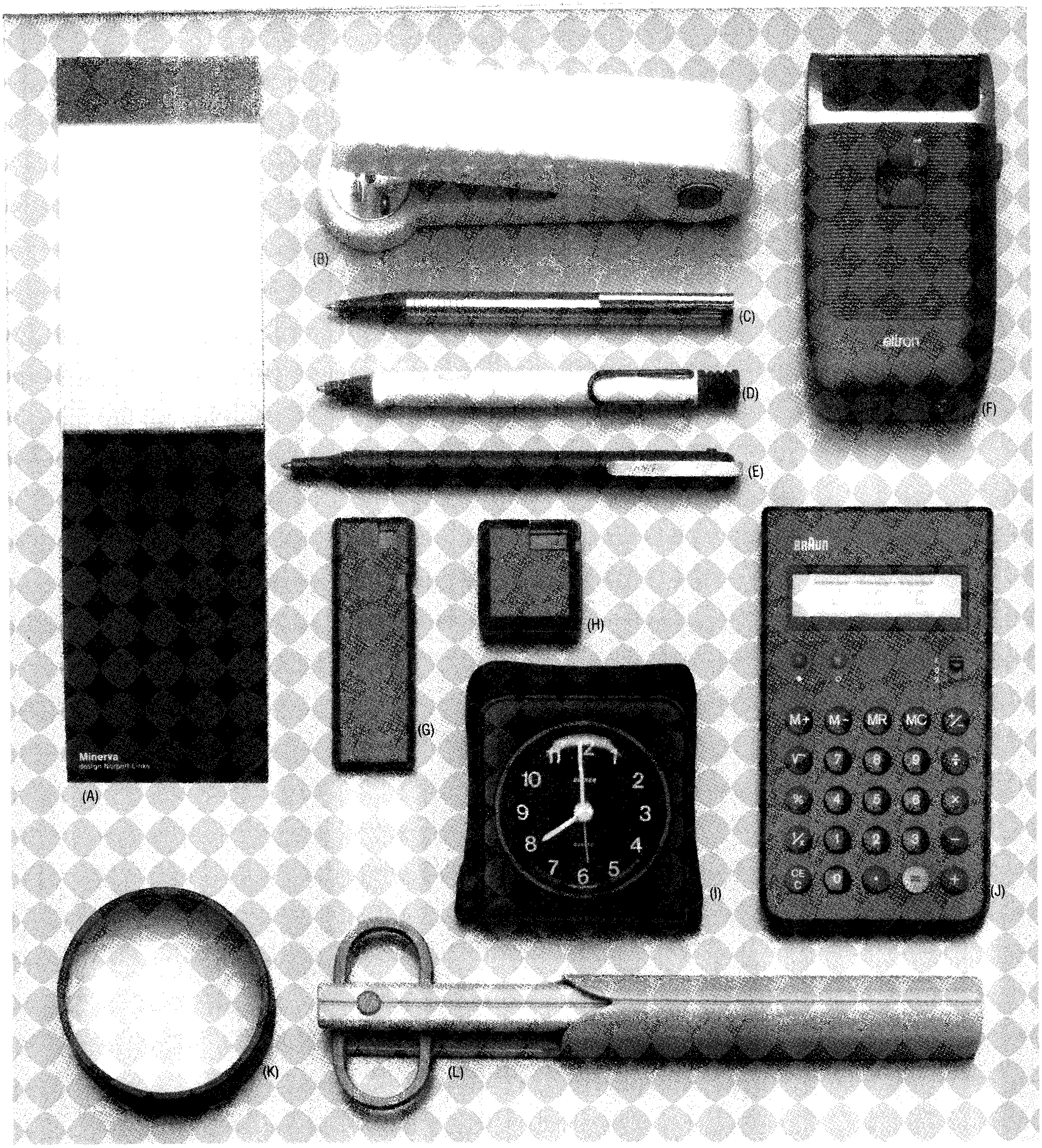
UTAH
- SALT LAKE CITY
  - Castleton's
  - Domus
  - Liston Shaver
  - Little America (Gift Shops)
  - Offices & Things

VIRGINIA
- NORFOLK-Alexander Beegle
- RICHMOND
  - Alexander Dean
  - Thalhimers
- TYSON'S CORNER-Bloomingdales
- VIRGINIA BEACH-Alexander Beegle
- WILLIAMSBURG-Alexander Beegle

WASHINGTON
- BELLEVUE
  - William Ernest Brown
  - B.N. Genius
  - Interior Concepts
- LONGVIEW-Austin Office Supply
- SEATTLE
  - *Abercrombie & Fitch*
  - William Ernest Brown
  - The Current
  - Design Concern
  - *B.N. Genius*
  - Shapero's-Westin Hotel
- SPOKANE
  - The Crescent
  - B.N. Genius
  - Zack's
- YAKIMA-Dunbar

WISCONSIN
- GREEN BAY-Bake's Ltd.
- MADISON
  - Moseley's
  - Paperteria
  - University Bookstore
- MILWAUKEE
  - Adashek's National Trunk Stores
  - Boston Store
  - Daly's Pen Shop
  - Hans Hansen
  - Market Square Pharmacy
  - Palette Shop
  - Mark Pasch Ltd.
  - That's Our Bag
  - George Watts & Son
- RACINE-Hans Hansen

WYOMING
- CASPER-Wyoming Stationery



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(B) Becker stapler. $12.
(C) Lamy Logo ball pen. Ribbed front, spring loaded clip. $7.
(D) Lamy Safari ball pen. Telescoping plunger. $12.
(E) Lamy Black pen, Inkwriter. Black plastic ribbed barrel. $5.
(F) Eltron 660 shaver, platinum coated foil, barber trimmer. $50.
(G) Becker Slim pocket lighter. Quartz piezo ignition, refillable. $20.
(H) Becker Mini pocket lighter. Quartz piezo ignition, refillable. $12.
(I) Becker Quartz travel alarm clock. Soft vinyl travel pouch. $35.
(J) Braun calculator. Auto shutoff, rounded buttons. Designed by Dieter Rams. $80.
(K) Becker Visolette desk Magnifier. 2⅞" diameter. 2X magnification. $25.
(L) Becker Black Point library set. Hot forged scissor. Metal letter opener, sheath. $45.

Lamy Writing Instruments ▪ Eltron Shaver ▪ Calculators by Braun AG. ▪ Becker Clocks, Lighters, Desk Accessories ▪ Becker Note Pads and Diaries by Nava Milano

Marketed by Becker and Becker Incorporated, Westport, CT 06880

From Dec. 11: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Theatre 5: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

Theatre 6: "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "Starchaser: The Legend of Orin," a 3-D animated film. From Dec. 6: "To Live and Die in L.A." (William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe.

Theatre 2: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain.

Theatre 3: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 12: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly. From Dec. 13: "Jagged Edge" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "Target" (†). From Dec. 6: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (directed by Jack Sholder).

Theatre 2: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Theatre 3: "To Live and Die in L.A." (William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe.

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 5: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey. From Dec. 6: "Loose Screws."

Theatre 5: "Starchaser: The Legend of Orin," a 3-D animated film.

Theatre 6: "Once Bitten" (Howard Storm), with Lauren Hutton.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 9: "Jagged Edge" (†). Dec. 10-12: Theatre closed. From Dec. 13: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn).

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 9: "That Was Then . . . This Is Now" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez. Dec. 10-12: Theatre closed. From Dec. 13: "Clue."

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 9: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly. Dec. 10-12: Theatre closed. From Dec. 13: "Clue."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

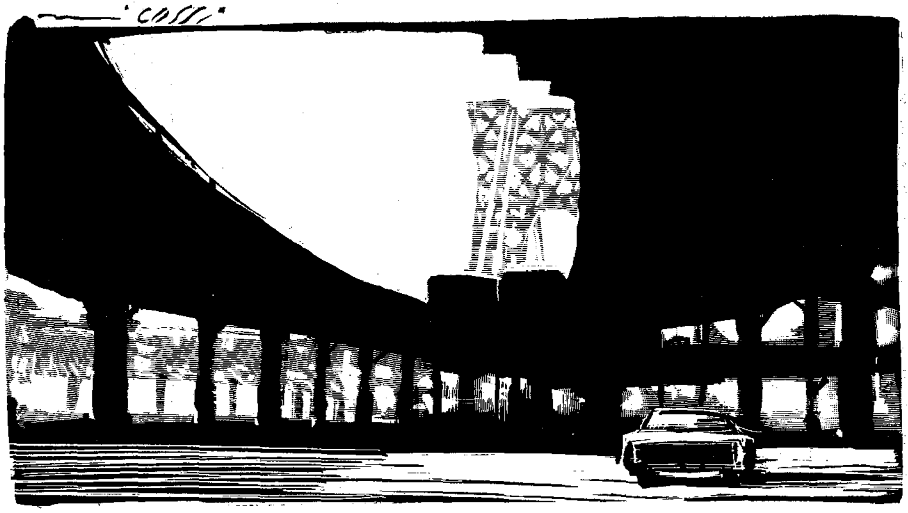
Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

Theatre 2: "Rocky IV."

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Back to the Future" (†).



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New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through Dec. 9: "TRansylvania 6-5000" (Rudy De Luca), with Jeff Goldblum and Joseph Bologna.

Dec. 10: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 11: "Jagged Edge" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder). From Dec. 6: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Akroyd.

Theatre 2: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty. Dec. 6-10: "Death Bed." From Dec. 11: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny Devito.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz). From Dec. 11: "The Jewel of the Nile."

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Theatre 2: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Dec. 5: "Colonel Redl" (1985; directed by István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

From Dec. 6: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 5: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

Dec. 6-7: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.

Dec. 8: "The Emerald Forest" (1985; John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman; and "Quest for Fire" (1982; Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Everett McGill.

Dec. 9-10: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny.

Dec. 11-12: "Love and Anarchy" (1973) and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

Dec. 13-14: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Das Boot" (1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Through Dec. 5: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese); and "Gate of Hell" (1954; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.

Dec. 6-7: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Dec. 8-9: "Himatsuri" (1985; Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese); and "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Dec. 10-11: "The Family Game" (1984; Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese); and "Muddy River" (1983; Kohei Oguri; in Japanese).

Dec. 12: "Utamaro and His Five Women" (1946; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "My Love Has Been Burning" (1949; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Dec. 13-14: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production; in Russian); and "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Dec. 4: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman and Robert Redford; and "The Sting" (1973; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw.

Dec. 5-7: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, and Lars Hanson; and "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

Dec. 8-10: "Great Expectations" (†) and "Nicholas Nickleby" (†).

Dec. 11-14: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935 †) and "Oliver Twist" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 4: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

Dec. 5: "Mommie Dearest" (1981; Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway; and "Queen Bee" (1955; Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford and Barry Sullivan.

Dec. 6: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi.

Dec. 7: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1935; Stuart Walker), with Claude Rains, Valerie Hobson, Heather Angel, Douglass Montgomery, and David Manners; and "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street" (1936; George King), with Tod Slaughter, Bruce Seton, and Eve Lister.

Dec. 8: "Doktor Mabuse" (†).

Dec. 9: "St. Augustine of Hippo" (1972; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian); and "Blaise Pascal" (1972; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).

Dec. 10: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "The Chase" (1946; Arthur Ripley), with Robert Cummings, Michèle Morgan, and Peter Lorre; and "The Scar" (1948; Steve Sekely), with Joan Bennett and Paul Henreid.

Dec. 11: "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "Macbeth" (1971 †).

Dec. 12: "Hero" (1983) and "Lenz" (1981).

Dec. 13: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Dec. 14: "Murder on the Orient Express" (†); and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958;

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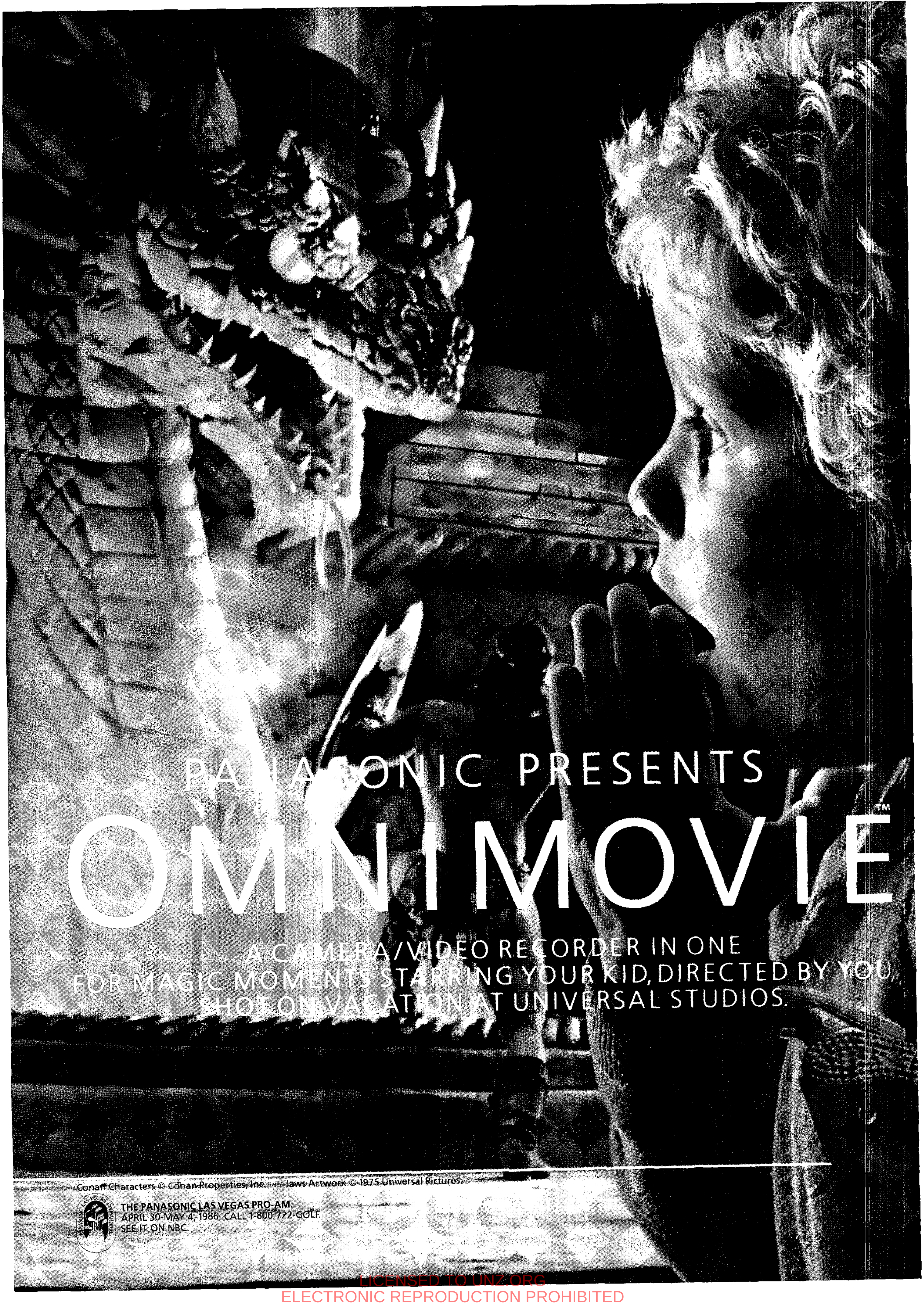
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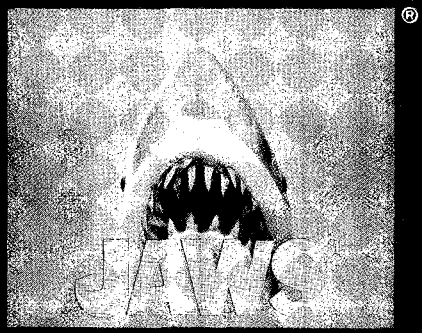

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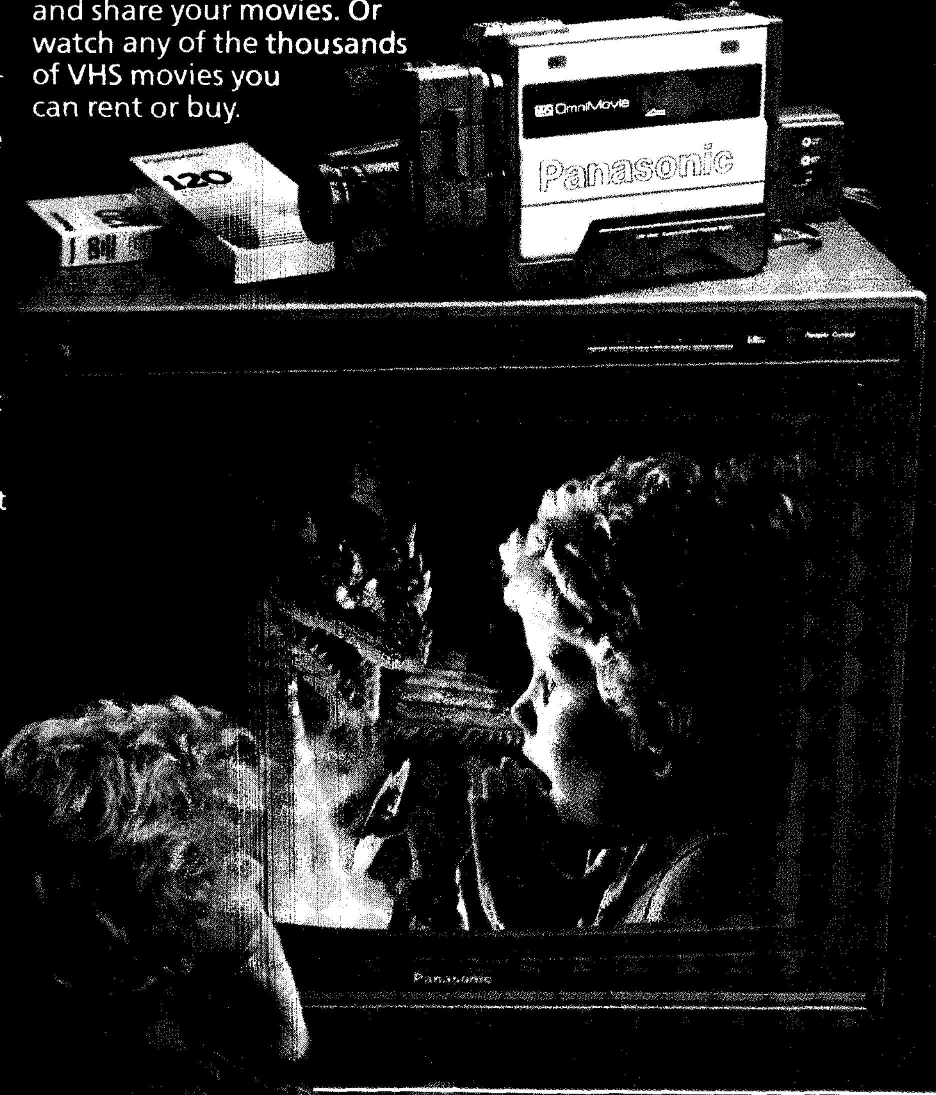

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Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Dec. 4: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974; Louis Malle; in French), with Pierre Blaise.

Dec. 5: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972) and "Love and Anarchy" (1973), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

Dec. 6-7: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

Dec. 8: "La Grande Illusion" (†); and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

Dec. 9: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "Bluebeard" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with John Carradine and Jean Parker; and "The Strange Woman" (1947; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders, and Louis Hayward.

Dec. 10: "Scarlet Street" (†); and "House by the River" (1950; Fritz Lang), with Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt, Lee Bowman, and Dorothy Patrick.

Dec. 11: "The Most Dangerous Game" (†); "The Vampire Bat" (†); and "One Frightening Night" (1935; Christy Cabanne), with Charley Grapewin, Hedda Hopper, and Wallace Ford.

Dec. 12: "Wild Strawberries" (†); and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe.

Dec. 13-14: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Edmund Gwenn, and Natalie Wood.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 4: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.

Dec. 5: "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley.

Dec. 6-7: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

Dec. 8: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (†); and "The Fan" (1949; Otto Preminger), with Madeleine Carroll and George Sanders.

Dec. 9: "Nibelungen Saga" (1924; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).

Dec. 10: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst Lubitsch), with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche; and "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942; Rouben Mamoulian), with Gene Tierney, Henry Fonda, Laird Cregar, and Spring Byington.

Dec. 11: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943; Roy William Neill) and "The Woman in Green" (1945; Roy William Neill), both films with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce as Holmes and Watson.

Dec. 12: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

From Dec. 13: "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, and Virginia Dale; and "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Dec. 5 at 2:30 and 6: "Marlene—A Feature on Dietrich" (1984; directed by Maximillian Schell), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "Ten Days in Calcutta: A Portrait of Mrinal Sen" (1984; Reinhard Hauff), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6: "The Wedding Day" (1960; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2: "Ten Days in Calcutta: A Portrait of Mrinal Sen." . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 5: "Up in the Clouds" (1965; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2: "Up in the Clouds." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5: "The Wedding Day." . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "Interview" (1971; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6: "Mister Shome" (1969; Mrinal Sen; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2:30: "The Outsiders" (1977; Mrinal Sen; in Telegu, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 6: "Interview." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:30 and 6: "Lady of the Pavements" (1929; D. W. Griffith). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30: "In Search of Famine" (1981; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 6: "The Outsiders." . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 12:30: Another program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 2: "Mister Shome." . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 5: "The Case Is Closed" (1982; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali, with English subtitles).

Theatre 2: Dec. 5 at 2: "Mahatma: Life of Gandhi, 1869-1948" (1968; Vithalbhai K. Jhaveri), a five-and-a-half-hour documentary. There will be an hour-and-a-half intermission at 5. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 3: "A Berlin Love Story" (1984; Herbert Ballmann; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6:30 and Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Kaminsky" (1984; Michael Lähn; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 5:30: "A Berlin Love Story." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2:30: "Melek Leaves" (1985; Jeanine Meerapfel), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5:30: "Tears in Florence" (1984; Marianne Klara Schäfer; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 3: "Before Hindsight" (1977; Jonathan Lewis), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6:30: A program of animated films by Jane Aaron and Maureen Selwood, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 3 and 6:30: "Attack in the Pacific" (1945). . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 3 and 6:30: "The Garden of Eden" (1984; Lawrence R. Hott and Roger Sherman); and "Hopi: Songs of the Fourth World" (1984; Pat Ferrero). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 3: "Tears in Florence." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 6: "Melek Leaves." . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 2:30: "Grünstein's Clever Move" (1984; Bernhard Wicki; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 5:30: "Wodzeck" (1984; Oliver Herbrich; in German, with English subtitles).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Three film sculptures by Deborah Whitman—"A Cloud Is on Top of the Box of Doors" (1982), "A Staircase with a Tree at the End" (1983), and "The Upper Room" (1984). Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. (787-1477)—"Queen Kelly" (1928; Erich Von Stroheim), a silent film, with Gloria Swanson. (Dec. 9 at 2 and 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (Manhattan, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ New Gramercy; through Dec. 10.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Dec. 5.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett) and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Doktor Mabuse (1922)—Fritz Lang's first film about Mabuse, the hypnotic genius-criminal who masterminds a secret organization of cutthroats and counterfeiters. Rudolf Klein-Rogge plays the demonic doctor, who dominates everyone around him and means to run the world. In Part I, he gambles, causes stock to decline, and hypnotizes a young millionaire. In Part II, he hypnotizes the public prosecutor who is investigating him, but the police save the prosecutor, and Mabuse winds up in a madhouse. Not altogether coherent, but full of sensational material and suggestions of decadence, the film, which runs four and a half hours, was condensed to a generally incoherent ninety minutes when it was first released in the U.S., and that is the version that is showing here. It's still better than no Mabuse. (Thalia; Dec. 8.)

Eleni—This epic-scaled film, based on the Nicholas Gage book and directed by Peter Yates, tells the story of how Nick, who left Greece as a child in 1948, went back thirty-odd years later to track down the men who had killed his mother. A peasant in a remote mountain village, she was executed by the Communist guerrilla army; her crime was that she defied the order to turn over her children (who were to be sent to neighboring Communist countries), and packed them off at night to start the journey to America. The disastrous script, by Steve Tesich, turns the story into a piece of anti-Communist, promotherhood poster art; Eleni (Kate Nelligan), who dies with her fists flung up high as she cries out in exaltation, "My children!," is the answer to the Reds. And though the constant cutting between what happened in the forties and what happens in the eighties, as Nick (John Malkovich) puts the facts together, is meant to build suspense, it does just the opposite; it dissipates whatever momentum develops. The two starring roles seem virtually unplayable (Malkovich is like a wraith wandering through the picture); cast as Communist vipers, Oliver Cotton and Ronald Pickup give off the only energy. With Linda Hunt; cinematography by Billy Williams. (12/2/85) (Cinema I.)

La Grande Illusion (1937)—In form, "La

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Grande Illusion" is an escape story; yet who would think of it in this way? It's like saying that "Oedipus Rex" is a detective story. Among other things, this film is a study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. The two aristocrats—the German prison commander, von Rauffenstein (Erich von Stroheim), and his prisoner, the French officer de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay)—share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes that produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige and serve a nationalism they do not believe in. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he does not really approve of—the plebeian Maréchal (Jean Gabin) and the Jew Rosenthal (Marcel Dalio). Jean Renoir directed this elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true great works of the screen. In French, with the German and English characters speaking in their own languages. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 8.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this handsome British production from the J. Arthur Rank studio; it takes us back to that period in English letters when heroes had nice manners, a story had sweep and flourish, and all the stray subplots were gathered up and "rhymed." The rather creamy look (like an expensive gift edition of a classic) is not particularly appropriate to Dickens' style, but the film has a strong style of its own, which is very different from Lean's earlier work. He seems finally to have let go—to have pulled out all the stops. The film is emotional, exciting, full of action; sequences are planned in terms of heightened dramatic contrasts and sudden, scary tensions. This hyperbolic style rushes us past the awkward bits of staging and the slight dissatisfaction we may feel about the boy Pip (Anthony Wager) turning into John Mills, who plays his role very tentatively—almost as if he were trying out for it. Jean Simmons is Estella, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the part, though it's inconceivable that one could grow into the other, and something seems to be lost, despite Hobson's dignity and beauty. The rest of the cast, though, is close to miraculous: Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket; Finlay Currie is Magwitch; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Bernard Miles is Joe Gargery; Freda Jackson is Mrs. Gargery; Ivor Barnard is Wemmick; Torin Thatcher is Bentley Drummle; Eileen Erskine is Biddy; O. B. Clarence is the Aged Parent; and Francis L. Sullivan (who had played the same role in the 1934 Hollywood version) is that most alarming upholder of the law, Jaggers. The producer, Ronald Neame, collaborated with Lean on the adaptation. Guy Green took the Academy Award for best black-and-white cinematography; John Bryan and Wilfred Shingleton also won for black-and-white art direction and set decoration. (Regency; Dec. 8-10.)

Jagged Edge—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart, pared down, and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Dec. 12. No performances on Wednesday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 13.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Macbeth (1971)—Slaughter is the star; the director, Roman Polanski, shows such literal horror—and always a shade faster than you expect, so you're not prepared—that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The film says that nothing is possible but horror and more horror, and, at the end, the cycle of bloodletting is about to begin again. It's well acted, but it reduces Shakespeare's meanings to the banal "life is a jungle." With Jon Finch, Francesca Annis, Martin Shaw, Nicholas Selby, and John Stride. (Thalia; Dec. 11.)

The Most Dangerous Game (1932)—An amusing classic suspense melodrama; the plot was used several times, but this version, directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest Schoedsack, is the most entertaining. Leslie Banks (with his schizoid face—one half suave Englishman, the other half twisted and with suggestions of exotic evil) is the mad hunter who stalks human prey, and Joel McCrea is his target. Fay Wray does her usual charming terrified heroine. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 11.)

Murder on the Orient Express (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity promises to be a sumptuous spread, and so it is, but not as tasty as one had hoped. When the train stops—it's snowbound throughout the murder investigation—the picture loses its impetus. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Jacqueline Bisset, Sean Connery, Richard Widmark, Tony Perkins, Michael York, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Martin Balsam, George Coulouris, Colin Blakely, Denis Quilley, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed, from Paul Dehn's script. The percussively edited pre-title montage is by that wizard of film shorthand Richard Williams; the film proper, shot by Geoffrey Unsworth, reaches its visual peak in the railway station, at the opening. Production design by Tony Walton. (Thalia; Dec. 14.)

Nicholas Nickleby (1947)—Alberto Cavalcanti's fast-moving English-made version of the early Dickens novel has been undeservedly neglected. It's darker, more grotesque and melodramatic than the other Dickens films, with more attention paid to the visual design and the lighting than to any affectionate qualities in the characters, but the style has its own excitement, and the cast is almost everything it should be. Dickens' heroes never seem to come to much on the screen, and Derek Bond's Nicholas is no exception, but his villainous uncle (Cedric Hardwicke) is a beauty, and there are Stanley Holloway as a travelling actor, Sybil Thorndike as Mrs. Squeers, Alfred Drayton as the properly horrible Wackford Squeers, Bernard Miles as Noggs, Aubrey Woods as Smike, and Jill Balcon and Sally Ann Howes. (Regency; Dec. 8-10.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—In the person of Alec Guinness, Fagin the Viper, the corrupter of youth, has a sly, depraved charm. David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel right after he did "Great Expectations" (that was Guinness's first film; this is his second), but it ran into some troubles over here: Fagin, the master pickpocket, is Jewish, and pressure groups objected to such a low Jewish character; with seven minutes of offending closeups and profiles plucked, a somewhat assimilated Fagin was allowed to enter the country in 1951. In a later period, the film would probably have been protested by gay activists as well, because Fagin comes across as a malignant old homosexual. The book is, of course, an attack on cruelty, and the movie in its fidelity is sometimes cruel to the audience, especially in the terrifying scene when Bill Sikes (Robert Newton) murders Nancy (Kay Walsh) because she tried to help Oliver, while his dog scratches at the door, and in the sequence when Sikes has Oliver in his clutches. With John Howard Davies as Oliver, Francis L. Sullivan as Bumble, Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger, and Diana Dors, Kathleen Harrison, Henry Stephenson, Mary Clare, Ivor Barnard, and Peter Bull. Screenplay by Lean and Stanley Haynes; production design by John Bryan; music by Arnold Bax; cinematography by Guy Green; camera operator, Oswald Morris. (Regency; Dec. 11-14.)

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1945)—Hurd Hatfield's Dorian (who sells his soul to keep his youth) doesn't look fresh; he looks glacéed. And the other characters don't seem to age with the years, either, so there's no contrast with him. But the Oscar Wilde story has its compelling gimmick and its cheap thrills, and despite his failings as writer and director Albert Lewin has an appetite for decadence and plushy décor. As Dorian's victim, the young Angela Lansbury gives her scenes true depth of feeling. With George Sanders, Donna Reed, and Peter Lawford. Made in black-and-white, with color for the portrait. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 8.)

The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan (1970)—Mid-nineteenth-century Japan, and not a bit scandalous, though the picture—directed by Masahiro Shinoda—has a bright sense of mischief. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 13-14.)

Scarlet Street (1946)—It's not one of Fritz Lang's best American movies. Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nag (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds home the ironies and the murder-plot devices. (Robinson kills the girl, and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 10.)

Sweet Dreams—As the pop-and-country singer Patsy Cline, Jessica Lange has a raw physicality that's challenging and heroic. The singing voice that comes out of her is from the vocal tracks of recordings that Patsy Cline made between 1960 and 1963, and Lange's body lives up to the sound. The weakness of this kind of bio-pic is that once it's on the rails you can see where it's heading, and the basic story seems banal, but, scene by scene, the script, by Robert Getchell, has a funny, edgy spontaneity, a tang. And the director, Karel Reisz, doesn't step back from Patsy; she's taken on her own terms. As Patsy's husband, Ed Harris brings the role a tragic, pitiable sweetness. With Ann Wedgeworth as Patsy's mother. People cry at this movie though it isn't sentimental—it's an honest tearjerker. (10/21/85) (Festival.)

A Tale of Two Cities (1935)—In this most popular version of the least typical of Dickens' novels, Ronald Colman is Sydney Carton, who gives up his life so that another man may live. As Madame Defarge, Blanche Yurka dominates the film; a menace in the grand manner, she knits like a house afire and takes the Bastille practically single-handed. The story has been simplified so that it can be told very clearly. It's a creditable though unadventurous film, handsomely staged in the M-G-M backlot style for classics. Jack Conway directed, with Val Lewton and Jacques Tourneur working on the Revolution sequences. The immense cast includes Edna May Oliver, Elizabeth Allan, and Basil Rathbone. Reputedly there were seventeen thousand extras used in the mob scenes. (Regency; Dec. 11-14.)

Target—Gene Hackman plays a quiet fellow who runs a lumberyard in Dallas; his son (Matt Dillon), who doesn't get along with the old man, thinks he's a fud—that he never had the nerve to go anywhere or do anything. It's not until the boy's mother (Gayle Hunnicutt) is kidnapped while she's on a Paris vacation and the father and son are in Europe looking for her that the boy discovers his father is a whirlwind—a tough former C.I.A. agent who had to be relocated in order to protect the family. By that time the picture, which started out as if it were going to be about a father-son relationship, is all spies, shootings, corpses, and stupidly spectacular car chases. (It takes a lot of killing to make the son respect his dad.) The whole idea is pretty bad, and Arthur Penn, who directed, keeps going off key. Many of the scenes, especially Dillon's and Hunnicutt's, are so maladroitly staged that you find yourself staring at them blankly. (Dillon comes across as a callow loudmouth.) With Victoria Fyodorova, Josef Sommer, Ilona Grubel, Herbert Berghof, and Guy Boyd (who's amusing as a crude C.I.A. man). The screenplay is by Howard Berk and Don Petersen. (12/2/85) (Murray Hill, and Criterion Theatres; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 10.)

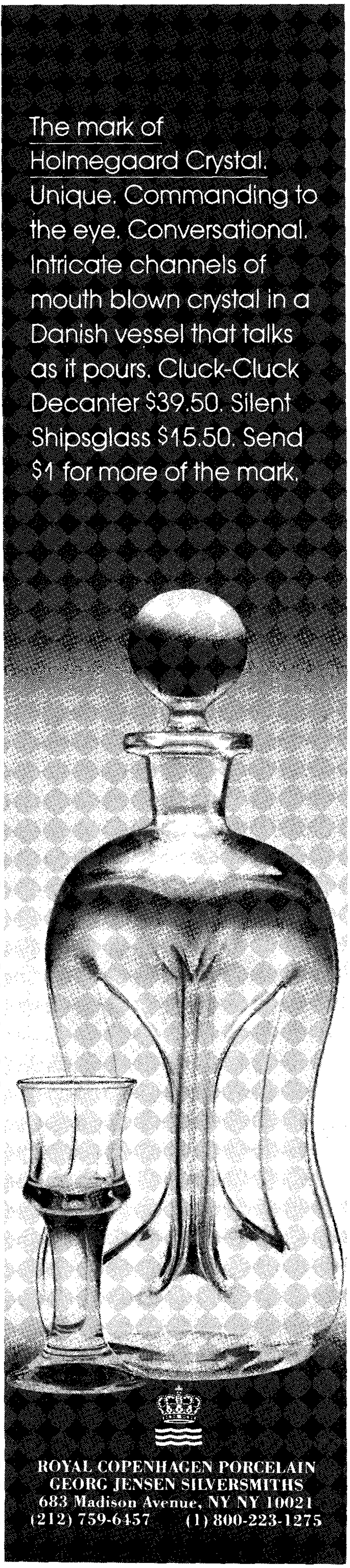
Twice in a Lifetime—This miracle of psychobanality presents the basic story of a long-married middle-aged man (Gene Hackman, as a Seattle steelworker) who experiences a renewal of vitality when he has an affair with a younger woman (Ann-Margret), but the story is now so dressed up in the language of self-help books that the man is a life-affirming force—and not only for himself but also for his wife of thirty years (Ellen Burstyn), whom he leaves. The movie could be every errant husband's self-justifying fantasy. (And the way Burstyn overacts a man would have to be a saint to have stayed with her so long.) Directed by Bud Yorkin, from a script by Colin Welland, it's like a sermon on the therapeutic value of adultery, divorce, and remarriage, given by a minister who learned all he knows from watching TV. As Hackman's intensely angry daughter, Amy Madigan brings a spark of fierceness to her performance, and a comic flair. Also with Brian Dennehy and Ally Sheedy. (12/2/85) (Beekman.)

The Vampire Bat (1933)—Blood-sucking bat is blamed for a series of small-town murders in fact committed by the village doctor. Not bad, partly because of the presence of Melvyn Douglas and Fay Wray. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 11.)

White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting Dec. 6.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. An eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and over-explicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can ever forget Sjöström's face, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold," rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and other Bergman regulars. In Swedish. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 12.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews New York Twin.)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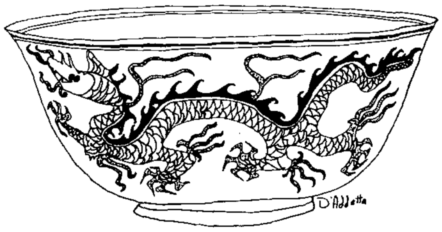
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the absence of major agreements at the summit conference in Geneva, what lingers in the mind is the sheer fact of the meetings between the two heads of state—meetings not of two political systems or of two nuclear arsenals, or even of two diplomatic delegations (the aides were left to pace up and down in a nearby room), but simply of two men. In ancient, mythmaking times, people endowed natural forces—volcanoes, storms, rivers—with human attributes. Our bent in modern times seems to be to endow our outsize human powers, which surpass by far those of Zeus or Athena, with the inexorability of natural forces. The ancients personalized nature; we depersonalize ourselves. We brought nature under control but let ourselves slip beyond control, and now we cower before arsenals of our own making. Because of this feeling of helplessness in the face of our own artifacts, a summit conference, even without major agreements, has a certain value, in that it brings before our eyes the human beings who actually guide the technical and bureaucratic systems we habitually regard as immovable. In that context, the simplicity of human contact comes as a small shock. A handshake, a talk by the fire, a walk in the garden: at the center of the massed machinery of the modern state and of modern war, a sort of brief idyll. And it was faintly surprising that at the leaders' first meeting what they proffered one another in greeting was not tentacles or bunches of wires or pieces of machinery but flesh-and-blood human hands. By now, everyone knows that there is no "button" to launch nuclear war—that the way the missiles and planes can be launched is with the help of codes carried in briefcases by aides who stay close to the sides of the heads of state—yet it was hard not to read into the handshake its ancient meaning: the open, outstretched hand holds no weapon; the clasped pair of hands can push no buttons. For that one moment, at least, the world felt safe.

Lacking texts of agreements to analyze, endangered mankind was left to ponder the minutiae of demeanor, expression, and conduct. At the first meeting of the two men, Gorbachev wore a coat and a hat, whereas Reagan wore none. One man hatted, the other not! The three thousand or so journalists on hand rushed into action, and the news flashed around the world. And the world seemed eager to receive it. Churchill once said that in 1942, when the fate of England depended on American help in the Second World War, "no lover ever studied every whim of his mistress as I did those of President Roosevelt." Today, everyone in the world has the same relationship to President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev that Churchill and England had to Roosevelt, and we, too, are eager students of the whims of those upon whom our survival depends. One difference, though, is that what we'd like is not so much for them to get along well with us as for them to get along well with each other. A further difference is that the stake now is not one country but all countries. For our real mistress is the earth, and the love we feel is for life itself—love that in our time finds circuitous but necessary expression in the rapt attention we pay to the wardrobes of two men who recently met in Geneva.



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Komar and Melamid

FIVE years ago, we reported here on a lecture given by the Russian conceptual artists Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid. Back then, they had been in America only a little while. Komar and Melamid work together to make, among other things, paintings in the Soviet-inspirational style, with red flags and machine guns and slogans and Bolsheviks and tiny dinosaurs and disembodied noses and improbable portraits of leaders like Khrushchev and Lenin and Joseph Stalin, who used to ride in his car to his summer house from Moscow down Arbat Street, the street where both Komar and Melamid grew up. Watching the TV coverage of the summit talks, we thought of them, and last week we went to see them, at a new loft they are working out of, on Canal Street.

Alexander Melamid is a slim man with dark hair and dark-rimmed glasses who stands at a slight forward angle to the perpendicular. He has a mobile face, and he gestures often as he talks, leaving serifs and calligraphic flourishes in the air. "I am not interested in summit, really," he told us. Behind him, canvases were stacked four deep against the studio walls, and on one wall was a mounted bear's head, which had been touched up with blue spray paint. "But when I hear all this Reagan, Reagan, Reagan, I feel much nostalgia for Jimmy Carter. Carter was for Russians a real opposite to Soviet power. Russians think of Americans as very naïve, and when Carter would say some of those things about human rights they would hit themselves on the forehead and say, 'What a guy! Only in America!'

Because he was sometimes weak, like a normal man, and because he talked about morality in a way that Russians would only say in private, he was a very, very good force in the world."

Vitaly Komar is heavyset, with dark curly hair and gold-rimmed glasses. He looks like something you could tie a ship to. He makes one gesture for every ten of Melamid's, and after each gesture his hand comes to a full stop. "Every Russian has two personalities," he said. "You must keep two to survive—one for public, one for private. Carter turned these two personalities around, and this was fascinating for Russians. He was somehow not secret. Even now, in pictures of Politburo the caption does not identify anybody but two or three people. Communist Party was illegal secret society during time of czars, and when it came to power it made whole country secret."

"I thought it was funny when somebody at the summit asked Gorbachev's wife 'What's your job?' and she said 'I'm a philosopher,'" Melamid said. "Nobody in America would ever say that. They might say 'I'm a professor of philosophy,' but in Russia philosopher is a job. Millions of people, and they're all Hegel. They teach it, they discuss it, they're at the university. It's not a very high-rank job. It's like being a Minister of Culture. In Moscow, there are armies of philosophers."

"Is Moscow the same as New York in the mornings?" we asked. "Do people get the paper and have a cup of coffee?"

"It is not the same, no," Melamid said. "The coffee is the same, the paper is different. *Pravda* is incredible. I want to show you—I think this is the funniest picture I've ever seen." From a table he took a copy of *Pravda* dated earlier this year. On page 6 was a picture of a man with tight pants and white boots and a jaunty expression standing on the back of a walking hippopotamus. "The caption says, 'The winner of all-union competition of actors is the Good Excellent Circus Artist from Azerbaijan Republic, Tofik Akhundov. He has created original tricks with hippopotamus and other animals.' It says who took the picture, but it doesn't say where picture was taken."

"His own apartment, maybe," Komar said.

"Before we came to New York, we lived for a while in Jerusalem," Melamid said. "Moscow is more like New York than it is like Jerusalem."

"But Moscow is physically not comfortable, like New York," Komar said. "What you see on TV is partly true. Apartments—most—are small. The landlord in Russia is Communist Party, and you have to pay money, you have to know somebody if you want to move. Many people will be born and die in same apartment. To buy something is very difficult. Always you should carry all your cash with you in case on streets you see something you are wanting to buy. Nobody in Russia has checking account. All your bills you go and pay with cash."

"Is it hard to meet girls in Russia?" we asked.

"No, meeting is easy," Komar said. "But to be alone with is very hard. Everybody has many roommates, so in summer you can take trains and go out to parks, which all belong to the people, of course. In summer, all forests are full of lovers. But in wintertime it is difficult. I will say it is fact that every Russian at least once has made love in the snow."

"The major job of Russians is to talk to each other," Melamid said. "Humor is most important to Russians. In Moscow, phones are cheap and people are all the time talking. There are people who never write, they are famous for what they say. They spend all their time preparing jokes to tell their friends. The poet Svetlov, a very official, very patriotic poet, was an enormously famous jokester. His real job was sitting in the Artists' Union club telling jokes, and it was a hard job, too. Russians have a joking life and a serious literature. And, of course, with talking goes drinking. That is really the fun for Russians. We know many old alcoholics who even drunk never say the truth."

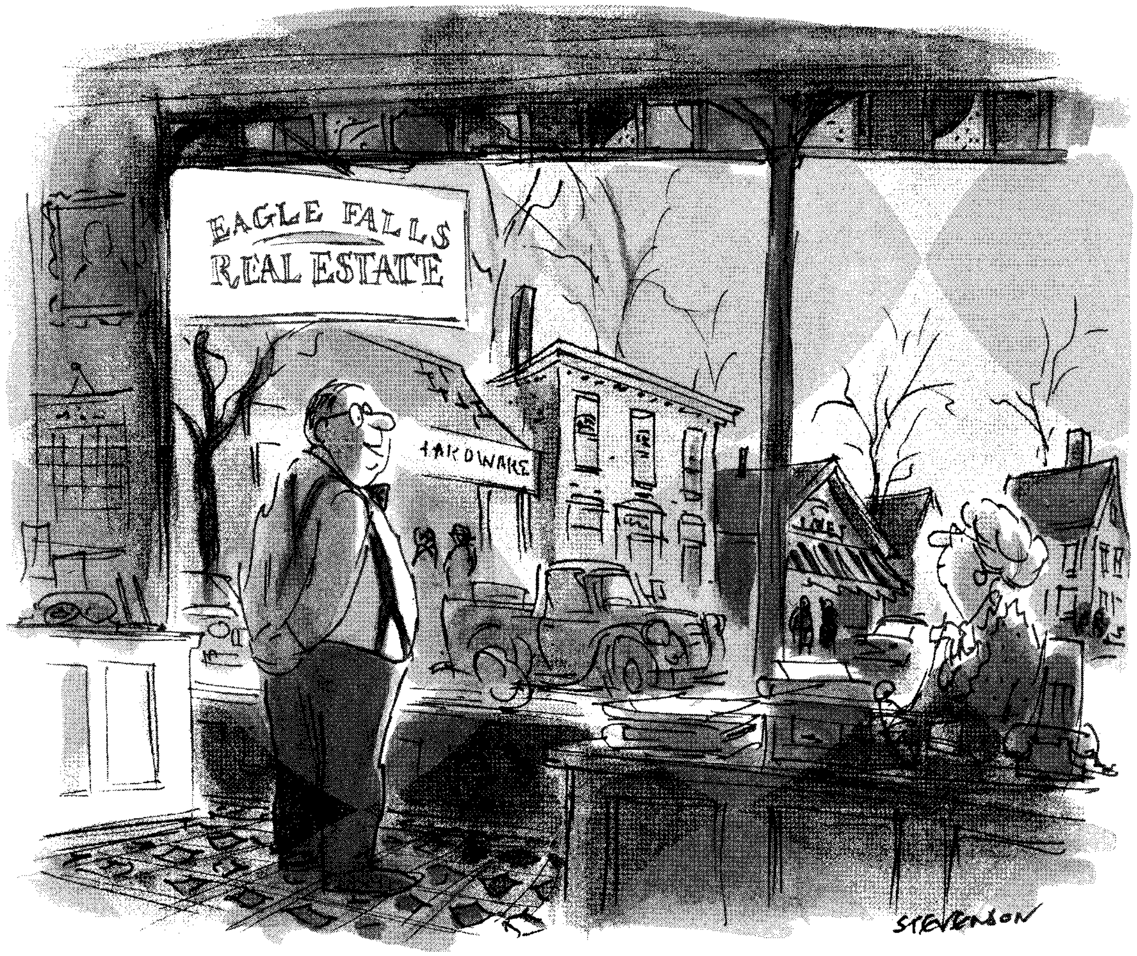
"Maybe today drinking is less," Komar said.

"Yes, the anti-alcoholism campaign may make a change, we don't know," Melamid said. "We have been eight years away from Russia. When we first came to America, we were Russians. Now we're immigrants. For us, Russia is our past. Russia is for us in time, not in space. I went to the University of Iowa, in Iowa City, to talk to the students, and I thought these Americans would want me to talk about Russia. Instead, everybody spoke about New York, SoHo, SoHo. They were art students, and to them I was from New York. They were asking me how to get apartments, could I take their slides to galleries. They wanted me to help them emigrate to New York. I recently moved to Jersey City. When we are having shows in Europe and people ask where I am from, I say I am from New Jersey. The more I am here, the more I see the difference of culture. Culture is in your fingertips. It is in your molecules. I can tell an American painting from a Russian one just by looking at one square inch. In New York, Vitaly and I see how deep we are Russians."

"I can tell you very joke story," Komar said. "Fifteen years ago, I bought condo in Moscow, and my then wife and I tried to get telephone. We had to send postcard with our request to ministry in charge of giving telephones. I had to put my signature on postcard. Last week, my ex-wife forwarded to me from Moscow that same postcard with my same signature from fifteen years ago. Up in one corner of card was special mark meaning now they would start to think about it."

The Mapleson Cylinders

ON January 16, 1901, Lionel Mapleson inserted himself and his Edison Home Phonograph in the prompter's box at the Metropolitan Opera and recorded two minutes of Nellie Melba singing the "Alleluia" from Massenet's "Le Cid." The following year, Mapleson, who, as company librarian, had presumably obtained permission for his activities, acquired a larger recording horn and transferred himself and his equipment to a catwalk forty feet above the right side of the stage. There he continued to record two-minute extracts of operatic scenes, sung by such celebrated artists as Jean de Reszke (the Met's leading tenor before Caruso), Marcella Sembrich, Emma Calvé, Lillian Nordica, Milka Ternina, Emma Eames, Emilio De Marchi, and Antonio Scotti. Mapleson abandoned his hobby in 1903. His legacy—a hundred and thirty-five wax cylinders from the golden age of opera—was assembled over a twenty-five-year period at the New York Public Library, and the sounds to be heard on those cylinders were recently issued as a six-record set by the Library's Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives of Recorded Sound. Although earlier opera recordings exist (an Italian named Gianni Bettini is believed to have made the first recordings of famous singers, in New York, around 1890), and a number of singers began to be recorded commercially in 1902, the Mapleson cylinders are unique in that they provide the only live stage performances that have survived from the first decade of the century. At their best, despite a great deal of surface noise, they capture the excitement that can be generated by a trumpet-voiced singer riding over an orchestra in an enormous, resonant auditorium. (Strangely, the next live opera recording was not made until 1926, at Covent Garden.) Moreover, the surviving Mapleson cylinders (there may have been several hundred originally) also provide the only known records of three legendary artists: Milka Ternina, a Croatian soprano who was a celebrated Isolde; Emilio De Marchi, an Italian tenor, who created the role of Cavaradossi in Puccini's "Tosca" (his cry of "Vittoria" is the loudest sound in the album); and Jean de Reszke, the protean Polish tenor, whose enormous repertoire ranged from Mozart to Wagner.



"Last night, I dreamed I was Donald Trump and I built a seven-story building right here in Eagle Falls."

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We dropped by the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives one afternoon to learn more about the Maplesons, and found Tom Owen and David Hamilton, two of the three men who produced the album, working in a basement studio that was crammed with recording equipment. (The third was David Hall, who originated the project, and who recently retired from the Library.) Mr. Owen, a sound engineer, showed us a specially built cylinder-transfer machine—a tapered brass mandrel, a recording arm, a motor, and a series of electronic boxes, all of which were needed to transfer the sound to a modern tape deck—and told us that, after considerable testing, he had transferred nearly all the cylinders at 184 r.p.m., about the speed at which Mapleson had recorded them. "One-sixty was standard for the day," he said, "but Mapleson knew that if you recorded a little faster you'd get a better frequency response." Mr. Owen next pointed out an Edison Triumph Model B Phonograph, similar to the one Mapleson had used—a flared horn attached to a brass recording ring containing a sapphire-and-glass stylus, a horizontal mandrel to hold the blank cylinder, and a wooden base concealing three windup springs—and added that Mapleson occasionally slowed down in order to capture an aria lasting more than two minutes. "Other times," he said, "Mapleson would realize that he couldn't get the crucial high notes, so he'd stop the machine in the middle of a scene and start it up again to record the end."

We asked Mr. Owen to describe the transfer process, and he replied that after cleaning and warming a cylinder he would put it on the brass mandrel. "Then I would try out a number of needles, to find one that could fit the grooves without damaging them, and attach it to a tracking arm," he said. "When you start the motor, the signal, elevated by amplifiers, passes through three devices—one to eliminate ticks and pops caused by abrasions or fungi; one to eliminate mechanical thumps; and one to remove hiss—and is recorded onto 1.5 mil magnetic tape at 15 i.p.s."

"What were your major restoration problems?" we asked.

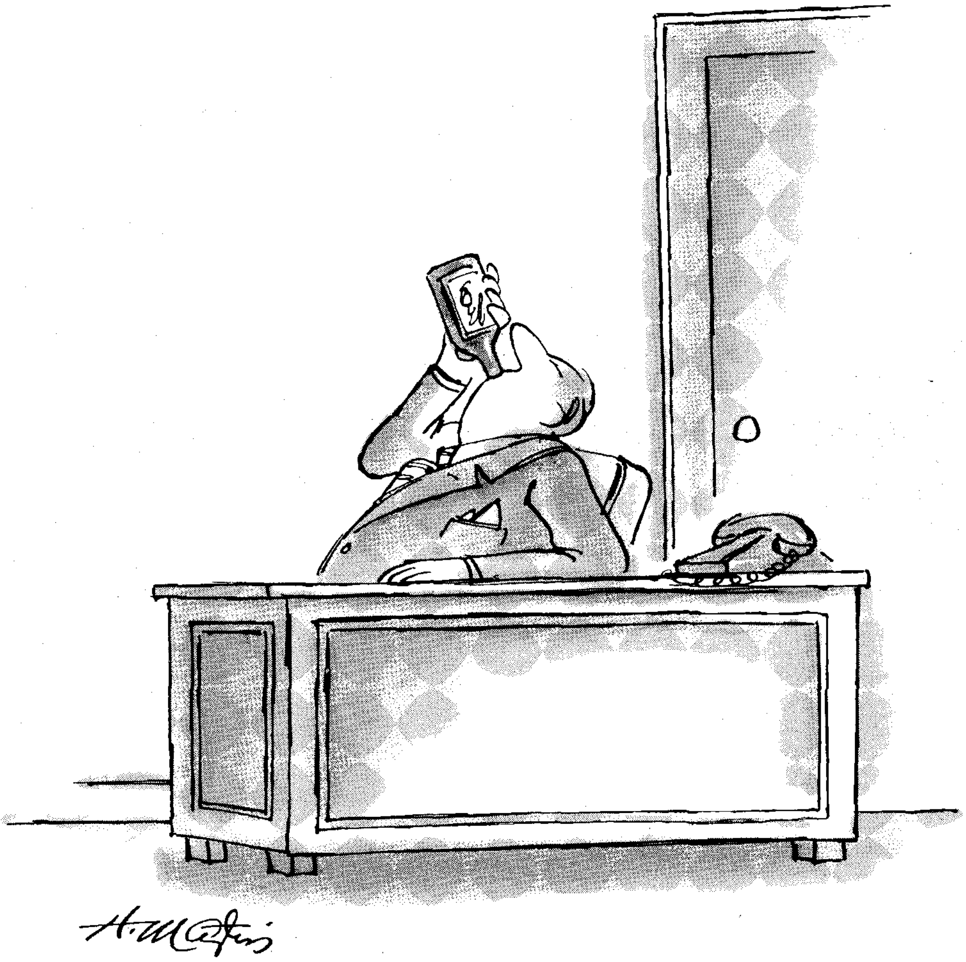
"All the Maplesons were out of round, and that causes an audible thump in every revolution," Mr. Owen replied. "So we'd warm them up under a forty-watt bulb and reshape them on a mandrel. Some of them had been played to the point of sixty-per-cent to eighty-per-cent degradation, so we had to work with very faint sound. Others had been shaved and reused; sometimes this gives you bits of different performances on the same cylinder. Four of the cylinders were in pieces, and had to be glued together so that they could be tracked with a stylus. The so-called brown wax that they are made of is actually a hard, brittle soap composed of metallic salts and fatty acids. When a cylinder has a lot of cracks, you slow it down to the point where it will track and still produce an acceptable sound. Our basic idea was to optimize modulation and recapture as much of the original sound as we could by using the right needle. Our motto is 'Don't fiddle with the middle,' meaning don't fool around with filters and equalizers that can bring out a voice at the expense of everything else. I think we've managed to preserve the sound of the Met Opera as it was in the early nineteen-hundreds, as opposed to giving *our* version of what it should sound like."

We asked David Hamilton, a critic and musicologist, how he had managed to identify the singers, and he replied that preparing program notes had involved considerable detective work. "Mapleson did not always keep meticulous records," he said. "And we know he recorded some operatic scenes two or three times, so cataloguing the tapes—we present them by opera in the album—became a kind of mammoth mix and match. There are, for example, two 'Siegfried' forging scenes, four versions of the 'Faust' final trio, and two versions of the 'Tosca' 'Te Deum.' Perhaps the most complex puzzle is the dating of three overlapping bits from the 'Ride of the Valkyries,' which must have come from three different performances."

We listened to several cuts from the album, and as our ears became adjusted to the primitive sound we found that we could reach past surface crackle and concentrate on the singing. There was a stentorian Melba, overwhelming her tenor and bass partners in the "Faust" trio; a limpid-voiced Sembrich, shooting up to a dazzling high D at the end of the "Parla Vals" (one of her favorite encores); an intense Eames, rushing the climactic B-flat in Tosca's "Vissi d'arte;" and a powerful Nordica, sweeping majestically through Brünnhilde's immolation scene at the end of "Götterdämmerung."

"When you hear a voice like Nordica's with a hundred-piece orchestra behind it," Mr. Hamilton said, "you get some sense of vocal size, of vocal placement, and of the way the voice fills the theatre."

"Voices in those days had more sound-pressure level than their modern counterparts," Mr. Owen said. "I spent a year and a half doing acoustical analyses of these cylinders, and when I compare the results with modern test cylinders I find that singers in the nineteen-hundreds projected better from a technical standpoint than singers do now. The voices of Nordica and Sembrich were not necessarily bigger than those we hear now, but they were better placed and more cleanly produced. Those live performances are much better than most of the recent material that I work with, so they must have been doing something right."

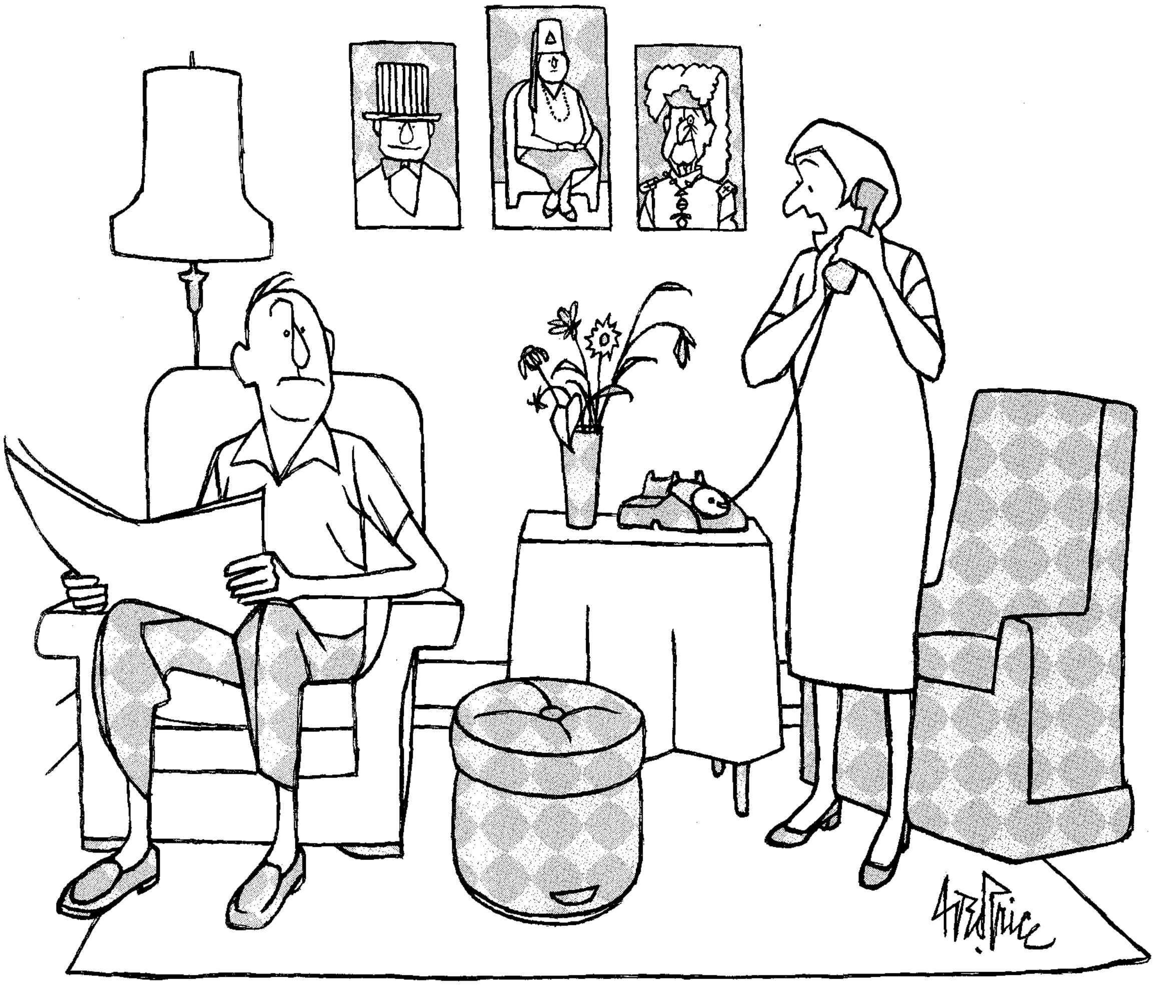


Willard R. Culpepper, Beating the Holiday Rush

And Son

SPEAKING of music, suppose Johann Sebastian had been working all year on his new concerto. And then, a week before it was to have its première, young Carl Philipp Emanuel had suddenly announced that his concerto was to have *its* première the same evening. "And it's my *First* Concerto," he'd pointed out. And just then Johann Christian and Johann Christoph Friedrich had burst into the kitchen and shouted that the cantata on which they had collaborated was also to open that night. Would the father's delight in the sons' achievements have been pure? And what would Mrs. Bach have done? (If she'd had any sense, she'd have gone to watch Wee Wilhelm Friedemann, her hot-shooting all-Saxony point guard, play in the state hoop tourney.) It is for just such reasons that the generations have been carefully arranged. But occasionally things get bollixed.

Two weeks ago Monday, at one in the afternoon, Paul Rigby sat hunched over the drawing board in his office at the *News*, drawing dozens of spies. They were wearing trenchcoats and sunglasses. "They're all trying to defect to the Russians, see?" he explained. "And the K.G.B. is saying, '*Nyet*, we have too many already.' These are the Russians, with the jutting cheekbones." Mr. Rigby began drawing editorial cartoons in 1952 for the Perth *Daily News*, in Western Aus-



"Will you say something nice to Mother? She misses Bobby Ewing something awful."

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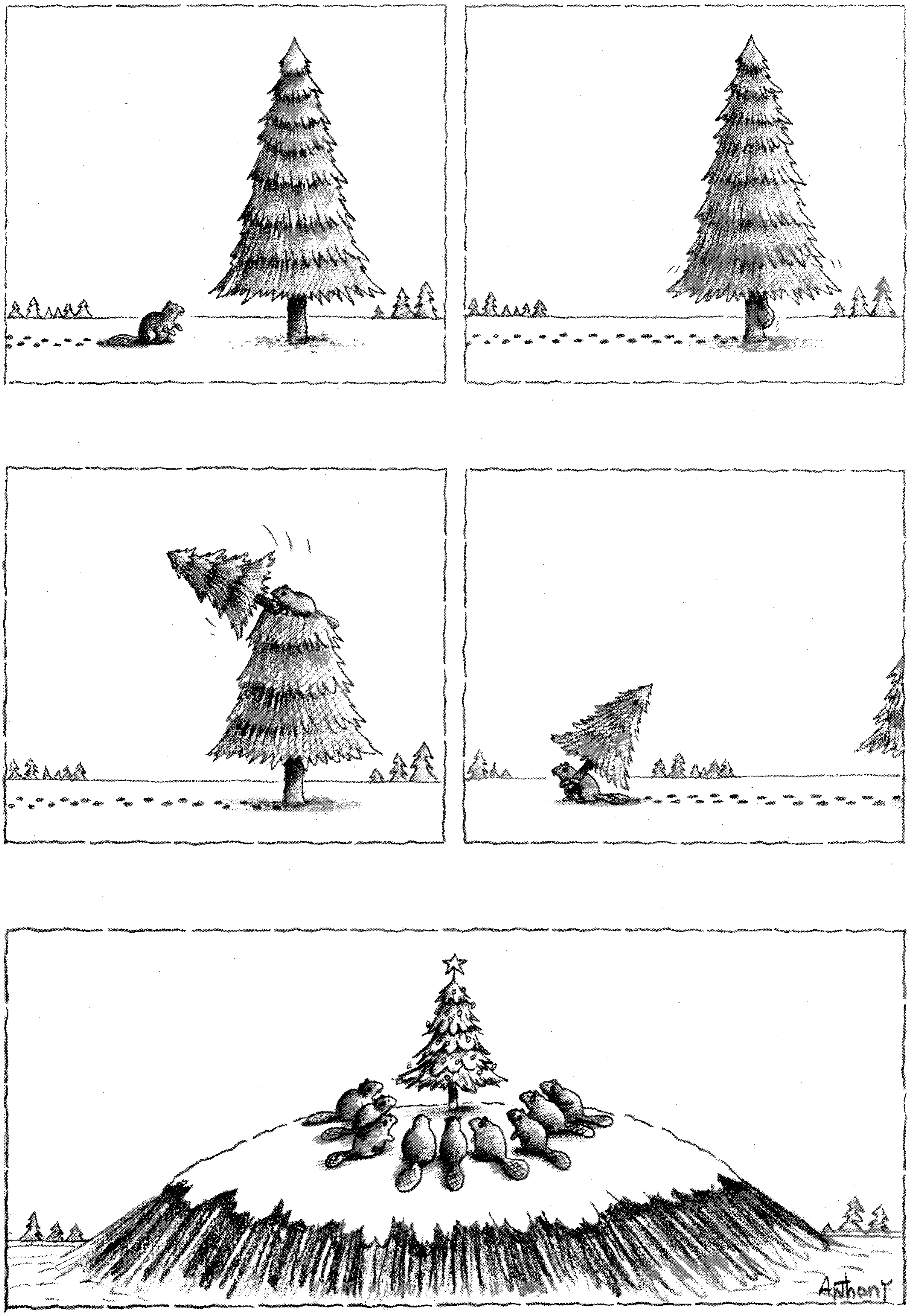
tralia. "What a paradise—beaches three thousand miles long," Mr. Rigby said. "I got up at seven, finished my cartoon by nine-thirty, and was sailing at ten. And even though we had a circulation under a hundred thousand the publisher sent me and a columnist around the world every year. We were among the first Western journalists in Red China. We spent a solid six months in America once. It was a dream job." In the late nineteen-sixties, Rupert Murdoch lured Mr. Rigby to London—"Australians love to poke fun at the British"—and then, in 1977, to New York, where he drew a cartoon across the top of page 6 of the *Post* for seven and a half years. Last year, he moved to the *News*, where his cartoons also appear in a wide panel on page 6. "I guess I sort of pioneered the large newspaper cartoon," he told us. "I started my page-wide cartoons one day in Perth, when I needed to draw an antique fire engine. When I told the editor I needed some more space, he said, 'Take the whole bloody lot.' I didn't know it at the time, but I was cutting a rod for my own back. You have to *fill* all that space."

Quite often, Mr. Rigby resorts to drawing Dantesque visions of the city's subway tunnels. "If they ever get organized down there, I'm in trouble," he said. "Although I guess I can always turn around and draw the stations with chandeliers and such. That's the thing about cartooning—you kick where you see a head. It doesn't matter who's in—we're agin the government." Mr. Rigby retired from the *Post* in part because he thought the editors were "a bit sycophantic about Reagan." After a one-week Caribbean vacation, he turned up in the *News*.

At 3 P.M. on that Monday two weeks ago, Bay Rigby, Paul's son, sat hunched over the drawing board in his dad's old office at the *Post*. "I thought about going with the spy situation, too," he said when we told him what his father was working on. "But I decided to do a serious drawing inspired by the hijacking of the Egyptian airliner. I'm going to have coffins coming out on a baggage conveyor." When Paul Rigby decided to leave the *Post*, he gave the editors about a week's worth of cartoons, and before these ran, the people at the *Post* tracked down Bay, at the Boston *Herald*, where he was doing cartoons and illustrations, and offered him his father's job. "They didn't know he was going to work for the *News*, and I thought when they found out they'd pack me back to Boston—who needs two Rigbys?" Bay told us. "Instead, there were those headlines." On Tuesday, November 20, 1984, the *Post* and the *News* ran the same front-page banner: "RIGBY'S HERE ON PAGE SIX." Bay's cartoons have appeared in every issue since. "I've had some decent ones," he said. "I did the first Rambo cartoon, I think. And right after I got here there was Bernie Goetz in the subways. I think I've proved I can do it. I may just start signing them 'Bay,' and drop the 'Rigby.' "

Because of the *Post's* printing schedule, Bay can turn in his cartoon any time before eight in the evening—three and a half hours past his father's deadline. "I get the late-breaking stuff, and, partly as a result, Dad and I have only crossed paths about five times all year," he said. "When I first got to New York, I was living with Mom and Dad, and Sunday we'd both be drawing our cartoons at home. Dad would be in the study, and I had to go draw on the kitchen table. And neither of us could peek. When I first heard I was coming to New York, I thought there would be all sorts of cutthroat competition. But it's just two Australians, me and Dad. It's something of a joke."


Anthony

SIMPLE

The Carlisle—Luxurious. Elegant. Spacious. The Carlisle has, quite simply, everything.

The Ardsley—Luxurious. Elegant. Spacious. The Ardsley has, quite simply, everything. —*Real-estate adv. in the Times.*

Quite simply, they are healthier.—*Health-club adv. in the Times, same issue.*

Scene: *At the Manna-ha-ta, a smart tower of condominium residences on New York's upper East Side; a small white room filled, or very nearly filled, with a kind of yellow acrid smoke. A lazy whirring ceiling fan (of the kind associated with Bogey and Bacall) moves this heavy yellow mist or smoke around the room in eddies. It is two or three weeks before the end of the world.* LETITIA *(blond, thirties),* SALLY *(débutante type, late twenties), and* RUTH *(career girl, late thirties) are seated at a small green table. They are cosmopolitan girls—energetic, active, up to the minute in their attitudes. They all carry weapons. If they have any faults, we may lay them at the door of youthful eagerness and a marked tendency to drink much too much. Now they are sampling a delicious California Chablis. We see from their faces that they aren't happy with it, though. They are hard to please—and a little drunk.*

Letitia: This is, quite simply, an unsatisfactory *vin.* Dry, wet, too dry; fruity, not full-bodied; label perfectly hideous, probably not a château at all; *knowing*, too knowing.

Sally: I hate a knowing *vin.* A knowing *vin* is to me quite simply horrible.

Ruth: So unlike my bath-a-torium! You know, when Gertzel Brothers first had the idea of making a bathroom as large as a football field other builders scoffed. But smart-setters like you and me thronged to the concept! At last, a bathroom big enough for a dance!

Sally: Where is it?

Ruth: Here. We're in it. But don't be surprised! Most folks can't tell!

Letitia: I can tell. There's the shower, there's the tub. With a washboard over it and your dishes stacked on the board.

Sally: I love to dance!

Letitia: Busy on Saturday?

Sally: Alas.

Ruth: Gertzel Brothers said "No Skimping," and when Gertzel Brothers say "Don't skimp" they mean—

Letitia: Let me guess.

Ruth: No holding back! So there are jumbo shrimp in every room, and a complimentary mint pie.

Letitia: Surely you mean *mince* pie.

Ruth: No, it's made from *mints*, from complimentary mints.

Letitia *(a little blurred)*: Where *is* the bath-a-torium? I need to look in a mirror.

Ruth: I told you. Here. We're in it.

Letitia *(sheepishly)*: I forgot. *(Recovering)* But this room is a clothes bin, a cracker box. Quite simply, this room is *tiny*.

Ruth *(chagrined)*: They had to downsize a little. People weren't ready.

Sally: I'd like some of those jumbo shrimp!

Ruth: He'll be here any minute. They're hand-delivered every day! *(Goes to door.)* Sometimes they leave them just outside the door. *(Tries door, to no avail.)* Sometimes they lock the doors.

Letitia: Why?

Ruth *(chagrined)*: Well, for our own good, I think.

Letitia: They lock you in?

Ruth *(adamant)*: For our own good!

Letitia: But they let the shrimp through?

Ruth: Usually. Yesterday they substituted an article of clothing.

Letitia: Something nice?

Ruth: Well, no. It was a shapeless green bag. Two holes were torn out of it—almost brutally. I mean, the fabric had been violated. I suppose you could put your arms through those holes. I suppose it was a kind of dress.

Letitia: I'm sorry I asked.

Sally: You know, sometimes I feel like a cipher, a nothing, empty. I feel my legs are made of some kind of pliable material that you can't walk on.

Eve Olitsky

Letitia *(to Ruth)*: How much did you pay for this place, anyway?

Sally: Less than a zero! I could work my whole life and not add up to the second of my birth! A Ph.D. in anthropology; a Jaguar dealership; the affection and respect of a deeply good and honorable man, curator of a major collection of Micronesian artifacts; the purity, the nobility of the Pacific island civilizations! None of these—were I to possess them—would add up to zero!

Ruth: Nine million dollars, not including the health club.

Letitia: How much extra is that?

Ruth: Three million a year.

Sally: I am an energy sink! I suck other people's energy!

Letitia: That's a steal. I didn't think you could get a place as nice as this for nine million dollars. What's the catch?

Sally: I am, quite simply, *nothing*.

Ruth: I only have it on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

Sally: When I was a small girl, I felt I might add up to one. I mean, I thought that! Home economics—twenty-five per cent. English Lit—twenty-five per cent. Steady job . . . But it all fell through! My marriage was a disaster. It lasted thirty seconds! I was married for thirty seconds!

Letitia: Anything cheaper?

Ruth: Well, there's a coal bin for six million, but no bath-a-torium. There's a really nice one right over this for three hundred and twenty million, and your shrimp are guaranteed in writing.

(The doorbell rings. A key in the lock. The door opens. It is the CONCIERGE*—slim young man, twenties. He throws a few handfuls of shrimp into the room.)*

Concierge: *Pour Mesdames! Pour Mesdames!*

(He exits. Sounds of key in the lock and door locking. Silence as each one eats her shrimp.)

Ruth: Like your shrimp?

Letitia: It has a sickly, soft resiliency, a texture like strings in pudding, color like Korean loafers—I mean those orange rubber shoes made from the material used in bath mats. Quite simply, it is vile.

Ruth: Well, at least it goes with the wine.

Sally: He didn't even know my name!

Letitia *(pulling out a revolver)*: I need to look in a mirror.

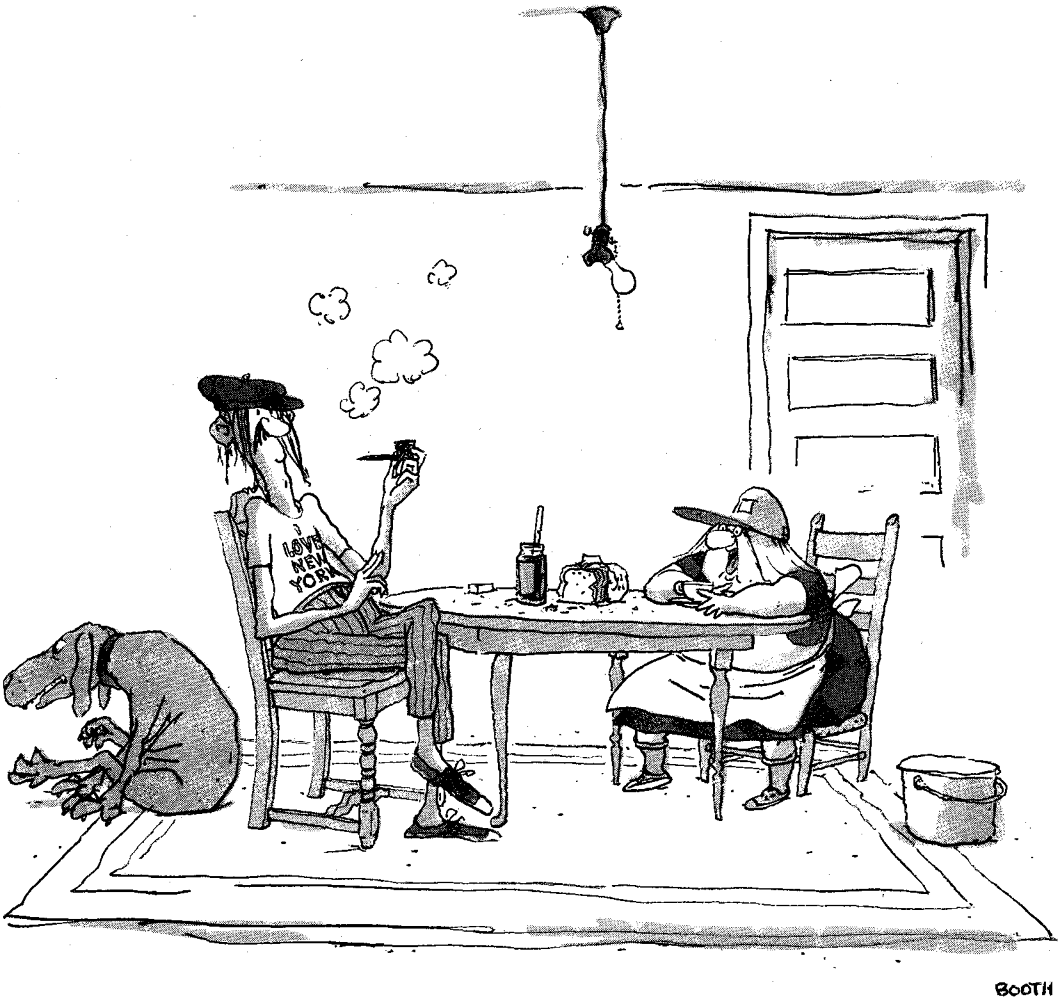
—George W. S. Trow

CONTINUING CARE

SOMEHOW, Uncle Sol weathered another winter in his apartment in New York and made it back up here to the Berkshires. I've arranged for a visiting nurse to stop by his farmhouse three times a week and for a part-time housekeeper to come and clean and cook. Right now, though, Uncle Sol is in the hospital, over in Great Barrington. I'm taking my son, Charlie, two years old today—Saturday—to see him at about three this afternoon, and then we'll come back in time for Charlie's birthday party. Day before yesterday, on one of my solo visits, I asked Uncle Sol if it would be all right to hold the party at his house in his absence. His house, if it's still standing, will be my house someday, according to the new will Uncle Sol made a couple of years ago, after a decade of what I thought was deliberate tantalizing, which took one of two forms: You wouldn't want this place, Davey—it's too much to keep up, or, Won't you be happy knowing young Communists are going to camp here? I'm still not quite sure why he had a change of heart. Yes, I am. Elizabeth, my wife, won it.

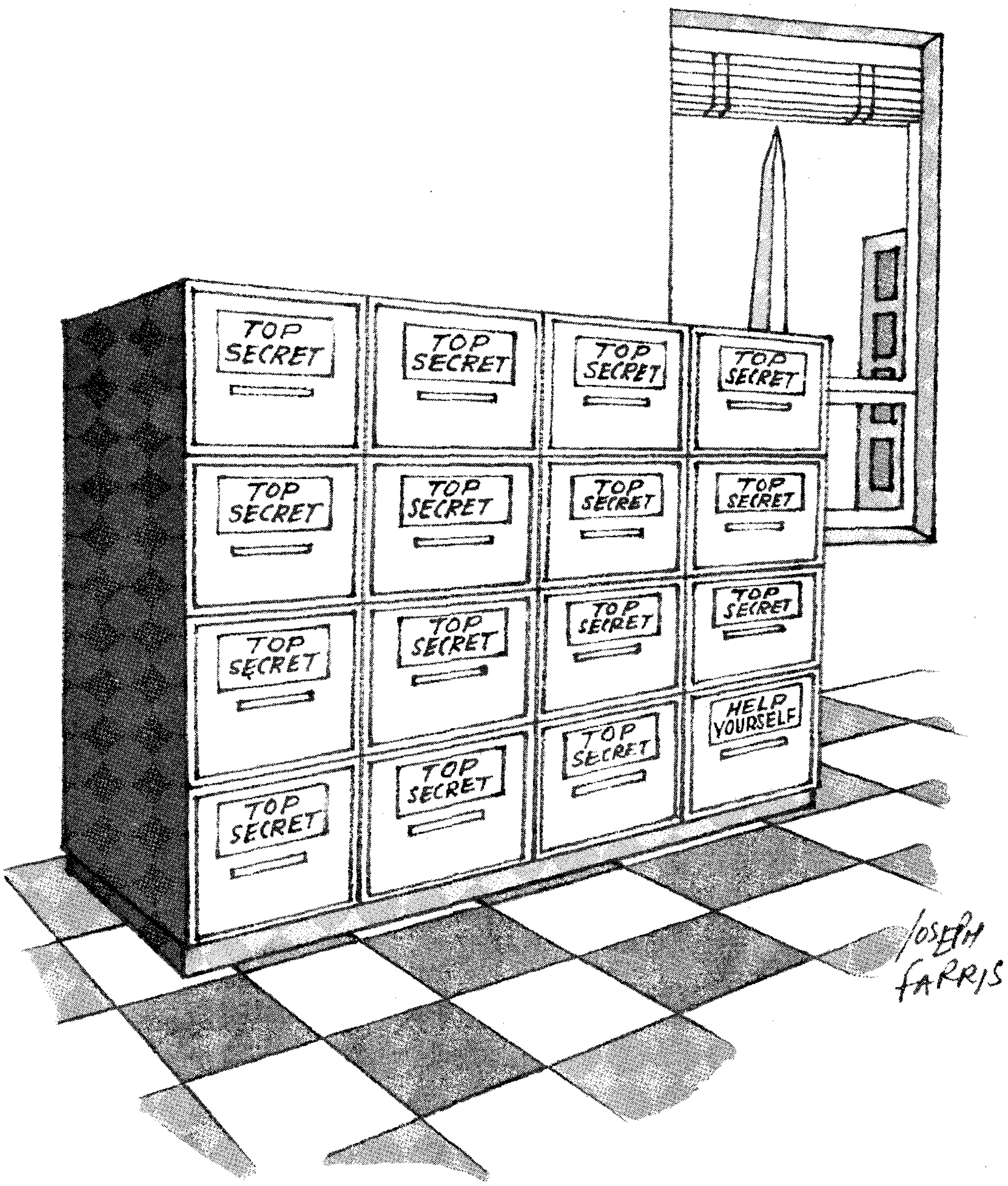
"Go ahead, take the place over before I'm even cold in my grave," he said in reply to my request about Charlie's party. He had been feeling lousy and, I think, frightened all summer, and his customary humor had been darkened by sarcasm and intimations of mortality. After giving his consent, Uncle Sol informed me that he planned to be out of the hospital by Saturday anyway. I reminded him that his doctors said Monday at the earliest. "So that they can get even richer," he said. Elizabeth and Charlie and I are spending our vacation in a rented cottage about two miles from Uncle Sol's, down on William's Lake. It's close enough for us to be able to keep an eye on the old man and far enough to allow us to maintain an illusion of independence, but it doesn't have enough tradition or lawn for the dauphin's natal festivities. That's why I asked Uncle Sol if we could use his place.

At this very moment—noon—I am high up on a ladder that I've set against what used to be the horse barn at Uncle Sol's. I put a couple of thumbtacks through one end of a long, coiled red streamer, stick them into the side of the barn, and throw the coil so that as half of it unwinds in flight it arcs over the tall mock-orange bush to my right. The remainder lands in the middle of the lawn, between the dilapidated old barn and the dilapidated old house. A foot lower, I do the same thing with a blue streamer, and, lower still, another red one. At the K Mart in Great Barrington this morning, I decided that blue and red were Charlie's colors—blue for his eyes and red for the fact that it was the only other color the store had in stock. To make it easier to raise the bottom streamer a bit, I pull the ladder to me and put it back a few inches to the right—I feel like I'm Lindying with it. Something buzzes in my hair. I guess that even at forty-three I'm looking especially rich in hemoglobin to the insects at Uncle Sol's. Their usual fare consists of my cousin Ella, who is ninety-four, and who made it through the winter in the city in good enough shape to take her usual two months at Uncle Sol's, and Uncle Sol himself, who will turn ninety later this month. Slim pickings for little mandibles. Ella is up in her room, peering out at me as I teeter around on the ladder under the fiery-hot August sun. She's all screened in. And, of course, Uncle Sol is in the hospital. He had edema in his chest—a pleural effusion, the resident called it—and a touch of pneumonia. A surgeon tapped his chest and removed nearly a quart of fluid.



"How about Hardee's, Dunkin' Donuts, Holiday Inn, H&R Block? How did they get started?"

I bang the final thumbtack home with the heel of



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my hand, and I hear another buzz of wings, near my ear, and then something brushes the nape of my neck like a tiny piece of silk. I bat one hand about my head, and what I hit feels far more substantial than a mosquito or a horsefly. I look up and see fat, iridescent carpenter bees tumbling like paratroopers out of holes in the wood above me, just under the apex of the roof. I clamber down the ladder and jump the last three rungs—a feat that would have been nothing for me four years ago, but now my knees take instant and sharp exception to it—and run down the driveway. The bees peel off after about twenty feet. It's too hot out here even for them.

I go back up the driveway, remove the ladder from the side of the barn, carry it across the lawn, and prop it—carefully, just in case—against the woodshed end of the house. I pick up the streamer coils and climb the ladder and finish the job. The streamers look terrific—a red-and-blue gateway to the green expanse beyond, on which I've already set a wood trestle table from the farmhouse porch. On top of the table I've tacked down a white paper tablecloth with colorful cartoons of "Sesame Street" characters on its borders, and I've put eight bentwood chairs around the table. Uncle Sol has *thirty-three* bentwood chairs altogether. I counted them once, last spring, up in the attic, a couple of weeks before we drove Uncle Sol up to the house. Elizabeth followed me as I counted the chairs, saying, "Shame on you." I finished the count silently, and she asked me how many there were.

The chairs are for the eight kids, ranging in age from one to twelve, who will attend Charlie's party this afternoon. There will also be twenty-four adults—parents, grandparents, and friends, from neighboring houses and cottages down on the lake where our rented place is. Who are all these people? The oldest generation, most of them in their sixth or seventh decade, poured out of New York on spring, summer, and fall weekends during the Lefty heydays of the forties and fifties to visit Uncle Sol. They knew him from his work for the *Daily World* and from the settlement house he ran in Brooklyn. Sol was the most social of socialists, with his square-dance calling and his vast repertoire of party games and his romantic and companionable version of Marxism. The young people who thronged to his place in the Berkshires fell in love with it, and as they grew older and money modified their politics, many of them bought land and houses in the neighborhood. They had children, who are now mainly in their thirties and are surprisingly liberal for their era and income bracket, and they hung around these hills a lot, too, and now those children are having children of their own. There's a bleeding heart or two at the end of most of the little dirt roads hereabouts. This summer is the first time in years that I've seen much of them, because it's the first time in years that I've been in the vicinity for more than a weekend or two. They haven't had much to do with Uncle Sol recently, either—they stop by, pay their respects, bring him and Ella a casserole, but they go away again pretty quickly. The place is a depressing shadow of its former self, with

Uncle Sol clinging to his own existence by a thread spun out of good DNA, stubbornness, and fear. Anyway, sooner or later just about everybody has what he thinks of as a life of his own. I'll probably have one myself someday.

FOUR days ago, on Tuesday, I walked up from our cottage to see Uncle Sol during Charlie's noontime nap. He had been telling me all summer that we ought to have a talk about the things I would need to know when I inherited his place. That wasn't it at all, of course. He just wanted attention, as I came to realize after making a few attempts to prize from him at least one of the things I needed to know. "Not now," he would say. Or, "You just can't wait, can you?" Last Tuesday, after yet another such deferment, I noticed that he was shivering, even though he was sitting on the porch in his rocking chair in the full sun and had on begrimed wool trousers, a flannel shirt, a plaid wool jacket, and a baseball cap. His hands stuck out of the oversize jacket sleeves, quaking like bare twigs in a strong wind. His nose and ears, the only parts of him that seem not to have lost weight over the last few years, looked like galleon sails on a dinghy. I asked him if he was feeling all right.

"What kind of question is that, Davey?" he said. "You know how miserable I've been."

"I meant are you feeling worse. You're shivering."

"I'm afraid of what you might be planning to do to me."

"No, really."

"Yes, really."

"Come on."

"It's nothing—I'm just old and cold," he said. "Why don't you let me alone?"

At that moment, Elizabeth drove up the driveway with Charlie in back in his car seat. We had planned to go to Friendly's for lunch, over near the K Mart mall. "Your wish is my command," I said to Uncle Sol. "We're off to town."

"That's right—ten minutes of conversation and then leave me here to rot."

"It's more like an hour, Sol," I said. "And I can't stay with you and let you alone at the same time."

"You and your logic," he said. "Anyway, the kid there isn't as eager to get away from me as some others I might mention. He'll want to stick around a few minutes."

He was right. Charlie has formed an affection for Uncle Sol and the farmhouse which supersedes even his affection for fast food. "Want to get down!" I could hear him shouting from inside the car. "Want to see Uncle Sol. Want to see him."

Elizabeth lifted Charlie out of the car seat, and he was running when he hit the ground, his diaper making him look chunky under his blue shorts, like the halfback that everyone assures me he is going to grow up to become. He scrambled up onto the porch and embraced the old man's knees. Then, crying, "Lawnmower! Big lawnmower!," he took Uncle Sol's hand and tried to pull him up out of the rocking chair he was sitting in.

"All right, all right," Uncle Sol said. "Just let me get my cane, will you? You're like your father—always in a hurry."

"Can't you give it a rest?" I said.

"Why, Davey—I'm surprised at you," Uncle Sol said. "You know I'm only joking." He struggled up out of the rocker, took the cane from where he had hung it on the chair's back, and allowed himself to be hauled out behind the horse barn toward the rickety old shed that provides a long-defunct tractor mower, in whose sprung seat Charlie loves to sit, with the imperfect shelter it deserves. I resigned myself to an extra fifteen minutes of lunchlessness.

Judith Shahn

"What a picture," Elizabeth said just before Charlie, tugging away at Uncle Sol as if he were unsatisfied with merely psychological disarmament, and Uncle Sol, listing and shaking, hove beyond view. "It's like something out of Norman Rockwell."

"If you didn't know better," I said.

"Don't you think you overreacted a little?"

"It's just that he never gives me any credit—just wisecracks. No, you're right. And I was thinking as I was walking up here before, if it wasn't for Sol, Charlie wouldn't be getting homemade sugar cookies from Florrie Segal, and we wouldn't know the Simons or the Lipsons or the Bluesteins."

"He must have been like a human magnet," Elizabeth said.

I sat down on the porch rail, and Elizabeth took the vacant rocking chair. "So what's been happening up here?" she said.

"Overreaction and respiration, and that's about it," I said. "How was Charlie's nap?"

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO WINTER

Down a back alley in the center of town,
The buildings stand like neglected volumes of poetry:
A delicatessen on the right, shoes on the left;
A short impasse, a series of minor delights.

There's the old gang huddled around a dying fire,
The new gang warming their hands on each other.
Somebody's sucking fruit while it snows.
What more will the wind whip up?

You've seen it all: the torments of distance,
The sleepy renewals, the fair turning foul,
The jagged line of buildings high in the falling flakes.
So tell us what you know. The alley points one way,

But something points the other. The question is:
How do we recognize ourselves in this weather?
And who will know us when we get there?
Will mother and father feed us or let us go?

—Mark Strand

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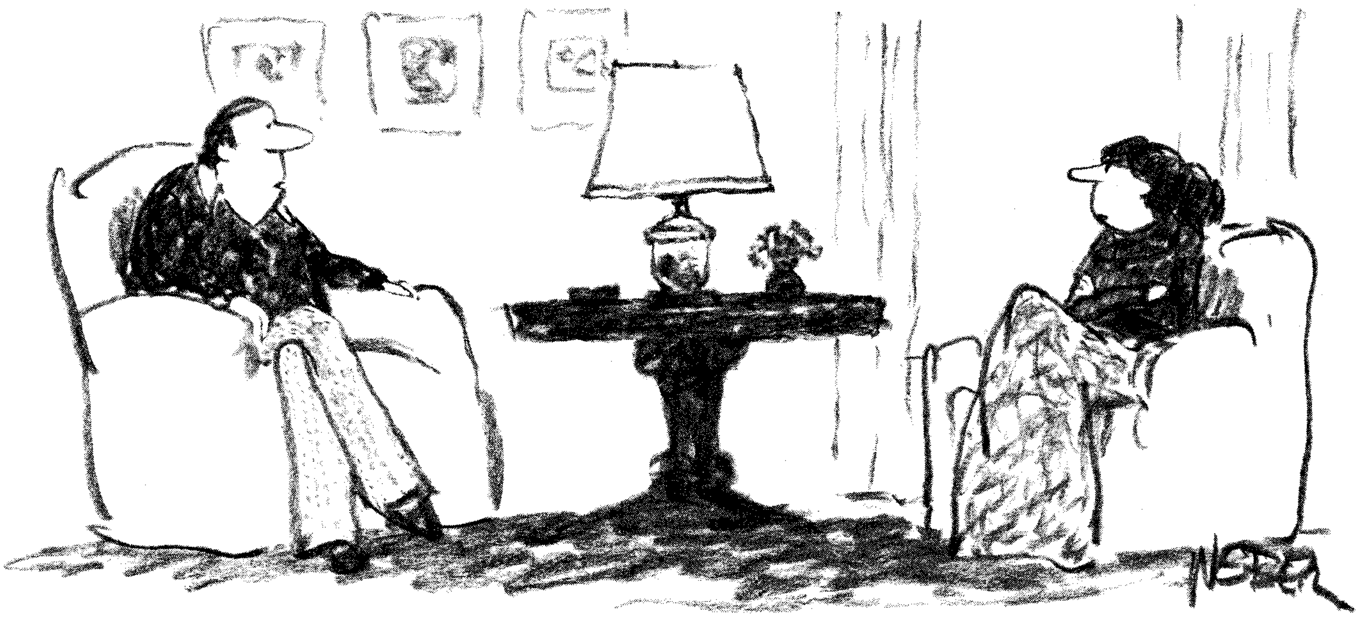


"Do I love you? How do you mean?"

• •

"Fine. More than an hour."

"Did you get any work done?" Elizabeth had said that she was going to begin transcribing an interview she'd had with a sleep expert, for an article about people who were preoccupied with their slumber or lack thereof. She's a free-lance journalist.

"No, I was too sleepy," she said.

Cicadas sawed away in the heat. Stones lay whitely in the driveway. My hands were at the ends of my arms.

"The Berkshires certainly are hopping this afternoon," Elizabeth said. She kicked off one of her imitation Topsiders and wiggled her foot at me. I kicked off one of my loafers and put my foot up against hers. "Sole mates," she said.

Ella opened the screen door and emerged from the house. Her outfit was a little crazy—running shoes, checked slacks, a striped blouse—but, with her calm demeanor and the strict bun of white hair at the back of her head, she could confer dignity on a clown costume. She had five horse-pill vitamins on a dinner plate in one hand and writing paper and envelopes in the other. She maintains an incredibly wide correspondence of the weather-report-and-health-status variety. "What's this?" she said, motioning toward our feet. "How are you two? It's getting hot. Where's the kid? Not in the sun, I hope." She started walking over to the trestle table and, about ten years later, sat down on one of the thirty-three bentwoods.

"You're right," I said to Elizabeth, reinstalling my foot in my shoe. "Sometimes the pace is just too much."

"What?" Ella said. "Oh, there he is." She raised her hand as if it weighed a hundred pounds and pointed it toward the horse barn. Charlie was cavorting more or less in our direction.

"Meat now," he called.

"Look at him," Ella said. "Isn't he something? What's he saying?"

"He wants his lunch," I said loudly.

"What a *fresser!*" Ella said. "He's definitely a *fresser.*"

Uncle Sol, gray as slate, tottered into sight.

"Sol looks awful," Ella said serenely.

"He really does," Elizabeth said. "Is he O.K.?"

"What?" Ella said.

"I asked him, because he was shivering, but he said he was all right," I said.

"What?" Ella said.

"Maybe he should go in with us and see the doctor," Elizabeth said.

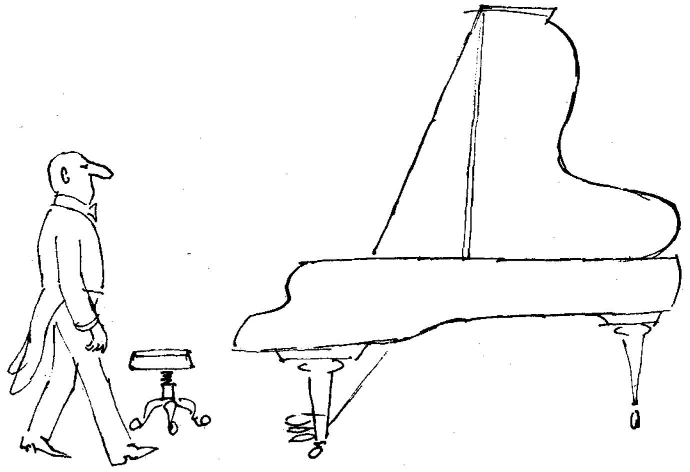
"Maybe we should take him at his word," I said.

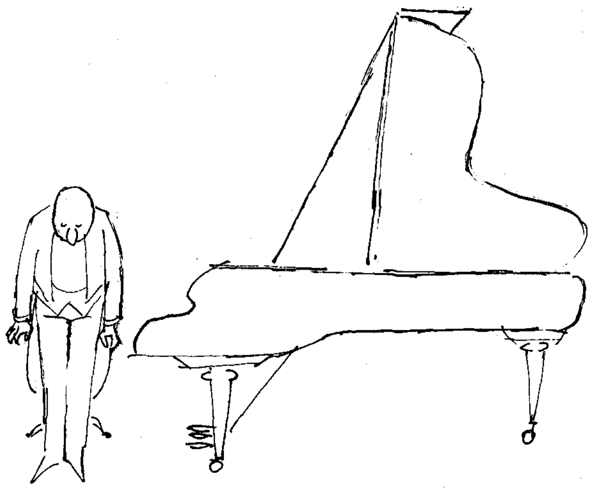
"Will someone please tell me what is going on?" Ella pleaded.

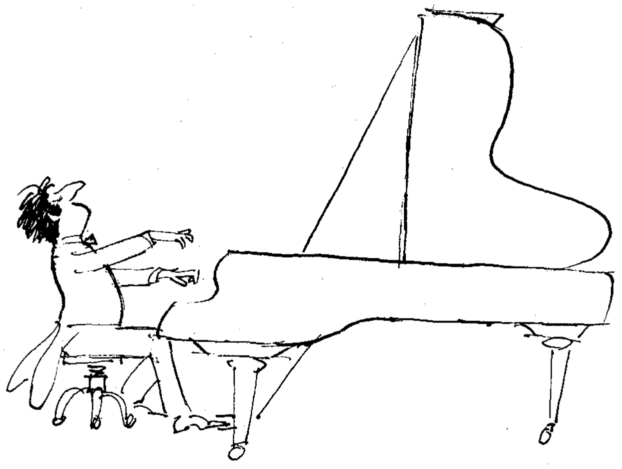
I turned to her and said, "Nothing—I swear to you, absolutely nothing."

"Thank God," she said. "Will you buy me a book of stamps if you go into town?"

Uncle Sol and his condition nagged at me for the rest of Tuesday—as I laughed at Charlie when he said, again and again on the way to the restaurant, "Shall we have lunch now? Sure!;" as we drove back to our cottage, with Elizabeth saying that the tall lilacs in front of Uncle Sol's should be cut back a little, for the sake of the view, me saying peremptorily, "I'll think about it when the time comes," Elizabeth replying, "Can't I even fantasize?," and Charlie issuing his standard orders for arguments between his mother and father ("No TALKING!"); as we went swimming among the weeds in William's Lake, with Charlie imploring me to jump off the dock backward and then crying in apprehension when I did so; as I performed my own ludicrously relaxed version of the seriously outdated Royal Canadian Air Force exercises while Elizabeth read to Charlie; as I started the charcoal in the barbecue grill; as we ate spareribs, corn, and tomatoes; as Elizabeth gave Charlie his bath, with him crowing, "Noisy Charlie, noisy Charlie;" as darkness drew on and Elizabeth gave Charlie his one and only bottle of the day, which he shook every now and then, like a graffiti artist with a can of Krylon; and as Charlie drifted off to sleep, assuming the position of a Muslim in prayer and







burrowing his lovely blond head under his cotton blanket, to the accompaniment, from me, of "Joe Hill," a song that Uncle Sol sang to me when I was a kid. I know, I know. If there were a word like "uxorious" that described certain kinds of fathers, that would be me. But I do my best to keep Charlie from realizing it.

"I'm never voting for one of these guys again," Elizabeth said. She was reading in the standard-issue summer-cottage armchair. The dishes were done, the toys picked up, the moon and stars out. I was on the similarly time-worn sofa, staring unproductively at a yellowed *Times Magazine* crossword puzzle from 1978, which I had found in a stack of papers near the fireplace, and reflecting that Uncle Sol always thinks he's sick when he's not and never does when he is, and that the visiting nurse I'd set up for him wouldn't be coming again until Friday. "They've taken so many risks with other people's lives!"

"Who?" I said.

"The Kennedys."

"What about them?"

"I'm never voting for one of them again."

"Why not?"

"This book is so scandalous."

"It's about the Kennedys?"

"Listen, I can tell you've been worrying about him," Elizabeth said. "You'd better drive up there and check on him."

I did.

"You again?" Ella said to me when I walked into Uncle Sol's living room. She was addressing an envelope. "How's the kid? Sleeping? He didn't get a sunburn, I hope. He's something. Sol has been in bed since you left. I made him some Progresso soup, but he wouldn't take any. Have you ever tried it?"

"It's too salty for Uncle Sol—he shouldn't have it," I said.

"He's still in there," Ella said, gesturing toward Uncle Sol's room. "You'd better check on him."

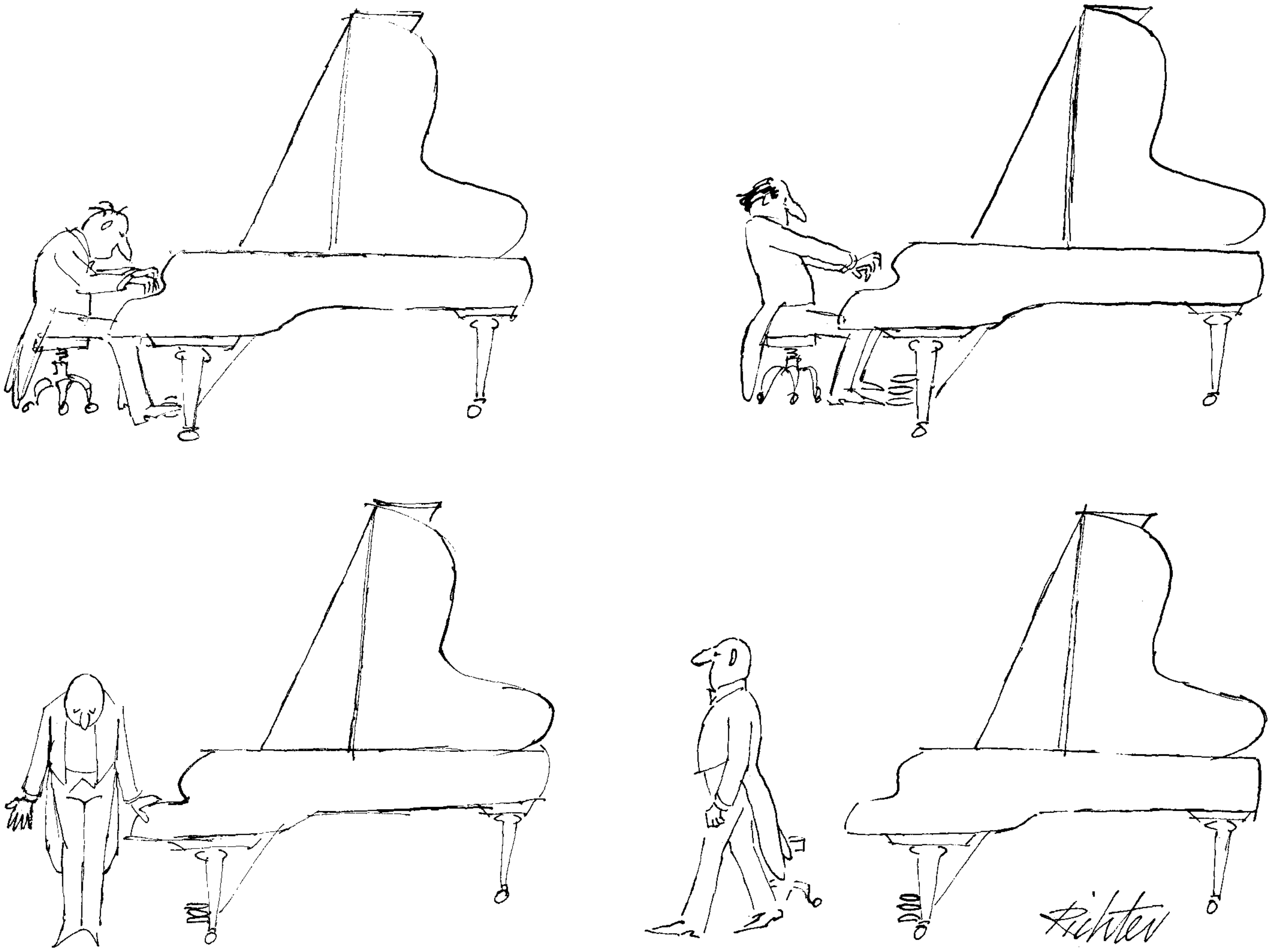
Uncle Sol was dozing on his narrow bed. The forty-watt bulb in the overhead light fixture was dimly pinching pennies. I felt Uncle Sol's forehead. It was very hot. He awoke with a start. "I thought I got rid of you once and for all," he said feebly. On every second or third breath, he gave a faint dry cough.

I took his temperature. A hundred and four degrees. "You've got to go to the hospital," I said. "Do you feel up to going in with me, or should I call an ambulance?"

"And waste poor people's tax money?" Uncle Sol said, finding strength in indignation. "I should say not."

As I was helping Uncle Sol into the car, Ella came out to the driveway and tapped me on the shoulder. She handed me a sheaf of letters, saying, "Would you mind mailing these for me, if you go past the post office?"

Wasn't it selfish to buy such a small car, Uncle Sol asked me on the way—there wasn't much room to give anyone else a ride when Elizabeth and



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Charlie were along. Did I have to show off by driving so fast? It didn't look to him like I'd made a full stop back there at the stop sign. It would be better to keep my lights on low beam in town.

"Uncle!" I said as we pulled in—too sharply, for Uncle Sol—to the emergency-room entrance at the hospital.

"What?"

"I'm crying it. I give up."

The nurse on duty took Uncle Sol to an examination cubicle and left me in the waiting room. I spent the time looking at some rifle magazine that is an official publication of the N.R.A., and found myself fascinated by the ads for high-calibre weapons and bullets that explode on impact. Ten minutes of fantasy violence passed, and then the nurse came back out to ask me some questions that Uncle Sol couldn't remember the answers to. "He told me that you're his grandfather," she said uncertainly. "He's a very sweet and intelligent man, isn't he?"

A little while later, after I'd called Elizabeth on the pay phone to tell her where I was and what was going on, a wispy-bearded resident who looked all of seventeen came out and beckoned me into the emergency room's interior. Uncle Sol was lying flat on his back on a gurney, dozing once again. The sight of him so frail and ashen took away the anger I was feeling, but for an instant I resented him even for that. The resident showed me a chest X-ray clipped up over a light box at the back of the cubicle. He explained about the fluid on Uncle Sol's lungs, and he said he probably had pneumonia, and would have to be in the hospital for a week after his chest was drained. The X-ray, with its charcoal-gray spaces bridged by white bars and shrouded in vaporous white mists, looked sepulchral—like a still of death itself.

The resident turned off the light box and drew me outside the cubicle. He closed the curtain in front of it and tugged sagely on a strand or two of his beard. "Has Sol ever expressed any wishes concerning heroic measures if they should be necessary to keep him alive?" he asked. "Talking to him, he didn't seem to be the kind of person who would want that."

"I've never discussed the matter with my uncle," I said. "But I don't think he would want any pointless treatment." Then it came home to me what was being discussed. "Why—do you think he's dying?"

"No, no, I wouldn't say that, no. I think he'll probably respond to the medication and removal of the fluid and recover from this particular episode. But, between you and me, he is of a certain age, and, as far as treatment, it might be advisable to know his wishes."

WHEN I went to visit Uncle Sol Wednesday afternoon, his temperature had come down a couple of degrees, and he was feeling better—well enough to chastise me for having brought him there "when it was completely unnecessary." Thursday was the day I asked him if it was all right to have Charlie's party at his place and he accused me of wanting him out of the way. "And speaking of illness," I said, ignoring the charges against me, partly because they were ridiculous and partly because they weren't, "I want to ask you something that I'm asking only because I don't have to. If I had to ask it, I wouldn't ask it."

"Enough riddles."

"If you got really sick and could be kept alive only by extreme measures—if you were in an irreversible coma, say—what would you want me to tell the doctors?"

"Absolutely not," he said. "It's criminal what they do to people now for no reason. It's horrible, and it costs a great deal of money."

"I thought you'd say that."

"But wait a minute. There are some things I have to tell you before you seal my coffin—the things about the house, and some other things, about myself."

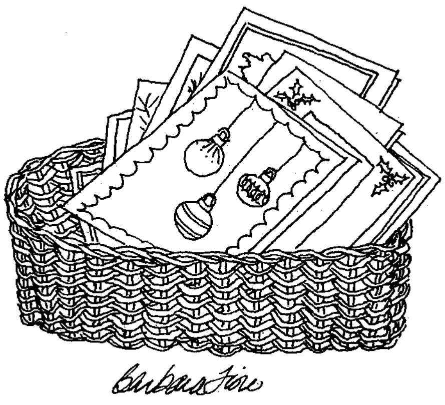
"What things?" I asked. "I know about the drug ring and the white-slaving."

"I'm too tired to talk about it now. Besides, it looks like we have company."

A thin middle-aged woman wearing a loose-fitting white nurse's smock had come into the room. "I'm from Continuing Care," she said, and she looked it—pale, worried, a furrow in her brow. "Will your father be needing any help when he leaves the hospital?" I thanked her and told her that my father and I had things at home pretty well arranged, and that news, I was glad to see, seemed to cheer her up considerably.

On Friday evening, Uncle Sol was asleep when I arrived, and before I went to the cafeteria for a cup of coffee I stood in his doorway for a few minutes. He was the only patient in a double room on the third floor, and his bed was near the window, with a view of the Berkshires rolling off toward the east. It was warm outside, as it had been all week, but it was cool in the hospital, and the treetops were comically green and perfect—like thousands of broccoli heads. Uncle Sol's face was turned toward the window, and all I could see of it was one large ear, one sharp, gaunt cheekbone, and the fore section of that formidable nose, which had steered him in so many risky and romantic directions over his ninety years—from the trenches in the Argonne to the bleak hills around Madrid, and from there to a sometimes even more frightening battle against the Red-baiters and crypto-Fascists in this country in the middle of the century. I had seen that he was asleep, but from the door he looked as if he were waiting for the night to fall, as if something that would arrive with the darkness might take him on the most frightening journey of all. I thought, How awful to have done so much and now be able to do nothing. And then I left him alone.

When I went back, twenty minutes later, he was awake, and the young resident was there, folding his stethoscope and putting it into the side pocket of his white coat with crisp professionalism. "The data from this morning's lab tests isn't in yet," he said, "but we are showing definite signs of improvement, aren't we, Sol?"



As he left the room, Uncle Sol and I joined forces in an angry glare. Then he turned to me and said, "It's about time you came to visit me."

"Sol, I've been here every day."

"I thought you inherited your long nose from our family—now I know better."

"But I have—you just don't remember. You're probably not all the way awake yet."

"I wasn't sleeping," he said. "Where's the boy?"

"He's taking his nap, back at the cottage."

"You probably let him sleep as much as he wants."

"You said it."

"Well, I want to see him."

"You'll see more of him than you want to when you get home."

"Tell me again who's going to be at this shindig."

"Well, there's the Segals—"

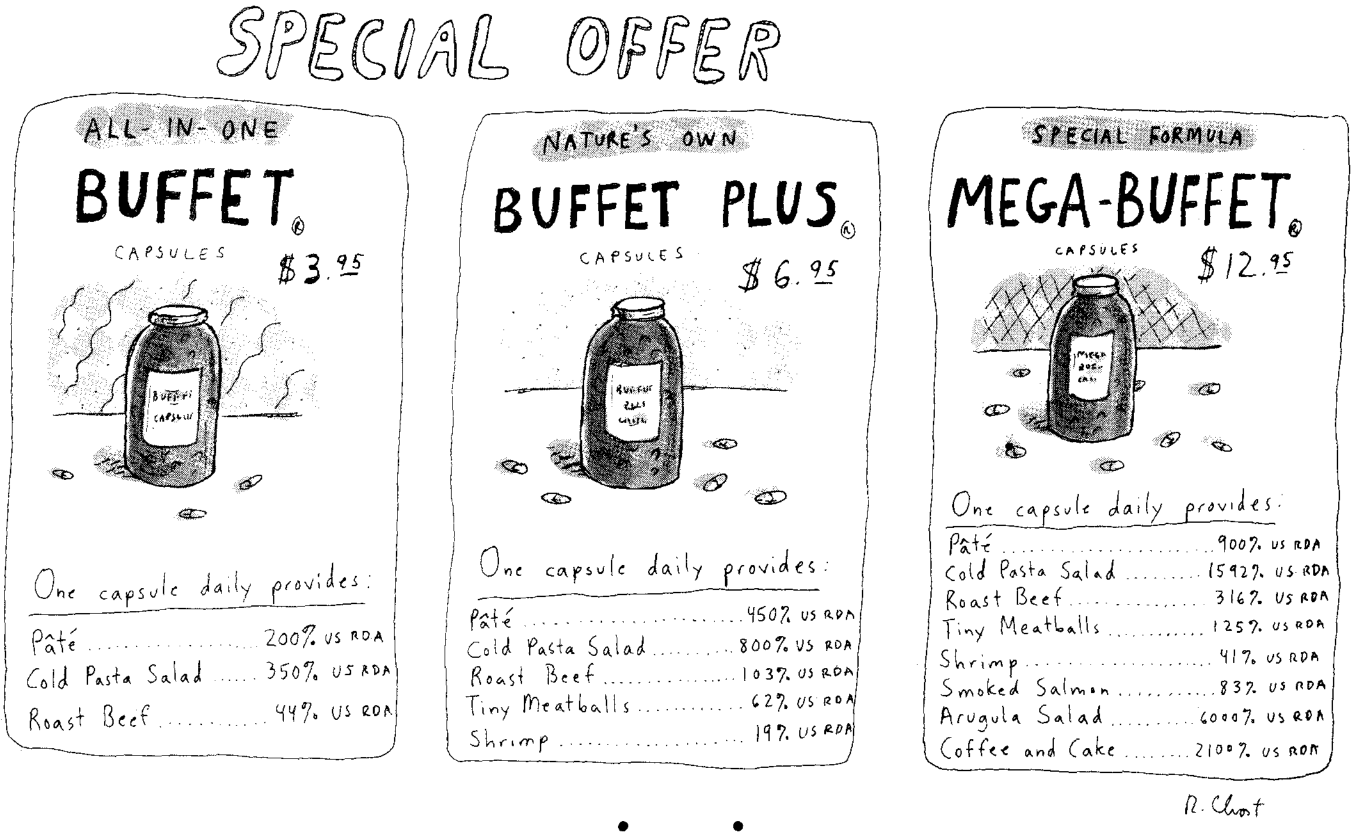
"Oh, yes, he's the one who built the fancy-schmancy house near our place."

• •

THIS COUPLE

Now is when we love to sit before mirrors
with a dark beer or hand out leaflets
at chain-link gates or come together after work
listening to each other's hard day. The engine dies;
no one hurries to go in. We might
walk around in the yard not making a plan.
The freeway is heard, but there's no stopping
progress, and the week has barely begun. Then
we are dressed. It rains. Our heads rest
against the elevator wall inhaling a stranger;
we think of the cliffs we went off
with our laughing friends. The faces
we put our lips to. Our wonderful sex
under whatever we wear. And of the car
burning on the side of the highway. Of jukeboxes
we fed. Quarters circulating with our prints.
Things we sent away for. Long drives. The rain. Cafés
where we ate late, and once only. Eyes of an animal
in the headlamps. The guestbooks that verify
our whereabouts. Your apple core in the ashtray.
The pay toilets where we sat without paper. Rain.
Articles left with former lovers. The famous
ravine of childhood. Movie lines we've stood in
when it really came down. Moments
we have felt forsaken: waiting for the others
to step from the wrought-iron compartment,
or passing through some town with the dial
on a Mexican station, wondering for the life of us
where were we going and when would we meet.

—C. D. Wright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R. Chast

• •

"—and their daughter and granddaughter, and the Kurlands—"

"Oh, I remember when that fellow what's-his-name was a decent, modest guy, but now . . . "

"And the Simons and their grandson—"

"He used to visit all the time, you know," Uncle Sol said. "It's hard to believe that he was once a good radical. Well, it will take me just a few minutes to get ready." He got himself up into a sitting position.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm going to get dressed and go back with you to the party, of course."

No, Uncle Sol, I say, it's evening, and the party isn't until tomorrow. And you have to stay here until Monday. I've been telling you that all along. Yes, I have. Yes, I have been here before. I brought you in, and I've visited three days in a row. No, I'm not trying to put something over on you. You're just groggy from sleeping. I saw you. No, it wasn't someone else. No, there's nothing wrong with my eyes. Yes, maybe you should lie down again. I'm sorry you're feeling weak.

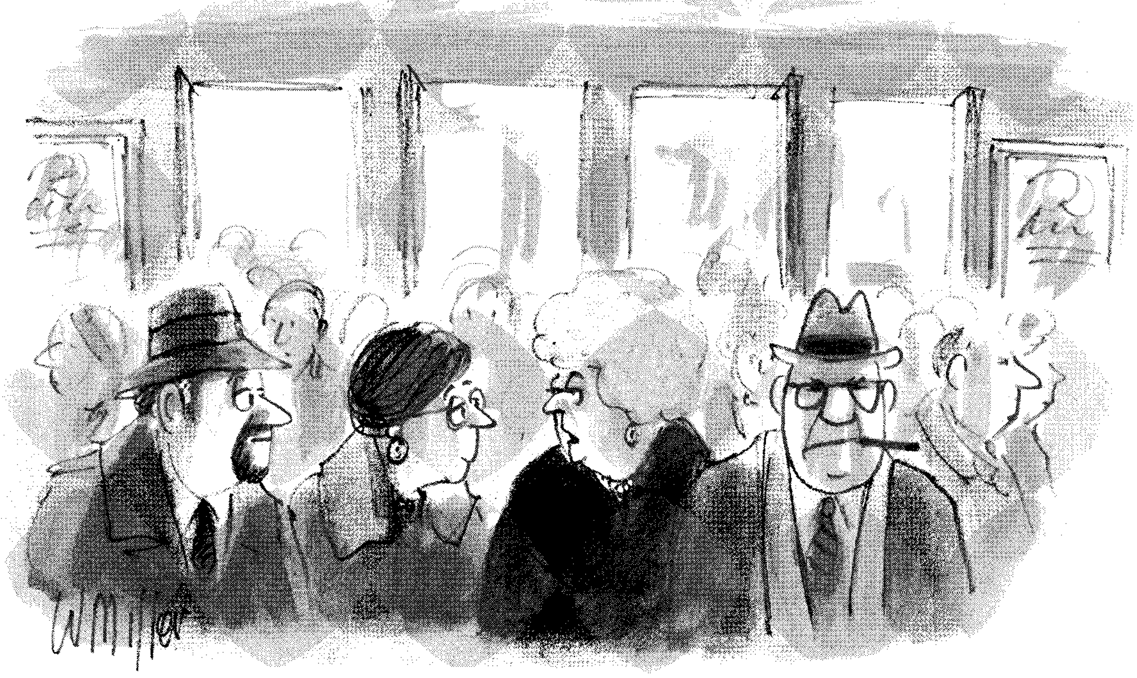
On second thought, Uncle Sol, I say to myself, maybe you would like to step over to the window for a few minutes. When I drove in, there was a little fire smoldering in the dumpster at the end of the parking lot, and if you lean out the window far enough you might just be able to see it. I know it isn't much in the way of excitement, but . . . What? You can't make it out? Here, let me help you.

As I gave Elizabeth my exasperated report on the visit over dinner, Charlie, who had been deprived of Uncle Sol's company for three days, relentlessly interjected, "Want to see Uncle Sol? Sure! *I* drive! *I* drive!" After I finished and Charlie stopped explaining to us that Uncle Sol was in the hospital because he was sick, and stopped repeating his entreaties to see him, and made the last of his offers of chauffeur services, Elizabeth said, "It really is a shame that he won't be able to go to the party."

"Well, I'll at least take Charlie in to see him tomorrow," I said. "Right now, what I'm thinking is they can have each other."

I'M all finished with the decorating. I've wrapped the porch railings with twisted streamers, hung a "Happy Birthday" sign over the door into the house, and stashed little bags of party favors in hiding places near the lawn—some obscure, for the older kids, and some in nearly plain sight, for the younger ones. One bag is on the seat of the big desuetudinous mower. At the party I'll whisper to Charlie that he should go and take a look. The sun is just settling down behind the treetops, and the lawn is in shadow—it will be perfect for the party. I'm sitting in the living room, drinking a can of truly loathsome generic diet strawberry soda from the case that Uncle Sol had me buy on sale at the beginning of the summer as a concession to his sweet tooth. "You're a fine young man," I suddenly remember Uncle Sol saying to me from his rocker as he watched me lug the twenty-four cans of chemicals up onto the porch. "Not so young," I said. "You are a fine young man," he said. "You've been a great help to me. Don't ever think that I don't appreciate it." I would like to say that I looked him square in the eye and told him I loved him, or that I put my burden down and embraced him, but I can't. I pretended to have trouble opening the screen door, mumbled, "Thanks," and beat it inside the house. He's not the only one with a communication problem, I guess. "So don't be so hard on him," I say out loud, though no one's here.

Ella descends from her room in party finery, looking ancient and lovely. "Hello, Mister," she says as she sits down at her writing desk—an old typewriter table that Uncle Sol found on the street in New York just before the War of 1812 broke out. "Where are your wife and son? Staying cool, I hope. He's something. I saw you running up and down the ladder. It's too hot for that kind of



"Please, don't even try to discuss it with Edgar. The alpha and omega for him was 'Sugar Babies.'"

• •

work." She bends to her epistolary tasks. The house is quiet and cool, and I feel that I should just keep sitting here for a few minutes—that when Ella took her place at her shabby escritoire some sort of symmetry came into being, a pattern or a picture was completed, with Uncle Sol waiting for Charlie's visit forming part of it, with Charlie and Elizabeth, whom I suddenly find myself actively and almost painfully loving, down in the cottage forming another part, with me forming a definitely ancillary one, and with Ella, of all people, at the center, maybe because it is Ella who sends out the dispatches, however dry, from here to the world at large. And I feel that if I move too quickly it will break up the composition before it has a chance to—to register. In other words, I say to myself, to dispel all these metaphysical vapors, you're happy.

"I'M so embarrassed I could *die!*" one young nurse says to another in the hospital elevator, as they get off at the floor below the one Uncle Sol is on.

"Die," says Charlie, testing the unfamiliar word.

"Let's talk about something else," I say, as the elevator doors open and we get off, but I'm grinning, and Charlie can see it. In front of us, near the nurses' station, happens to be the tufty resident, looking soulful as ever.

"Die," says Charlie.

The resident regards us with baffled consternation. "I'm sorry," he says. "We did everything we could, but it was no use."

"What happened?" I say.

"Die," Charlie says, uncertainly, sensing trouble in the air.

"We did our best, but—"

"Oh, my God," I say. I reach for Charlie's hand.

"He just wouldn't listen."

"What are you talking about?"

"He insisted on getting dressed and packing his things."

"You let him get dressed and he died?"

"Did someone die?"

"You just said—"

"What? Oh, no. I didn't mean to infer that. Your uncle. He insists on leaving the hospital. He wants to attend some party, he says. He signed the forms. Against medical advice. But we can't force him to stay here. He's ready to go."

More than ready, I see. Going. Uncle Sol is turning the corner of the elevator bank, his cane in one hand and his crummy leather overnight bag in the other, and with a kidney-shaped plastic dish filled with hospital freebies—toothbrush, toothpaste, baby powder, lotion—tucked under his arm. Charlie runs over to him and hugs his unsteady legs. "You're late," Uncle Sol says. "I've been waiting an hour."

THE grass lot across the road from Uncle Sol's house is filled with cars. Uncle Sol insists that no one park in the driveway when he's around—it spoils the view of the lawn and outbuildings, he says—and even though the guests think he's not around, and even though they rarely visit, they've had years of training, and they follow this rule as if it were canon law. There are about twenty cars on the grass, and it's not easy to find a place to park. Then I have to help Uncle Sol out of the car and persuade him to leave his effects behind for the time being. Across the road, everyone is milling around at the top of the driveway, looking toward the porch—which, I notice, has fallen down rather seriously at one end since I saw it last, about an hour ago. I know it's silly—unbecoming, as Elizabeth would say—but I feel as if Charlie and I are about to be upstaged, as if all the guests somehow suddenly know that Uncle Sol has sprung himself, and are standing around waiting for him to step up on the good end of the porch and take a bow. Except Elizabeth, whose darling Charlie is and always will be, and who I think understands the toll all this is taking on me, even though we've never really talked about it.

Charlie holds my hand and Uncle Sol leans heavily on my other arm as we slowly make our way across the road and up the driveway. I feel like some crazy version of "The Spirit of '76." Elizabeth catches sight of us inching upward. "Uncle Sol!" she says. "Hey, here they are." Everyone turns to look at us, and a big cheer goes up. I decide to believe that some of the acclaim is for Charlie and me.

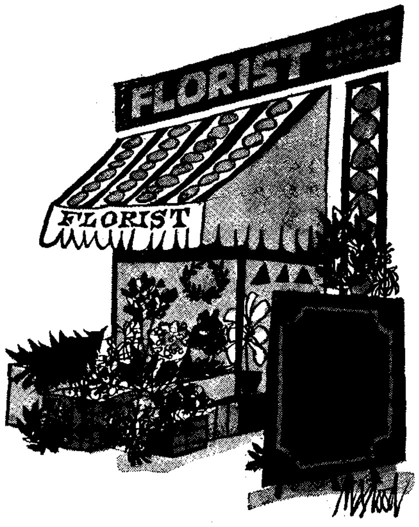
—DANIEL MENAKER

THE SPORTING SCENE

CATCHING UP

BASEBALL has had the shutters up for more than a month now, but its devotees still hang around outside the old saloon in the evenings, out of habit, recalling the lights and the talk and the smoky laughter, and hoping to hold in memory the way so many of us—old regulars and excited newcomers, families and friends and kids—were swept up in what came to feel like a summer-long party. It went on too long, of course, and some parts of it weren't much fun at all, come to think of it, but never mind—it was a fine baseball summer, and I miss it. Good parties come back to us in a blur of names and shouts and too close faces and overlapped talk, and it would be wrong somehow to try to get every part of that in order later on, even if it could be done. This was the summer when Pedro Guerrero hit all those homers (fifteen of them) in the month of June, and Gary Carter hit all those homers (five in two days and eight in a week) in September; it was the summer when nobody caught up with the Blue Jays, and the autumn when the Royals caught up with everybody; it was the beginning of Vince Coleman and Bret Saberhagen, but also the time of Ron Guidry and Dave Parker, once again, and of Wade Boggs and George Brett and Dale Murphy and Don Mattingly and Willie McGee some more. It was the time of John Tudor vs. Dwight Gooden—two rows of zeros up in lights. It was the year of Tom Herr yet again coming up to bat with Coleman or McGee already on base, and the pitcher out there running the count to three-and-one and then going to the rosin bag. . . . Nineteen-eighty-five was when three of the four pennant races were settled on the final Saturday of the season, and when the Giants lost one hundred games, for the first time ever—the last of the proud old flagships to suffer that indignity. It was the summer in which catchers Carlton Fisk and Buck Martinez each separately accounted for two outs on one play at the plate, and in which Tom Seaver, Rod Carew, Nolan Ryan, and Pete Rose made us aware of some larger numbers. It was the year of another players' strike, which came on miserably and unstoppably, continued for two days, and then was settled and instantly forgotten. It was the year when the Cubs lost all their starting pitchers to injury, and when a creeping mechanical tarpaulin caught the fastest man in the National League and probably cost the Cardinals a World Championship. Baseball was in court in Pittsburgh, where cocaine was the topic, and in Chicago, where state and city edicts banning night baseball at Wrigley Field were at issue and were upheld, thereby almost assuring the eventual abandonment of that grand old garden by the restless, neo-Yuppie Cubs. There was no Subway Series in 1985, it turned out; instead, the year wound down to the enthralling, suddenly turned-about sixth game of an all-Missouri World Series, followed by a horrific 11–0 laugher the next day, which simultaneously enthroned the Kansas City Royals as World Champions and the St. Louis Cardinals as world-class soreheads. There was more, to be sure, but this is enough, unless anyone cares to remember that this was also the year when a singer named Mary O'Dowd stood up to deliver the Canadian and American national anthems before a sellout Yankees–Blue Jays game at Yankee Stadium and then utterly forgot both the words and the tune of "O Canada." I'll never get over that.

Toward the end, this baseball summer took on a special savor, a tang of particularity, that brought it to the attention of even the most casual fans. "Quite a season, isn't it?" friends of mine kept saying in August and September, and since most of them weren't folks who had demonstrated any prior fealty to the pastime, it usually took me a minute or two to realize that they weren't talking about the weather. I live in New York, where it suddenly *was* quite a baseball season along about back-to-school time, but I can't assume that my own symptoms of attachment—clicking on the bedside radio in the dark at one in the morning to hunt out a late score from the Coast; lifting my gaze from a book or a magazine to see again, innerly, Keith Hernandez sprinting in across the infield to short-hop a bunt (*my God, on the third-base side of the pitcher!*) and then firing to third for the force; opening the newspaper before breakfast to the critical "GB" column in the standings (and knowing beforehand what it would show)—also afflicted families in Winnetka and Del Mar, say, where Cubs fans and Padres fans of necessity went to sleep and woke up thinking about last year's baseball. For all that, the game did seem to matter more this summer, perhaps because of Pete Rose, perhaps because of the strike that struck out, perhaps even because of the bad news: the drug trials in Pittsburgh, with their celebrity witnesses, pale-faced and in coats and ties for the day, telling us what we wished not to hear about some of their friends and teammates.

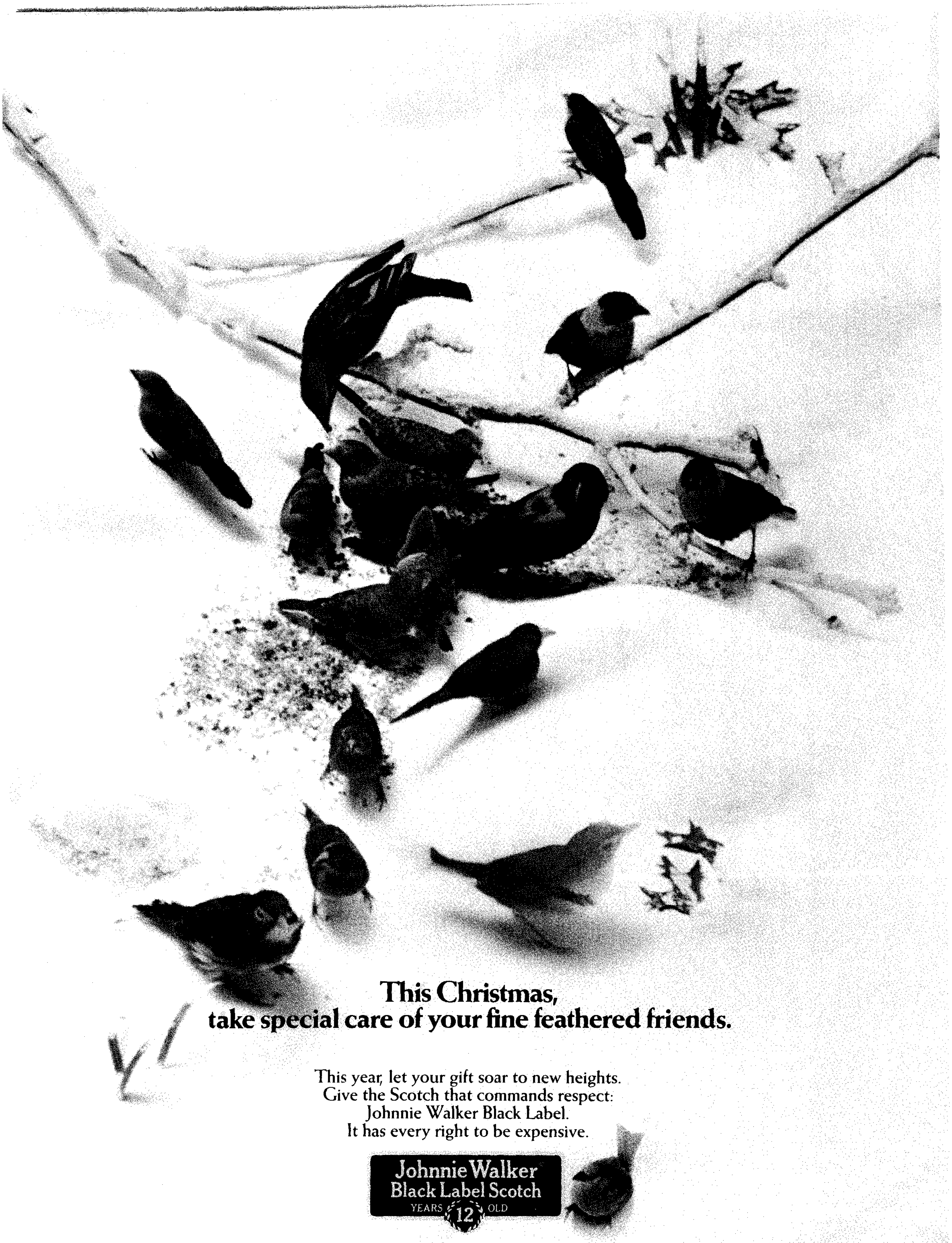


Baseball, it seems to me, matters more now because it is better annotated and reported than it used to be. The sport comes to us primarily by television, of course—and the quality of television coverage and reporting, particularly at the local level, is considerably better than it was ten years ago. But the sports pages are catching up, rolling out inky oceans of agate that bring us not just the standings and the box scores (*all* the box scores, please, including the boxes of day-old West Coast games) and the league-leading averages (deep averages, with seven or eight categories of hitting, running, and pitching) but also financial transactions, scouting reports, news of out-of-town clubs, and numbingly detailed new graphs and charts and Sabremetrical slicings that present such occult measurements as "Runs Produced" and "Earned Runs Prevented," thus allowing one to weigh today's pitching matchups or to accept yesterday's unacceptable loss. Even better, there is a sizable corps of first-class baseball writers at work across

"Thanks so much. The evening was beautifully crafted."

the country—young men, for the most part, but with some splendid surviving Nestors among them—who are being given more space for their work and fresh latitude to travel and to report in depth and to write thoughtful appraisals of the sport. There is, as well, a rich second press of baseball journalism available to serious fans. The specialized magazines and journals include the ancient but recently revivified *Sporting News; Baseball America*, a bimonthly specializing in minor-league coverage; *Baseball Digest*, a monthly; *Baseball Bulletin*, a quarterly; and *The SABR Bulletin*, the newsletter of the recondite Society for American Baseball Research. And there are also some useful or entertaining local publications, among which I would number Eliot Cohen's *Major League Monthly*, in New York; *The Minneapolis Review of Baseball;* the *Scoreboard News*, out of Galesburg, Illinois, which is about the Cubs; and the *Fenway Trumpet*, about the Red Sox. I have omitted mention of the summer torrent of baseball books (an armful of them every week, it almost seems), the updated editions of the "Baseball Encyclopedia" (how did we ever get along without it?), the essential new annuals (Bill James' *Baseball Abstract*, *The Scouting Report*, and *The Elias Baseball Analyst*) that supplement the old-standby *Baseball Guide* and *Baseball Register* each spring, and the fat media guides published by each club, which are now available to fans as well as to baseball writers and scouts and front-office people. We can't get enough of the old game, it seems. For me, these evidences of our obsessive attention to the sport even add meaning to the attendance figures. Major-league baseball had a record year at the gate in 1985, and the over-all attendance of 46,838,819 included best-ever seasons for both leagues and for the Orioles, the Cubs, the Twins, the Cardinals, the Padres, the Blue Jays, and the Mets, whose 2,751,437 was the highest attendance mark in New York baseball history.

The Mets and the Yankees didn't get to the World Series after all, and neither did the Dodgers (in the end) or the Phillies or the defending-champion Tigers or any of the other grand predictables—not even the vivid and appealing Blue Jays, whose demise in the seven-game American League playoffs was almost insupportably painful to their wildly hoping, secretly doubting supporters. After the playoffs, some friends of mine—and some baseball colleagues, too—confessed that they were finding it hard to summon up much enthusiasm for this year's heartland finalists, yet I have the conviction that the Royals-Cardinals World Series excited and warmed great sectors of the game's fan



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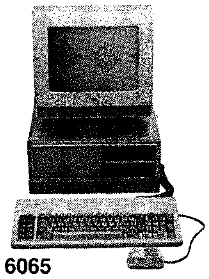

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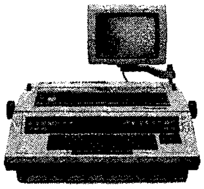

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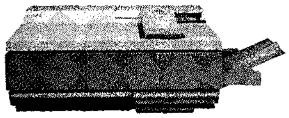

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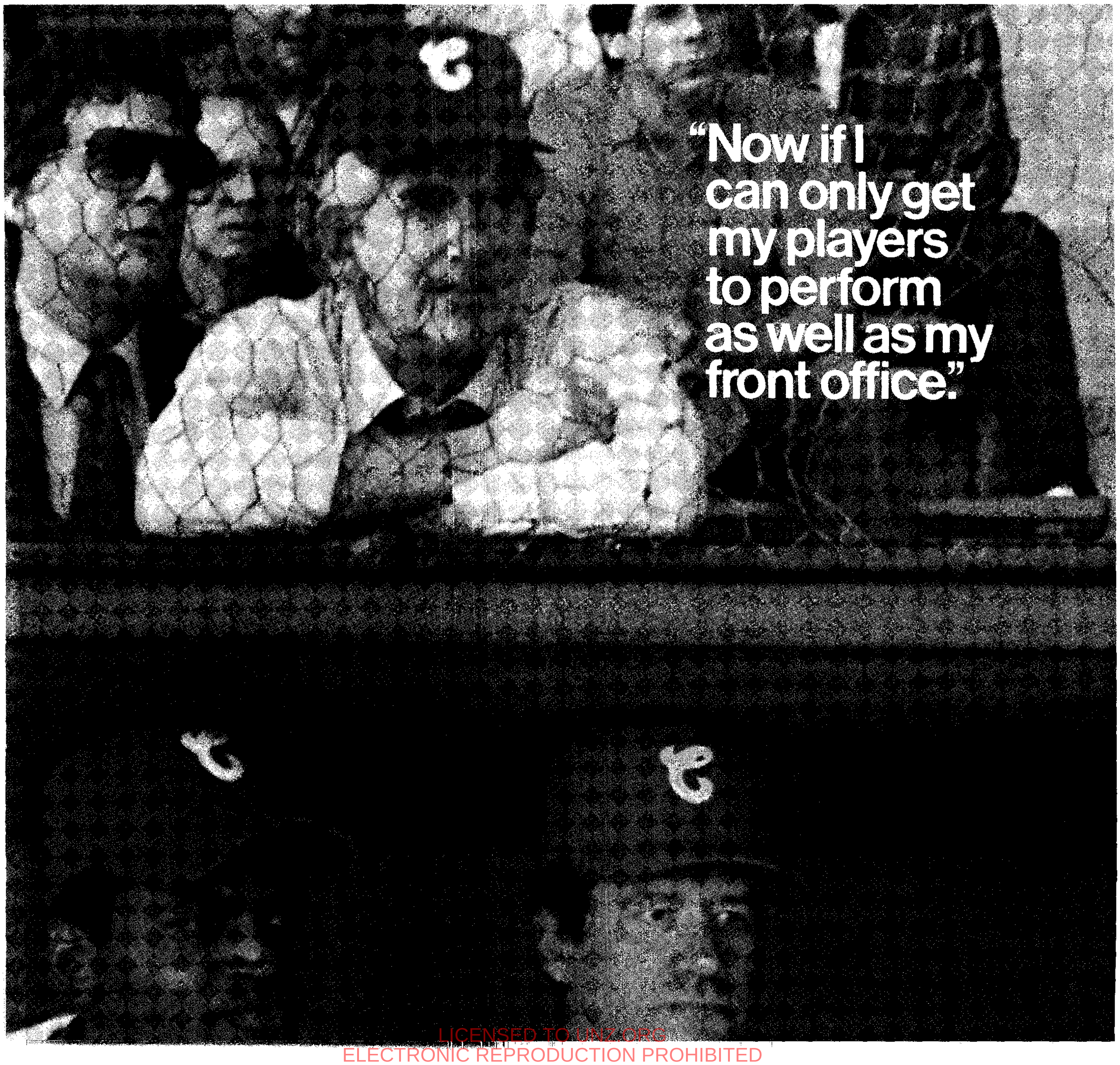
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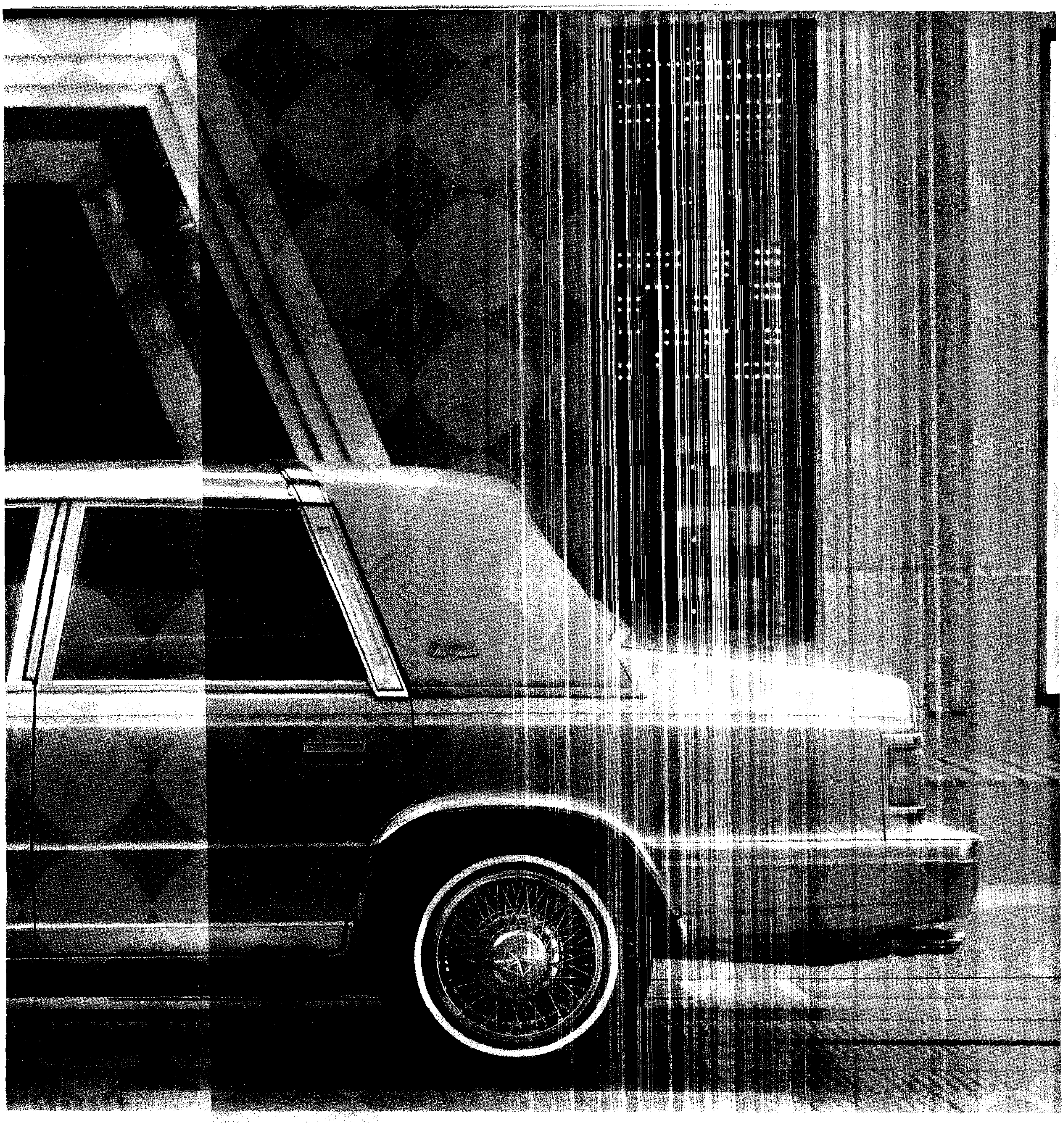

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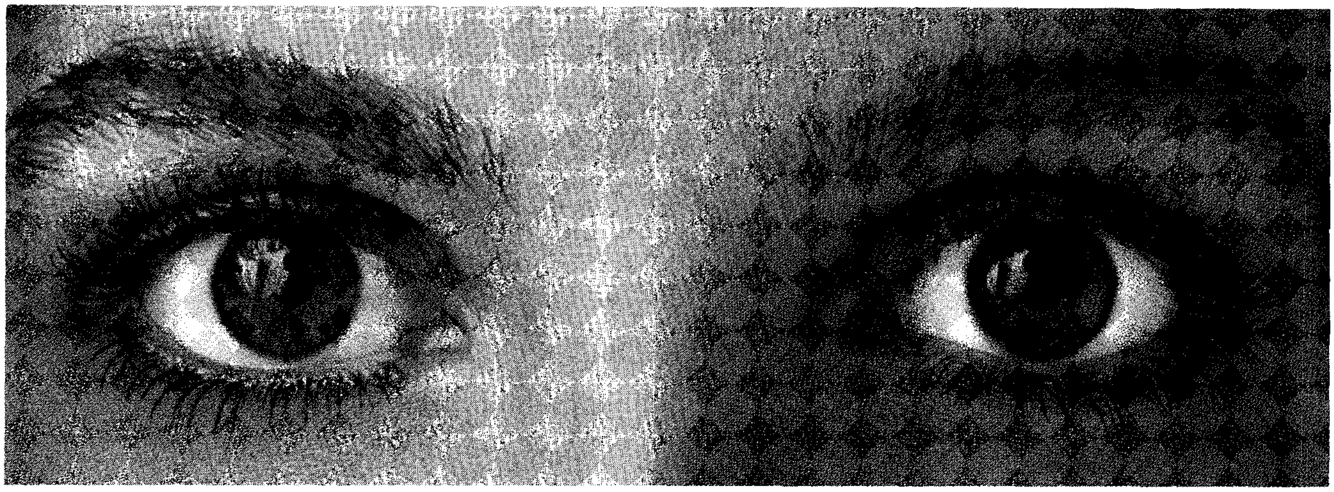

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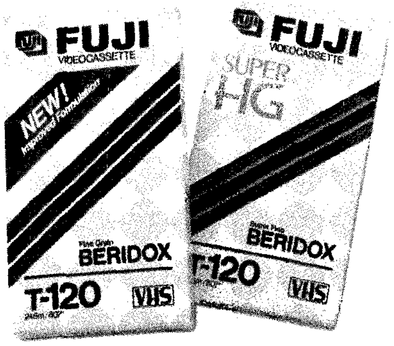
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family by the time it was done. It wasn't an epochal Series—the pitchers were too good (four hundred and fifty-two official at-bats produced four home runs), and the last game should have been called after the fifth inning—but the games were somehow life-sized and pleasing, which is a rare result in this era of ceaseless gargantuan spectacle, which we watch, for the most part, with a deepening inner silence.

• •

AT 8:01 P.M. E.D.T. on Wednesday, September 11th, in the first inning of a game with the San Diego Padres in Riverfront Stadium, Pete Rose stroked a soft single off the Padres' right-hander Eric Show. It was Hit No. 4,192 for Rose, at last putting him one ahead of Ty Cobb's life total on the all-time hit parade, and by the time it struck the ground in short left-center field there were some of us in the land who had the impression that we had already witnessed and counted each of Pete's 3,161 other singles, and even his 13,767 previous at-bats in the majors. I was delighted for many reasons, most of all for Rose himself, whose stroke and style and fervor and ebullient good cheer I have written about for more than two decades now, but I think I was almost more pleased by Pete's next hit—a triple to left, in the seventh—which broke the new record (as will every hit of his from now on) and suggested that baseball as we know it would now be permitted to resume, and that games, not monuments, are its purpose and reward. The "Cobb Countdown" had been a daily feature of the sports pages for better than two years, appearing even on the many mornings when it was dutifully noted that Pete hadn't played the previous evening, or that he'd gone oh-for-three in the game. The slowly oncoming Blessed Bingle had given rise to a whole cottage industry of Rosean artifacts, including 4,192 autographed Pete Rose ceramic plates ($25 to $125 apiece), 4,192 numbered Pete Rose color prints ($175 apiece), fifty silk-screened Pete Rose prints by Andy Warhol ($3,000 apiece), and much more, of course—possibly including a four-thousand-one-hundred-and-ninety-two-per-cent rise in the national riboflavin intake, thanks to those Pete Rose Wheaties commercials. I did not attend the game, however, being of the impression that I would probably not spot anything there that was invisible to the three hundred and seventy-five reporters and cameramen who were on hand that evening. I'm sorry I missed Pete's company and his jokes and one-liners (there were fifteen mass press conferences in the ten days prior to and including Der Tag), and even his tears when he broke the record. I also treasure some of the footnotes and sub-stats that were turned up by the press moles digging back through Rose's 3,475 prior box-score appearances—for instance, his twenty-nine hits against future dentists (Jim Lonborg is one of them); his hundred and thirty-one hits against Hall of Famers (Warren Spahn, Sandy Koufax, Robin Roberts, Bob Gibson, Juan Marichal, Don Drysdale, and Hoyt Wilhelm); his hundred and three hits against the Niekro brothers ("I wish they'd been triplets," Pete said); and his six hits to date against Dwight Gooden, who wasn't born until after Rose had already rapped out three hundred and nine major-league blows.

Pete is great, but Cobb was better, having achieved his famous total (in 1928, when he retired) in four hundred and forty-two fewer games and in 2,339 fewer at-bats; Pete is a lifetime .305 batter, but Cobb, at .367, was the best hitter the game has ever seen. I feel like an old crab in pointing out these obvious discrepancies, but they exist, and the obdurate fact of them makes you wonder about our apparent wish for guaranteed present greatness or historic certification, or whatever it is that has driven us to make so much of this particular milestone. Late in the summer, I began to wonder who it was whom *Cobb* had supplanted in the lifetime lists, and after spending a happy half hour with my nose in the "Baseball Encyclopedia" I decided that it must have been Honus Wagner (3,430), whom Cobb motored past in 1923, six years after the Dutchman's retirement. But what happened on that September day in 1923? How had the local scribes and fans and historians celebrated the end of the "Wagner Watch," I wondered. Finding no mention of the moment in several histories of the pastime, I called up Seymour Siwoff, the grand sachem of the Elias Sports Bureau, a Fort Knox of stats, which keeps track of every jot and tittle in the books, not quite including Sunday foul tips in the Federal League.

"Nothing happened!" Siwoff said

instantly when I put the question to him. "Just the other day, we tried to come up with some mention of the event. We looked and looked, but there was nothing there. The hype wasn't in. This Rose thing was a sitting target all the way. There was much more of a challenge for Pete in 1978, when he was going after Joe DiMaggio's consecutive-game hitting streak, winding up in a tie with Willie Keeler at forty-four, which is still the best in the National League. *Any* single-season record has a finite ending, so it means something."

Four other life landmarks were celebrated this summer: Nolan Ryan's four-thousandth strikeout (he is alone at this level); Tom Seaver's three-hundredth winning game and Rod Carew's three-thousandth hit (these two fell on the same afternoon, August 4th, a great day for newspaper layout men across the land); and then Phil Niekro's three-hundredth win, on the very last day of the regular season. I was tickled about Seaver's arrival in the Old Moundsmen's Sodality (he had an excellent, 16–11 year with the White Sox), and when Niekro made the club, too (they were the seventeenth and eighteenth admittees), I suddenly remembered that he and Seaver had pitched against each other in the very first National League Championship game, way back on October 4, 1969—a terrible game, as I recall—when Tom and the Mets beat Phil and the Braves, 9–5. Niekro's No. 300 was a party, for it came in a game at Toronto that meant absolutely nothing (the Blue Jays had eliminated the Yanks the previous afternoon), so everyone there and everyone at home by his set could pull for Phil, who had come up short in four previous attempts. He is forty-six, and although he will enter the free-agent market this winter he must be very near the end of the line. Watching him out on the mound these past few summers, with his preoccupied air and his white locks, bent shoulders, protruding elbows, and oddly rumpless pants, I was sometimes weirdly put in mind of a colonial-planter hurler puttering about in his garden, his brain alight with Rousseau and Locke and the knuckler. In the Blue Jays game, Niekro eschewed his specialty pitch until there were two out in the ninth and his team was leading by 8–0; then, smiling at last, he fanned Jeff Burroughs, an old Braves teammate of his, with a sailing beauty.

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observances is that there will be fewer of them in the seasons just ahead. Don Sutton's fifth victory next year will admit him to the three-hundred-wins circle, but then, since there are no other viable contenders in these categories at present, we can put away the speeches and the cornerstone trowels for a half decade or more, which is O.K. with me. After Pete Rose's single bounced in short left field at Riverfront Stadium that day, a Reds-person painted a white circle on the field at the point where it struck, so that it might be AstroMarked for the ages. However, some lunkish football players scrubbed out the stigmatum a day or two later, during a Cincinnati Bengals workout on the field, which means that the place-of-the-hit may be forever lost to the ages. Like the site of Custer's Last Stand, it will have to live on only in our imagination, which was probably the best place for it all along.

I may be overlooking Preënshrinement—a phenomenon I first encountered in October, when a veteran baseball-writer friend announced to me that Dwight Gooden is the greatest pitcher who ever lived. The Doctor, who turned twenty-one just three weeks ago, had a great year—there is no argument about that. His twenty-four wins (he was 24–4 in all) led both leagues, and so did his two hundred and sixty-eight strikeouts and his earned-run average of 1.53. He pitched sixteen complete games, including eight shutouts, and ran off a stretch of forty-nine consecutive innings—from August 31st to October 2nd, when it mattered most to his team—in which he did not allow an earned run. He was the youngest pitcher ever to win twenty games in the majors, and the youngest to win the Cy Young Award, which he can put up on his mantel next to last year's Rookie of the Year plaque. Gooden at work is pleasing as well as thrilling. I have come to expect that midgame inning or two when he turns up the meters and becomes even more dominating out there, closing down the other side at the moment when lesser pitchers, even the best of them, so often look vulnerable and anxious. Like other fans, I'm sure, I also appreciate the inner calm and the businesslike, unmannered mien with which he gets his work done, game after game—an austerity of style that is so prettily replicated by the clean, ledgerlike columns of one's scorecard at the end of one of his outings. I look forward to these and

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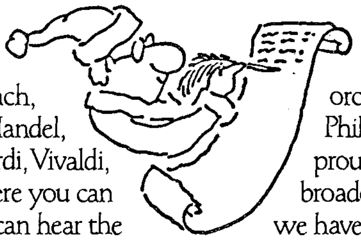

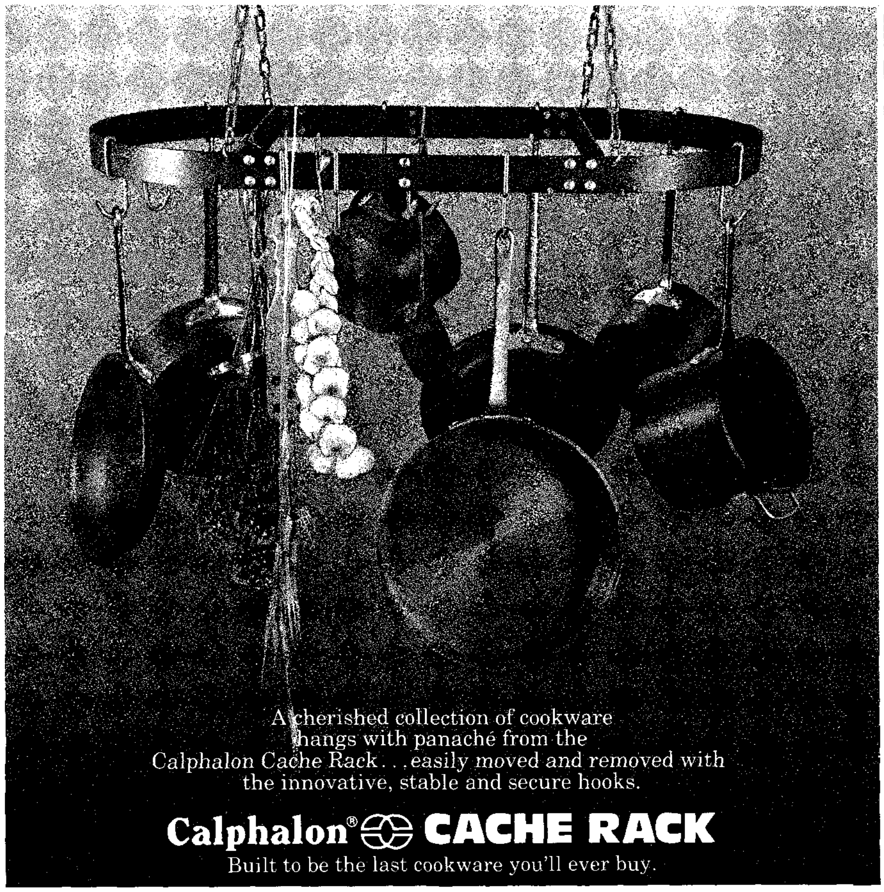

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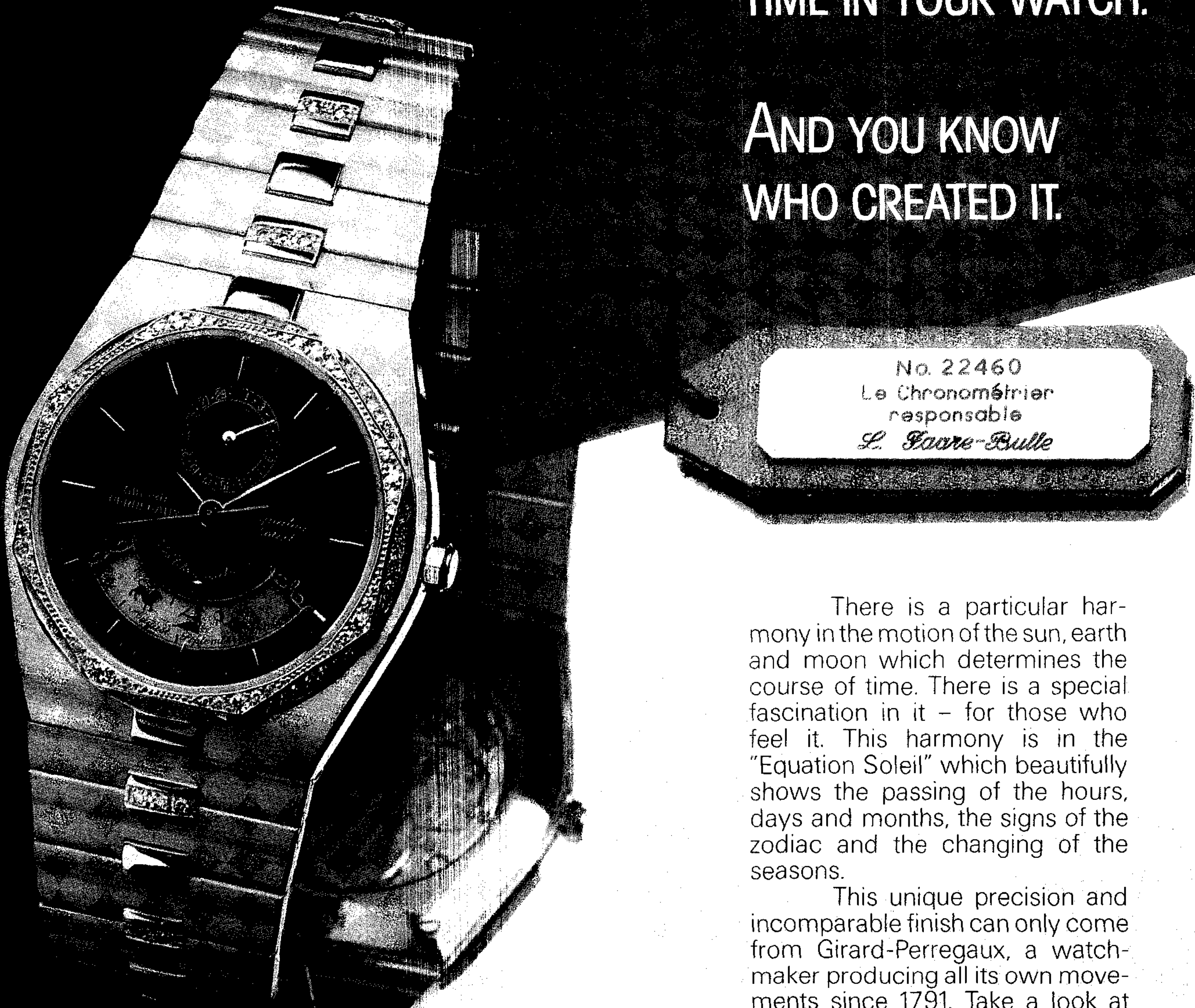

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further wonders from Dwight next summer and, barring injury or some unforeseen decline in his fortunes, for many summers to come, and the only way to diminish such a prospect, I believe, would be to turn him into a statue, as my friend has proposed. To watch him that way—to enter a mental checkmark beside each strikeout or shutout from now on, simply to confirm our grandiose evaluation of his ultimate place in the history of the sport—is to lose the pleasure and dangers of the day and our joy in his youth: exactly what we came to the game for in the first place.

It is tempting for us fans to assume that baseball is falling to pieces, like so many other parts of our lives, and that therefore we must prop it up with honorifics and superlatives. Perhaps we should just try to keep our eyes open. What is more pleasurable in the game, I wonder, than to watch the play of Willie McGee, whose .353 batting average, quickness on the bases—he had eighteen triples and fifty-six stolen bases—and scintillating play in center field brought him the Most Valuable Player award in his league? I felt the same sort of satisfaction this summer in watching Don Mattingly up at bat and reflecting on what he has done in his own behalf in his first two full seasons in the majors. Once known as a good wrong-field hitter, with no power and no position (he was shuttled back and forth between the outfield and first base throughout his minor-league career), he settled into place last year as the day-to-day Yankee first baseman, and led his league in hits, doubles, and batting average (.343). This year, he batted .324, with thirty-five homers (fourth best in the league), and led all comers in doubles, extra-base hits, total bases, and runs batted in. He was recently voted the American League's Most Valuable Player—an easy choice, to my way of thinking. His total of a hundred and forty-five runs batted in, by the way, has not been topped in the A.L. since 1949. Mattingly is not notably burly or overmuscled (he is five-eleven and weighs a hundred and eighty-five), but, watching him at the plate, you notice that he is a package of triangles—neck, arms, torso, thighs—that together mesh and turn on a pitch like a drill press; his upper body has the thick, down-slanting droop that we once saw in the hockey immortal Gordie Howe—what Howe's teammates called "goat shoulders." Up at bat (he is a lefty swinger), Mattingly

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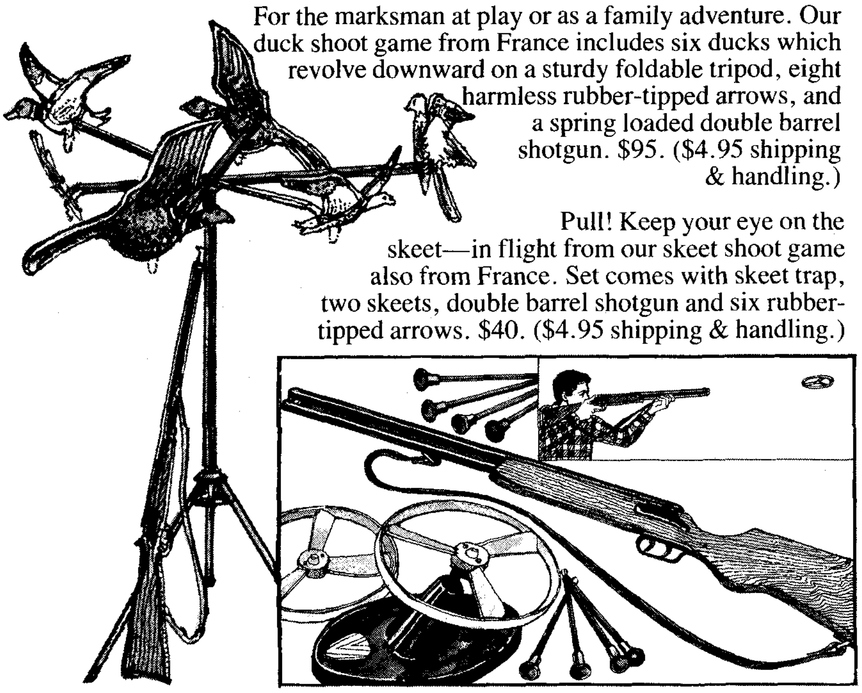

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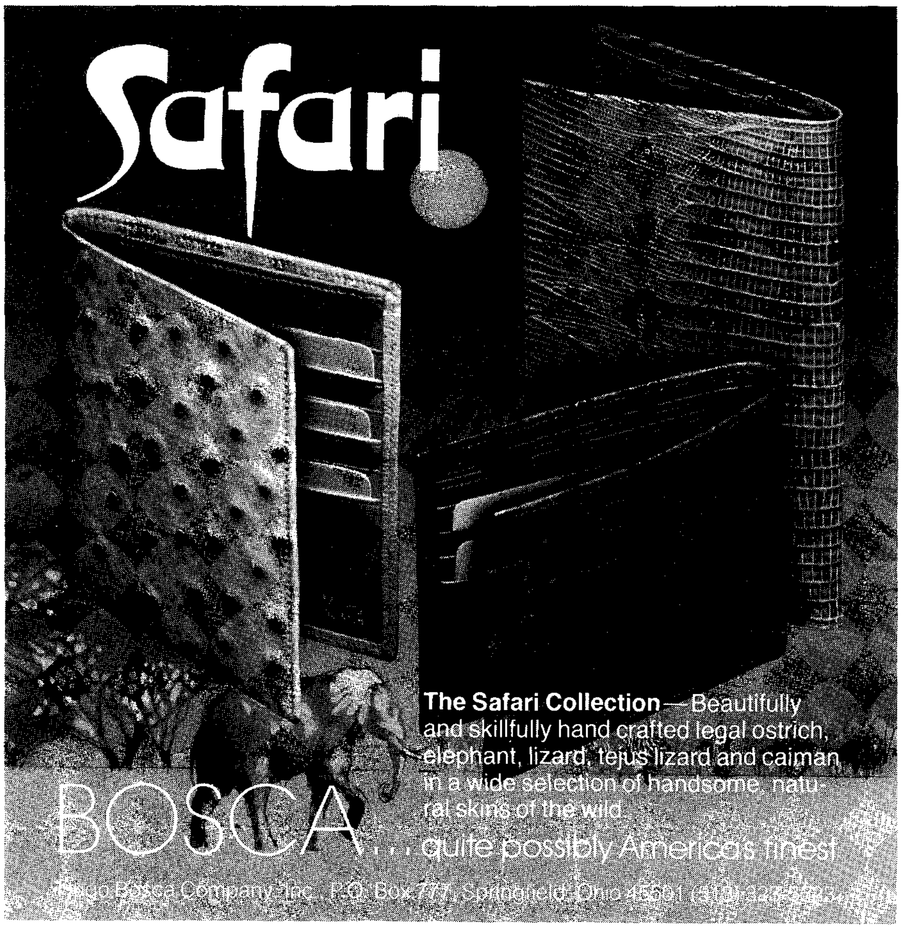

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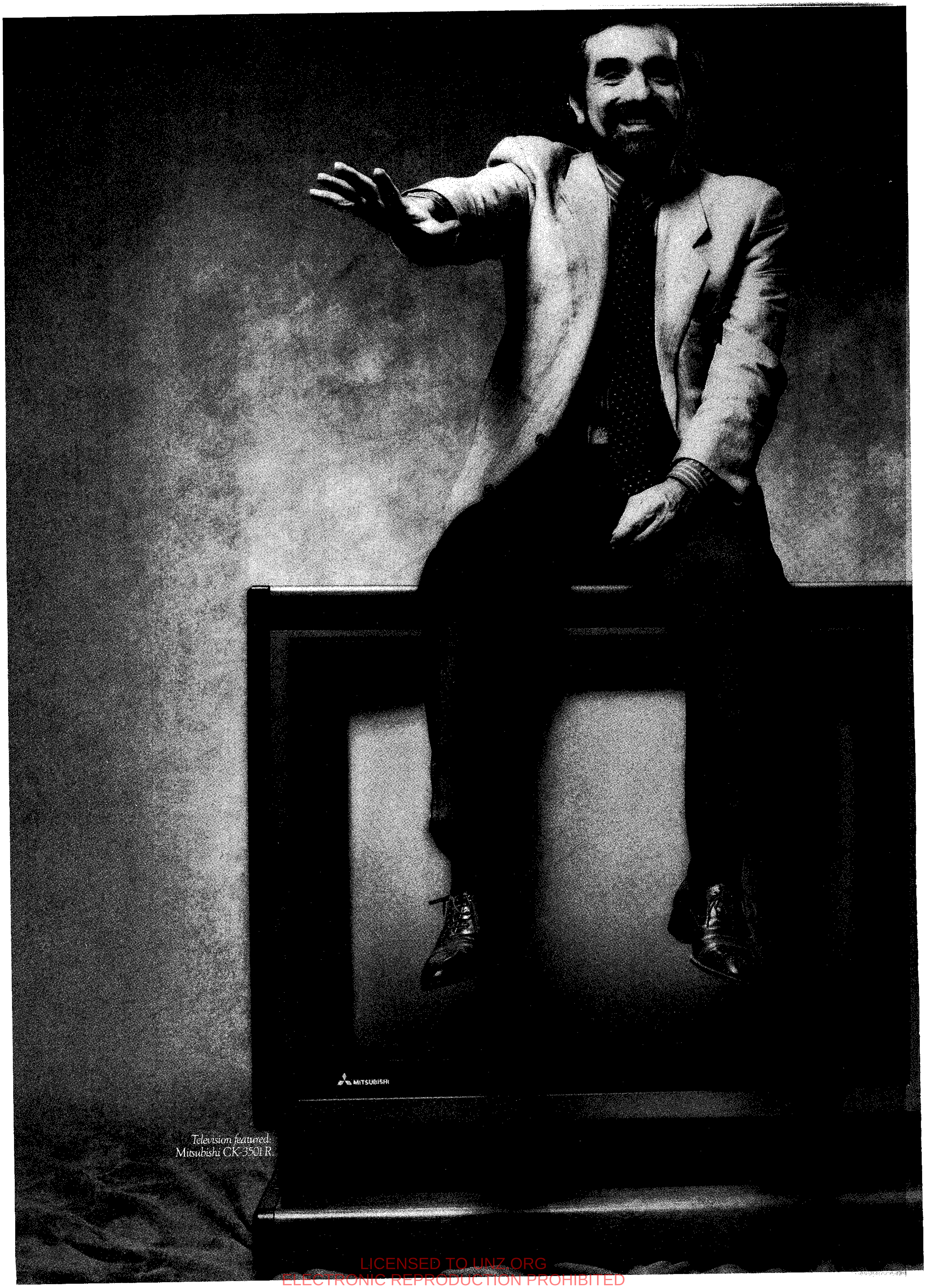
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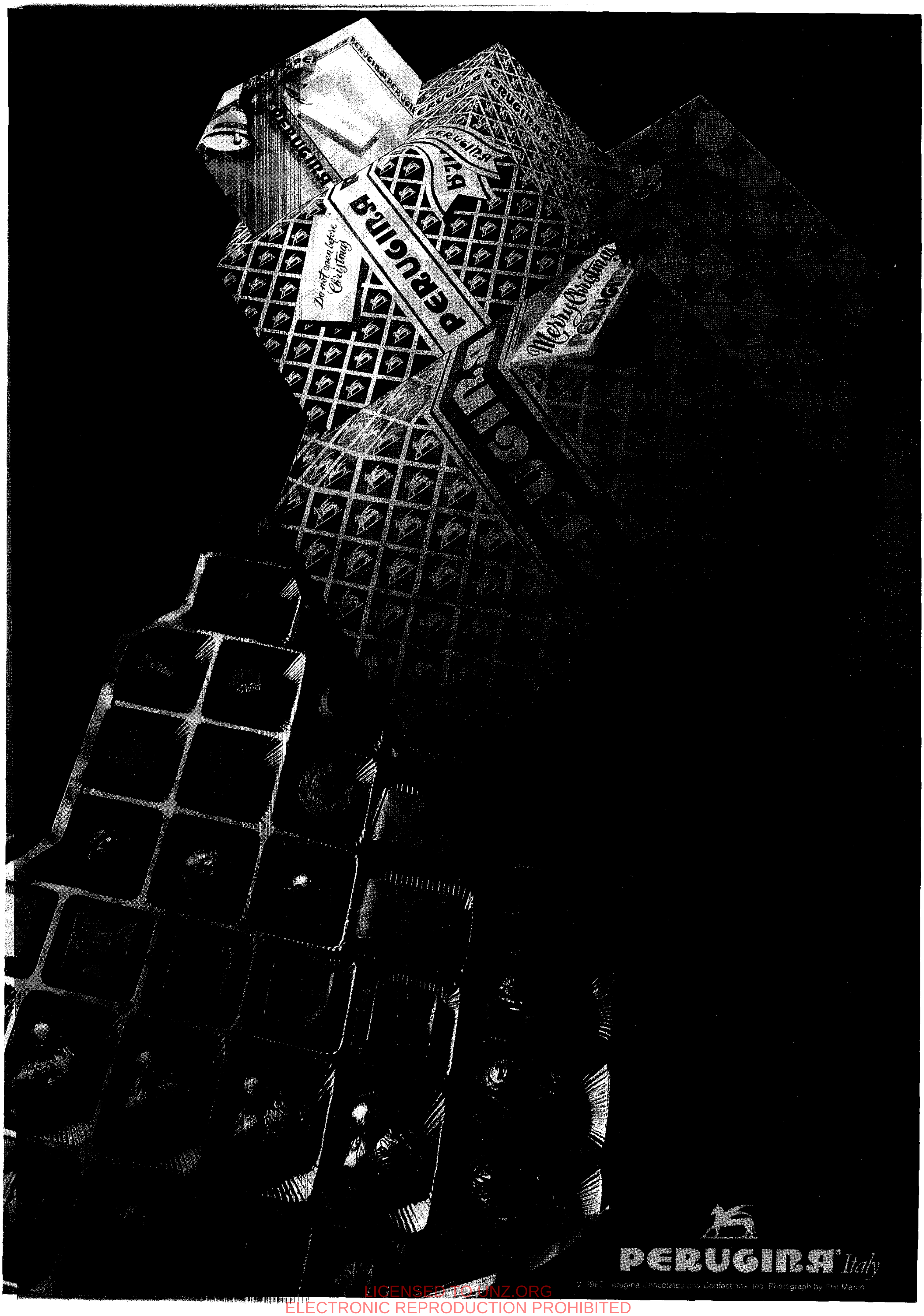
positions his front foot with balletlike delicacy, its inturned toe just touching the dirt, and then tilts his upper body back, with his full weight on the back leg and his hands and bat held close to his body. He hits left-handers exceptionally well, often going with the away pitch and cuing the ball off to left, but he also has enough confidence and power to pull the outside fastball to right field on occasion, to the consternation of the man on the mound. He simply kills anything inside, turning beautifully on the pitch and releasing the bat in an upturned, circular arc—the Stadium Swing, which he has retinkered and polished ceaselessly these past two seasons or more, and which so often cracks or bonks or wafts the ball into the middle-upper deck. In the last Yankee game of the year—Phil Niekro's outing against the Blue Jays—Mattingly rapped a homer and three singles in five at-bats, but when he also grounded out he flung down his bat, shaking his head at such ineptitude.

Mattingly would be an easy pick as the man most likely to win the next triple crown of batting (highest batting average, most home runs, and most runs batted in, all in a single season—a trick last turned by Carl Yastrzemski, of the 1967 Red Sox), except that he would somehow have to garner more hits than Wade Boggs in the process. Boggs, the Red Sox third baseman, this season won his second batting title in the past three years, finishing at .368, with two hundred and forty hits—a total not exceeded in his circuit since Heinie Manush whacked two hundred and forty-one for the 1928 Browns, in an era when the ball was made of rabbit toes and bathtub gin. Only Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Ted Williams ever racked up single-season on-base totals (hits plus walks plus hit-by-pitcher) higher than Boggs' three hundred and forty this year. It might demean Boggs to call him an automaton of hitting, except that he *tries* to be an automaton. He eats chicken for lunch every day—not always the same chicken dish but the one that comes around on his precise fourteen-day, thirteen-recipe rotation. Before night games, he arrives at Fenway Park at exactly three o'clock; and he runs his wind sprints—the same number of them, and for exactly the same distance—starting at exactly 7:17 P.M. He stands up at the plate always in the same way—his feet comfortably apart, his bat well back (he, too, bats from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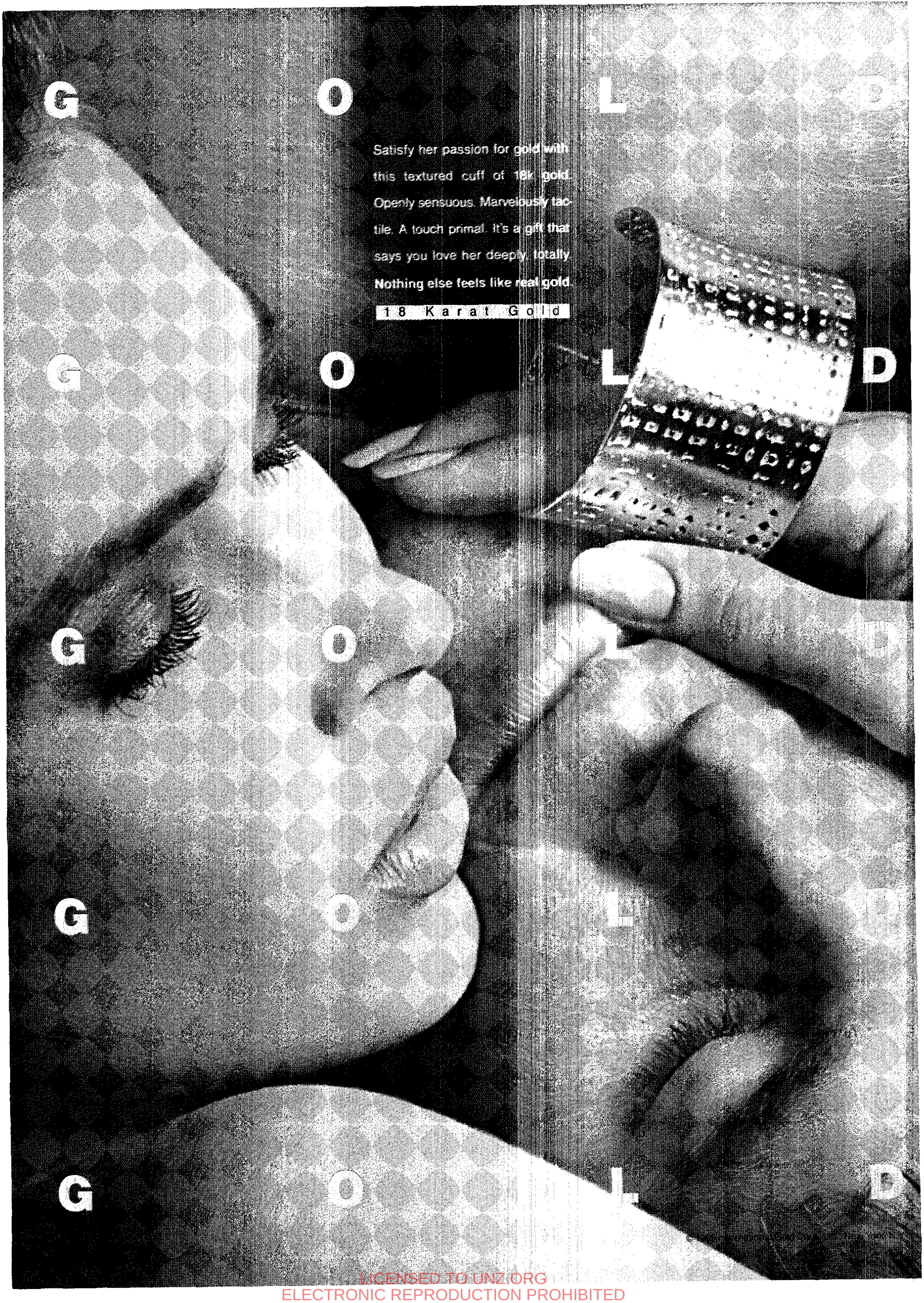
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the left side)—and cuts smoothly at the ball, with his head tucked in and his long arms extended, and raps it on a low, straight line to all fields, but most often to left or left-center. He does this *all the time:* in six hundred and fifty-three at-bats, he popped out to the infield twice this year. Tik-Tok of Fenway plays similarly afield: whenever he happens to make the last out of an inning by catching a foul fly in front of the visiting-team dugout (on the third-base side, in Boston), he will still turn and circle back clockwise, outside the bases, so that he can return to his dugout by his own special route; if you study the grass between the foul line just beyond first base and the home dugout at Fenway Park, you will see four worn places on the turf—the four steps that Wade Boggs takes on his way back to where he can get ready to start hitting again.

LATE in the summer, a coincidence of scheduling offered the riveting possibility that the Mets and the Yankees could both move into first place in their divisions by whomping their main rivals—the Cardinals and the Blue Jays, respectively—in adjacent home-stand series in the second week in September; the engagements even overlapped, with the third and last game of the three-game Cardinals-Mets set at Shea Stadium falling on Thursday afternoon, just before the opener of the four Toronto-Yankee games that night. Entranced by sudden visions of an epochal collision between the two New York clubs in the World Series this year, the Gotham media performed a dogged mouth-to-mouth resuscitation of the moldering Subway Series feature, with many a backward look, via TV or tabloid, at fans in fedoras cheering on Dem Bums or the Jints against Whitey and the Mick, et al. (I enjoyed a *Sports Illustrated* photograph of the magazine's intrepid correspondent George Plimpton in the act of descending into the I.R.T., apparently for the first time in his life.) None of this quite came to pass, of course, but the two teams certainly did their part in preparing us for the festival—the Yankees by mounting an eleven-game winning streak (their best surge in twenty-one years) that brought them to within two and a half games of the Jays on the eve of their meeting (they had trailed Toronto by nine and a half in early August), and the Mets with a succession of improbable melodramas on a West Coast trip (a ninth-inning

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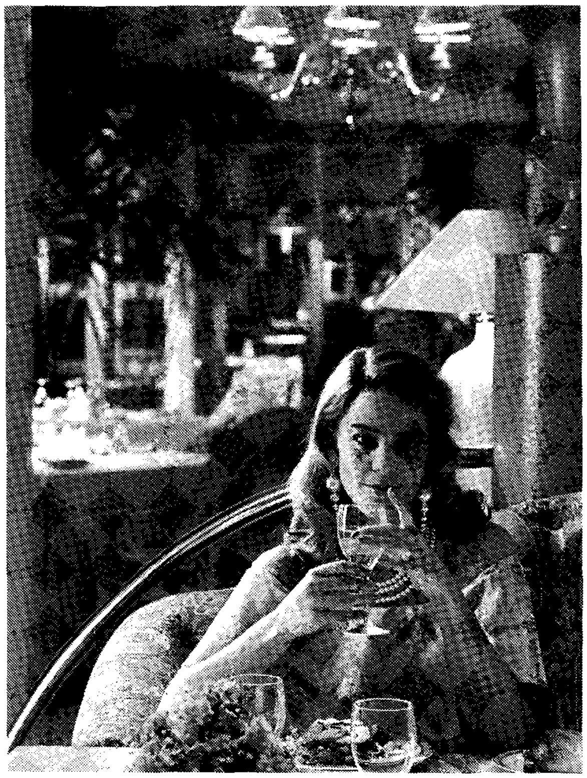

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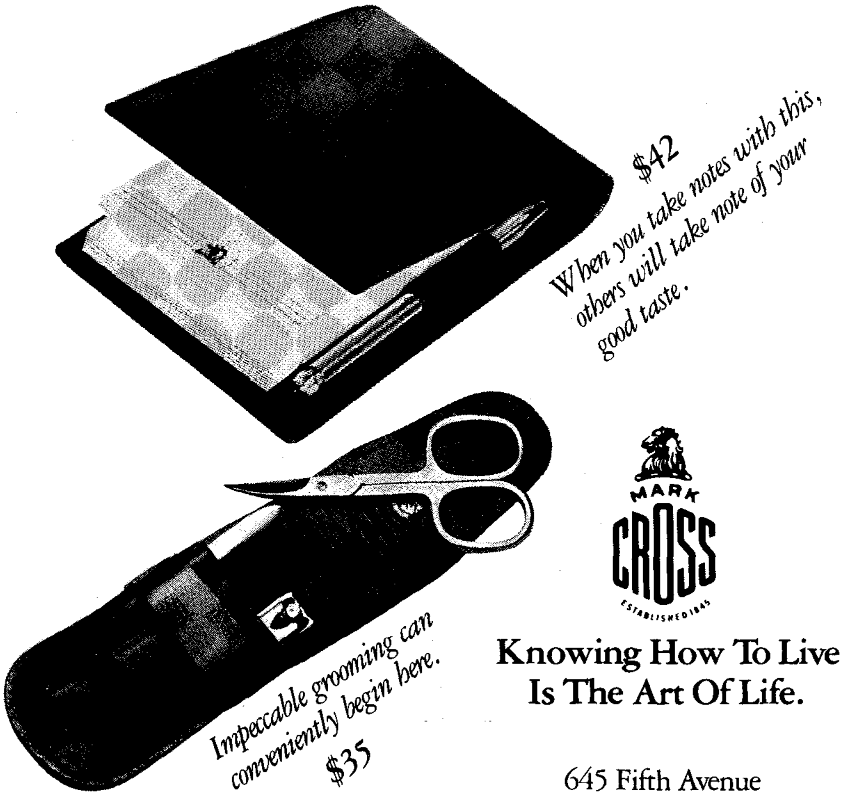
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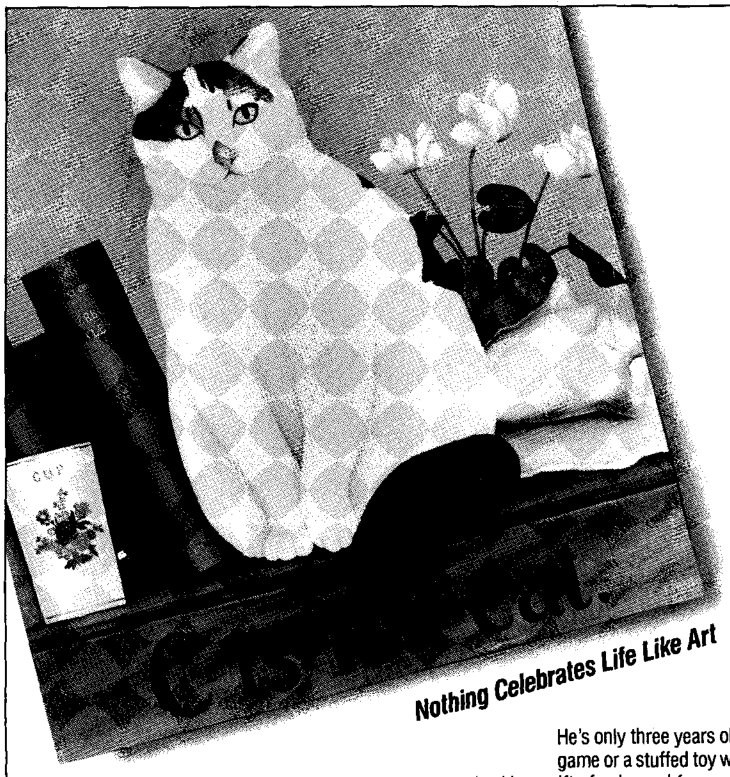
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game-winning pinch-hit homer by Keith Hernandez against the Giants; a five-for-five game for Keith against the Padres the next evening; Gary Carter's five homers in two days in San Diego; Darryl Strawberry's thirteenth-inning double against the Dodgers, to settle what had begun as a double-shutout duel between Gooden and Fernando Valenzuela), which brought them even with the first-place Cardinals as the momentous week began. The ensuing games and discoveries—the best fun of my baseball summer, it turned out—can only be suggested here, perhaps in shorthand:

TUES., SEPT. 10: Yucko Shea weather (drizz., tarps, planes roaring, etc.) for Grand Opening, but Metsie fans stay high in fog. Herr homers vs. Ronnie Darling in 1st, but irrit. St. L. twirler Danny Cox loses temper w. dawdling Foster in bottom of stave & plunks Geo., loading hassocks. Mistake? Yep: H. Johnson rockets 2–1 pitch over R-CF fence, for slam. Fans: "HOJO! HOJO!" Whatta team, whatta guy, etc. Metsies lead 5–1, but pesky Redbirds peck at Ronnie, close to 5–4 by 7th. Bad nerves in stands ("*C'mon*, you guys!"), but kid reliever R. McDowell slams door w. sinker. Mets up by one in NL East. Hard work, whew, etc. F'tnotes: R. Darling 1st NY pitcher to hurl key game on same day his Op-Ed piece (bettering our burg, etc.) runs in *Times*. . . . Keith, back home from bad-boy drug testimony in Pitts., gets standing O. in 1st frame. Message of some kind: prob. love. Keith wipes tear, bops single.

WED., SEPT. 11: Dwight vs. John Tudor: 9-inn. double-zip standoff before 52,616. Terrif. strain. Doc great, but pickle-puss Tudor no slouch: slider, change, sneaky FB, in-out, up-down. 3-hitter. Best LH in NL. (Typical ex-Red Sock: so-so at Fens, Superman now. Go figure.) Mgr. Davey J. yanks Doc after 9 (young arm, long career ahead, etc.), & Card slugger Cedeno takes Orosco deep in 10th. Winning blow. Cards-Mets tied for No. 1. (Davey after Nobel Peace Prize or *what*?)

THURS., SEPT. 12, AFT.: Visiting scribes scan road maps, subway maps, for unus. postgame exped. to Yankee Stadium, in Bronxian wilds. Game here at Shea starts with Metsies ripping St. L. hot-dog starter Andujar. Back-to-back-to-back doubles for Straw., Heep, HoJo. We lead 6–0 after 2. Beaut. afternoon. Pesky Cards batt. back (see Tues. script), close to 6–5 after four. ("*C'mon*, you guys!") In 9th, McGee (skinny neck, mighty stroke) ties it w. 396-ft. blast to left CF, vs. Jesse again. Silencio. No hope. Home ½ of 9th, Mookie hoofs out hopper to SS, beats peg. Hope. Sac. to 2B by good-old Wally B. Keith up ("KEITH! KEITH!"), strokes daisy-cutter thru 3B-SS hole & Mookie hotfoots home. Yay, yippee, etc. Mets No. 1. Nothing to it. Knew it all along.

The visiting writers found their way from Queens to the Bronx through the rush hour that evening ("It was bumper-to-bumper in that subway tunnel under Grand Central,"

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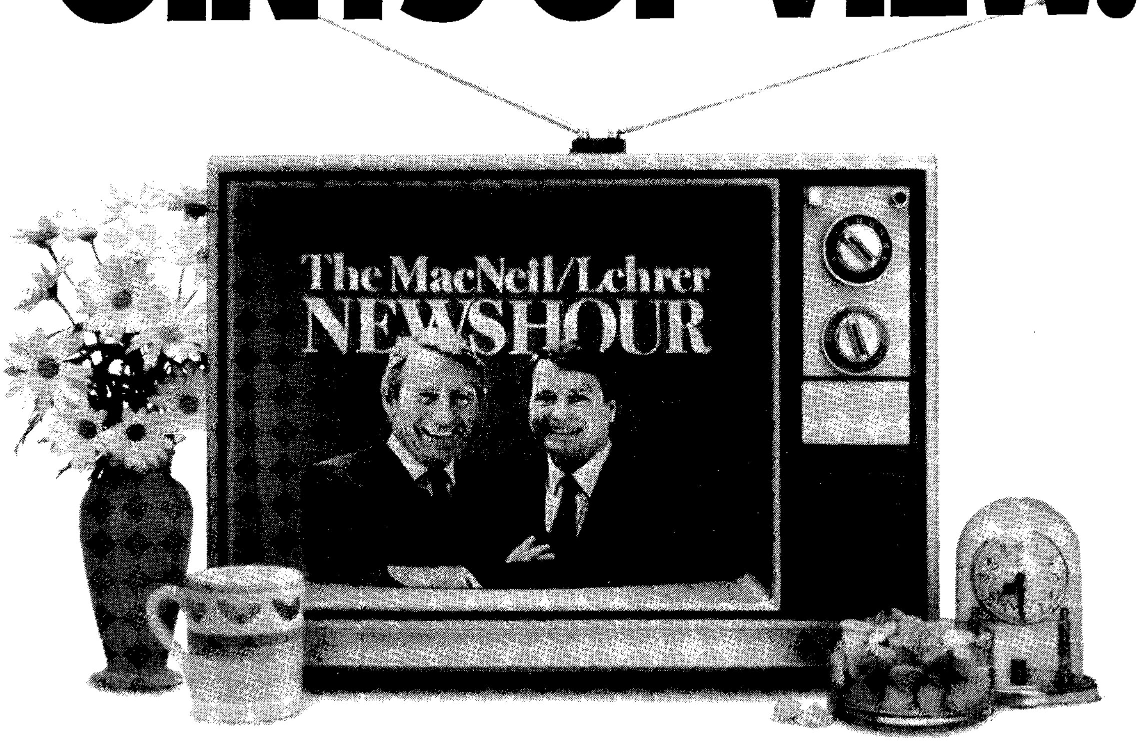

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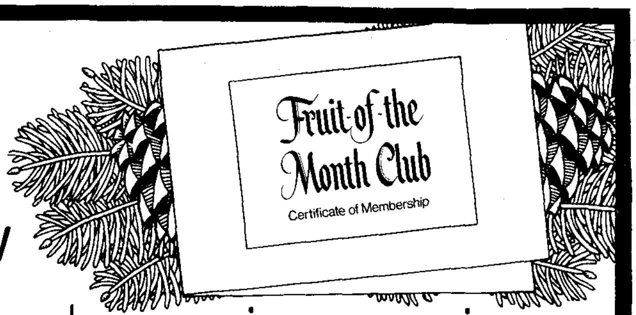

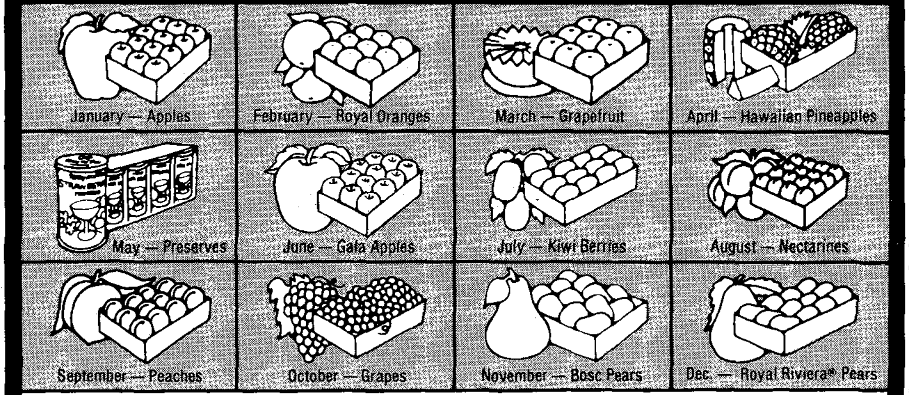

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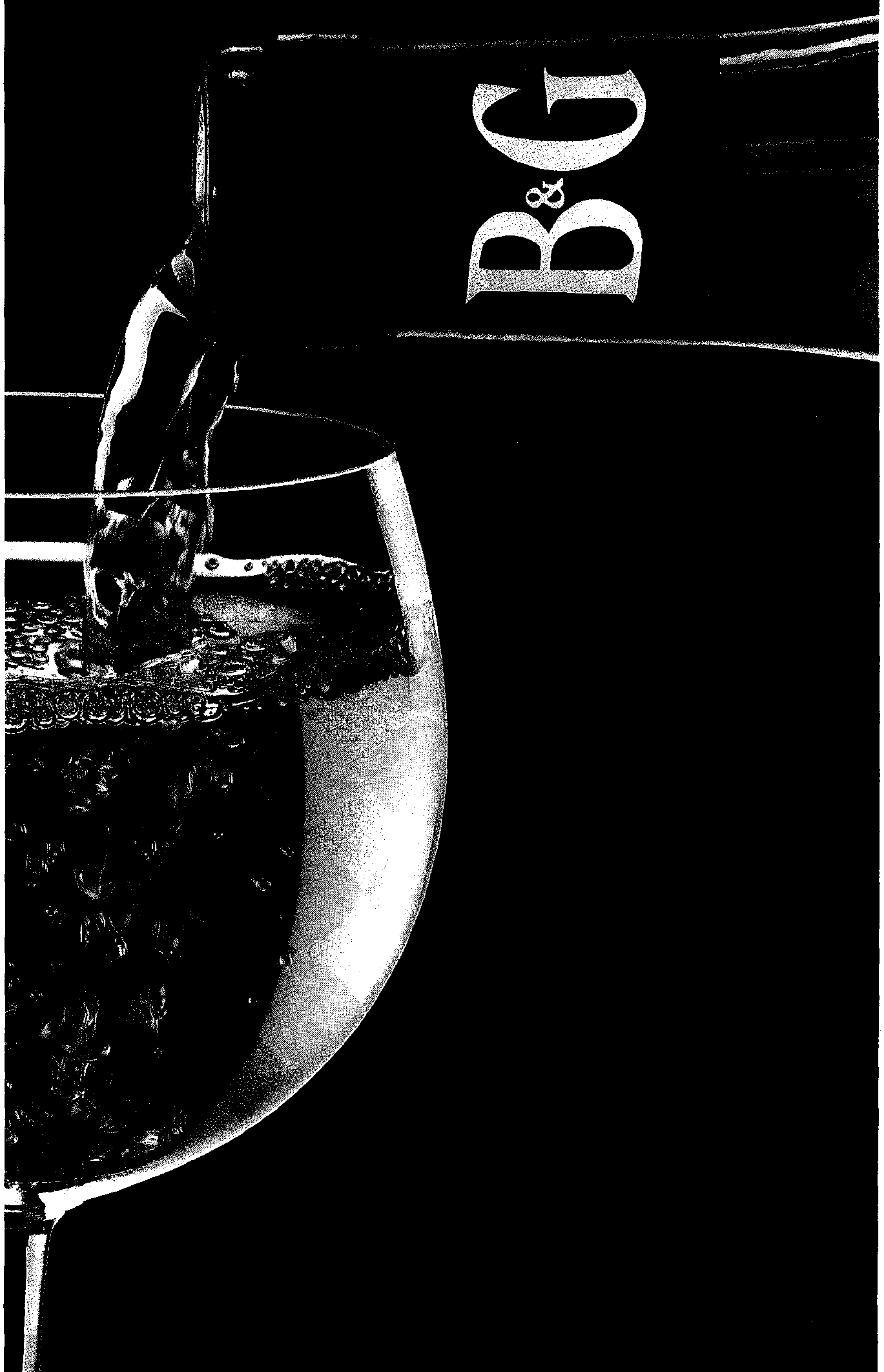
one of them reported), but the visiting Blue Jays fared less well in the game. Steaming along behind a two-hitter by their ace right-hander, Dave Stieb, they suffered an uncharacteristic spell of nerves in the seventh, when second baseman Damaso Garcia and shortstop Tony Fernandez utterly missed connections on a double play, and Stieb lost *his* connection with the strike zone; thus encouraged, the Yankees scored six unearned runs—the last three of which came around on an enormous home run into the top deck by catcher Ron Hassey—and went on to win by 7–5. The crowd, which had begun the evening by booing the Canadian national anthem, concluded it by chanting obscenities about the Blue Jays, but I forbore from any easy sociological comparisons between the two leagues and the two audiences, since it seemed certain that great segments of the crowd had attended both games, contributing to both ends of the 98,436 total for the odd doubleheader.

I stayed home the next night, enjoying the quieter vistas of Sony Stadium, and watched the Jays put away Phil Niekro by 3–2 and resume their two-and-a-half-game margin. The score suggests a brisk, well-kempt pitchers' duel, but the box score, which listed a bare two errors for the evening, is in fact a portrait of Dorian Gray. Early on, after I had observed the Toronto left fielder, George Bell, misplay a drive by Bobby Meacham, on which the Yankee shortstop impulsively scurried over to third base, only to find it occupied—oops!—by a teammate, Willie Randolph, and then returned without hindrance to second base, since no Blue Jay had bethought himself to cover the bag, I realized that some new form of game notation might be needed to capture the special flavor of this one, and so sketched two inky Maltese crosses in the margin of my notebook. Another cross was quickly needed when Ken Griffey, in left for the Yanks, played Al Oliver's single into a two-run triple; and two more crosses appeared in no time when the Blue Jay middle infielders messed up two successive clear chances at a double play. And so it went—two crosses for Tony Fernandez when he twice failed to make contact on a sacrifice-bunt attempt, a fat one for Rickey Henderson when he allowed himself to be picked off first base in the seventh, a two-cross effort by Henderson and Griffey on a looped, catchable fly that bounced between them for a double, a black mark for second-base ump Mark

Johnson, who blew the call on Barfield's plainly safe steal of second, etc., etc. When the long night was done, I counted fifteen black marks in my notebook, which had taken on the appearance of a First World War aerodrome under attack by Fokkers.

The Blue Jays beat the Yankees the next day, Saturday, and again on Sunday—winning, without strain or undue effort, by 7–4 and 8–5—and left town with their first-place cushion up to four and a half. Although the Yankees did not fall apart on the field, they certainly did in other quarters. During the Saturday game, George Steinbrenner visited the press rows and there delivered himself of critical comments about the abilities of some of his well-paid stars—predictable deportment for him, with predictable results. "The guys are going to get upset," Dave Winfield said when the owner's remarks reached him. "It's like rattling a stick across the bars of a cage with some animals in it." The Yankees left town in disrepair, and the three Toronto losses became part of an eventual eight-game losing streak. Manager Billy Martin seemed to take sulky pleasure in punishing his players in his own ways: permitting his ace pitcher, Ron Guidry, to stay in a game in which he was pummelled for five home runs; allowing the fine young reliever Brian Fisher to absorb a six-run pounding by the Indians; and even ordering one of his players, Mike Pagliarulo, to turn around and bat right-handed, for the first time in his professional career. (He struck out.) The trip ended with Martin's bar fight in Baltimore—and eventually, one may conclude, with his post-season firing, his fourth and possibly last fall from the post. None of this requires comment here, since it speaks for itself and is part of a long and miserable pattern of events for the once-proud Yankees. If we may go back to the Toronto games for a moment, however, it should perhaps be pointed out that the resolute, winning style of the Blue Jays and the simultaneous unravelling of the Yankees' pitching should not have come as an absolute surprise to any of us. The Yankees, as has been noted, won eleven in a row shortly before the series with Toronto, but they picked up only two and a half games on the leaders in the process; the Blue Jays stretched but didn't snap. The Yankees' starting pitching was a bit frail all year, to tell the truth, and even in good times Billy Martin often had to make early calls on his



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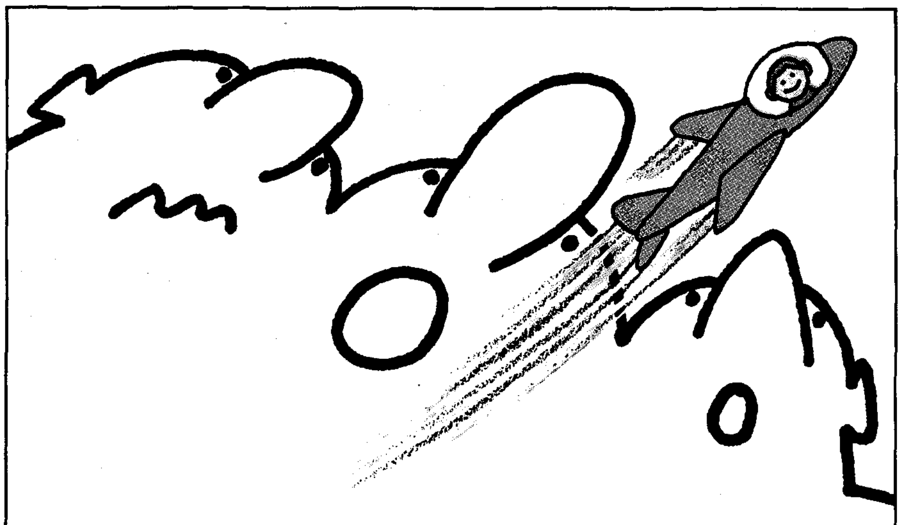
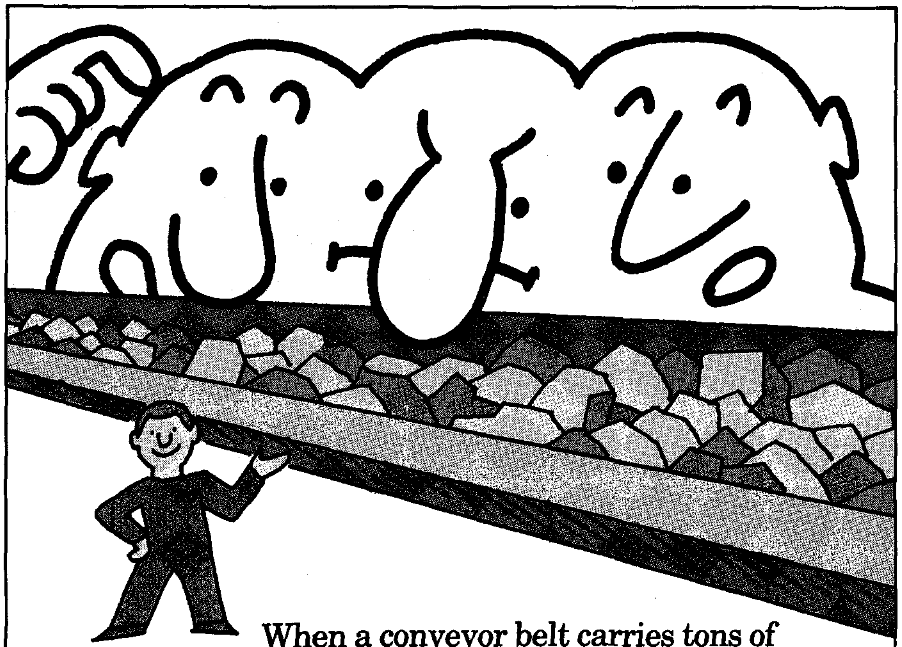
bullpen. During the eleven winning games of the streak, only five starting pitchers lasted past the sixth inning, and only two of them got as far as the eighth. In retrospect, Billy looks like a fan doing away with a jumbo hot dog by munching at it from both ends; suddenly—along about the sixth inning of the Saturday game, say—there was nothing left. Dave Righetti, the second Yankee pitcher to take the mound in that stanza, departed after he had surrendered a walk, three hits, and four earned runs, all for no outs, and was booed by the crowd.

If there is an impatient or aggrieved sound to these remarks, it is not directed at the Yankee players, whom I mostly admire and wish well. I would like to root wholeheartedly for the Yankees one of these days, but somebody is always jumping up and spoiling the view—the owner, the manager, some of the fans. The resonance of the game up at the Stadium has gone sour, and often comes across as being ill-tempered, distracted, patronizing, and frantically concerned with winning. That tone is perfectly represented by the Stadium organ music—if that is the right word for the puerile and infuriating assault of noises, nudges, and schlocky musical references with which the management (it must be a management decision, after all) attempts to cajole the players, bait the visitors, and whip up the helpless captive masses in the stands. The mighty electronic wurstmaker is scarcely silent for the duration of a foul tip, it seems, and its mindless and almost ceaseless commentary abrades the fabric of the game and the soul of the watching fan. This year, forcing myself actually to listen to the thing for once, I tried to pick out the main phrasings and modulations of a mid-inning *concerto furioso:*

Organ: "*Buh* da-da-da-da! *Buh* da-da-da-da! *Buh* da-da! *Buh* da-da! BUH da-da-da-da-da-da!" (Theme from "Gaîté Parisienne," here repeated in mad up-tempo.) Pause. "Tah-tah-tah TAHHH!" (Beethoven's Fifth, opening theme.) Pause. "Beedle-di-deet, dah-dah-dah-deet! Beedle-di-tweet, dah-dah-dah-tweet!" (Theme from "Dardanella," for seven seconds.) Pause. "Tah-tah-tah ta-TAHHHHHH!" (The "Charge!" bugle call, accompanied by a gigantic illuminated "CHARGE!" command out on the scoreboard.) Then, ominously, as Rickey Henderson comes up to bat: "Buh-buh bum-bum, buh-buh bum-bum, BUH-BUH BUM-BUM, BUH-BUH BUM-BUM!"



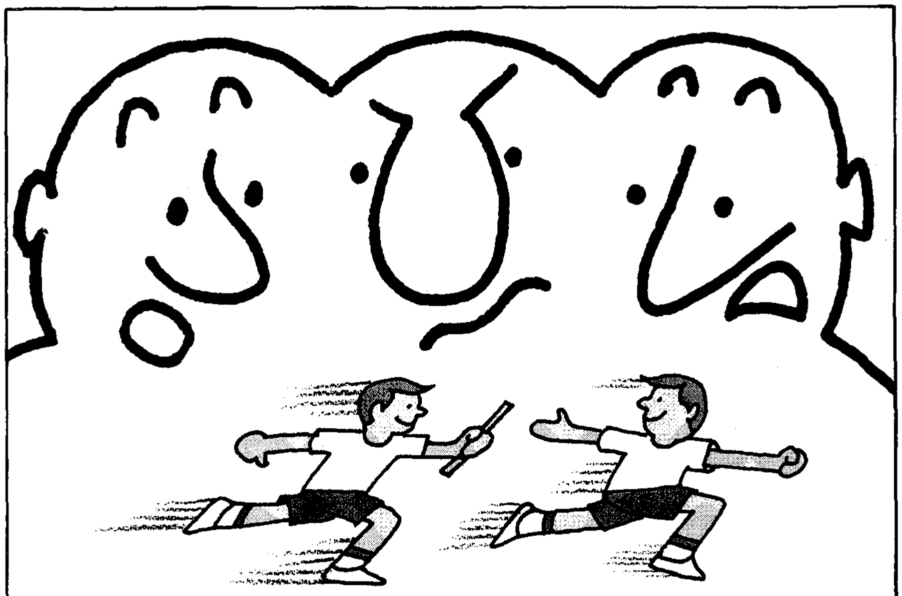
They say there's nothing better than steel for making airplane brakes. But Goodyear said, "We'll see about that," and went on to build brakes made of carbon. They stop like steel, but weigh a lot less and last three times as long. So planes can save money coming and going.



When a conveyor belt carries tons of ore, the jagged rock can cause a little rip which may become a big tear. They say you can't prevent that. But Goodyear said, "Think quick," and created Sensor Guard,® an electronic system that shuts down the belt if it starts to rip. So minor problems can't turn into major disasters.

(Shark music from "Jaws.") Pause for the pitch. Single to center field. Organ, joyfully: "Tee-tah tattle-TAH!" ("Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," quickly segueing into the "Colonel Bogey March.") Pause. David Winfield steps in, to a low-register "Grrummmm buddledy-*dummmm!*" (Crypt theme: Bach? Mussorgsky?) There is a base hit, sending Rickey to third base and bringing us the theme from "Over There" ("The Yanks are coming." Get it?) *fortissimo*, and then, very quickly, an irritating repeated upbeat "Blim-blim blah! Blim-blim blah! Teedle-weedle-dee dah-blim-blim-blah!" which drives me bananas for the minute or two before I can recall it as an asinine and once nearly inescapable commercial jingle for Campbell's soup: "Mhmm-hmm *good!* Mhmm-hmm *good!* That's what Campbell's soup is—mhmm-hmm *good!*" Well, enough of this, I think, except that it should perhaps be added that whenever Mike Pagliarulo came up to bat at the Stadium he was greeted with "Funiculi-Funicula"—*except for* the times when he heard "Oh! Ma-Ma" ("It's the butcher boy for me," etc.). He batted .239 for the year.

THE central distraction from this year's baseball campaigns was the issue of drugs—the testimony (under immunity from prosecution) by active or recently retired major-league players that they had purchased cocaine from a defendant at the Pittsburgh trials, a caterer named Curtis Strong, and that they had at one time been habitual users of cocaine and other illegal stimulants, along with some of their teammates and fellow-players, whom they named. This did not come as a deep surprise to the owners or the press or the fans (more than a dozen big-league players have been known to be involved in drug-rehabilitation programs in recent years, and four members of the Kansas City Royals served jail sentences on cocaine charges in 1983), but the prominence of some of the witnesses—Keith Hernandez, Dave Parker, Dale Berra, Jeff Leonard—and the nature of their testimony (Hernandez said that perhaps forty per cent of the players in the big leagues in 1980 had been using cocaine) sent a shock through the sport from which it will not quickly recover. Commissioner Peter Ueberroth had earlier announced that a system of compulsory drug-screening tests was being imposed on all front-



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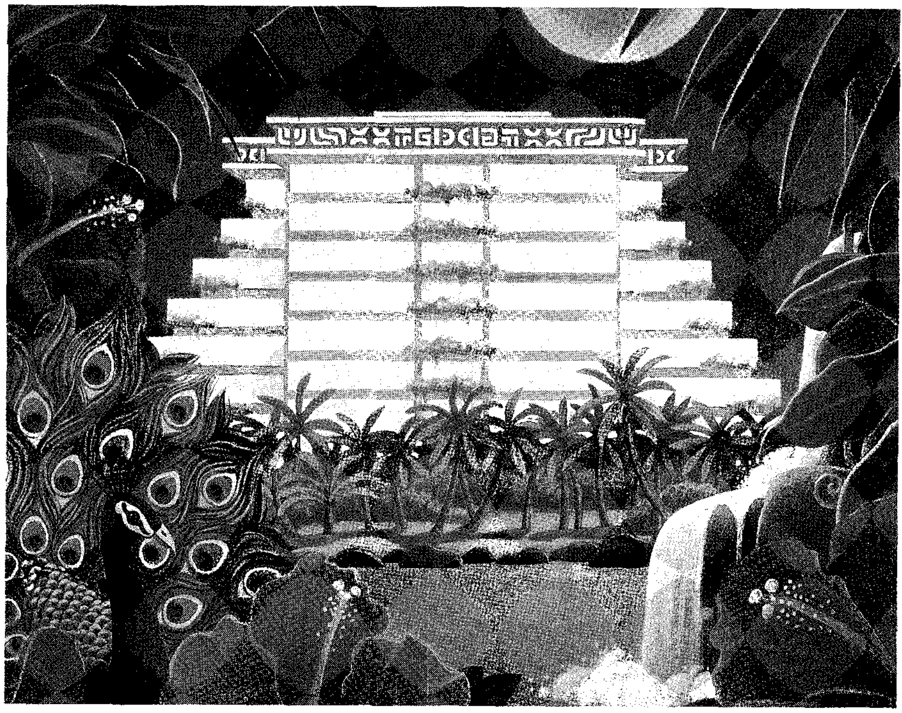

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office baseball personnel and all minor-leaguers (who have no players' union), but in late September he was rebuffed when he asked the major-league players to agree individually to a similar plan of compulsory tests for cocaine, marijuana, morphine, and heroin use. His proposal seemed to be at odds with the complex drug agreement that was worked out after long deliberations between the owners and the players and that has been in operation for more than a year now. When the new plan was brushed aside by Donald Fehr, the acting executive director of the players' union, who said that more information on the extent of drug use was plainly needed, along with some suggestions about how the privacy of the players was to be protected, the owners responded by unanimously breaking off the old drug agreement. This led the players' union to file a charge of unfair labor practices with the National Labor Relations Board. There this difficult and troubling matter stands, and there it will stand for the purpose of this article. If I may offer two possibly counterbalancing asides, though, I might suggest that Mr. Ueberroth's claim that a straightforward, one-sweep system of compulsory testing would "restore our good name and preserve baseball's place as the national pastime for us and our children" seems also to be telling us that the players must themselves be children, who are somehow unaware of or ineligible for their constitutional rights to privacy and to freedom from unlawful search. I would also add that I was unrewarded by the spectacle offered by several celebrated and very well-paid athletes who, appearing in court under a shield of immunity, saw no difference between confessing to their own past use of illegal drugs (and thereby, in a fashion, cleansing their present reputations and careers) and identifying many other players and friends, none of them defendants, as fellow breakers of the law. One of the few public figures who took exception to this pusillanimous mass rush to sweetness was Bill Veeck, the seventy-one-year-old former owner of the White Sox and other clubs, who, writing about the trial at length in a splendid article in *The Sporting News*, referred us to the courage and clarity of mind shown in the nineteen-fifties by some of the Hollywood witnesses before the House Un-American Activities Committee, who under very similar circumstances did *not* name names. He called the

Pittsburgh spectacle "the week of the rat fink."

THE Mets relinquished their mini-lead in the National League East when they lost two weekend games in Montreal immediately after the great baseball party at Shea, and they never got back to first place. But let's say this the other way around: The Cardinals nailed down their half-pennant this year with two seven-game winning streaks in mid-September. At home in Busch Stadium one night, they beat the Expos, 5–3, after being behind by 3–2 in the seventh; successive triples by Cesar Cedeno and Terry Pendleton produced the go-ahead run. The next day, they trailed the Expos by 6–1 but won the game by 7–6, with a two-run homer by Jack Clark. The next afternoon, they were losing to the Expos by 5–4, with two out in the ninth, when Tom Herr hit a two-run homer. It was Pendleton's turn again in the next game—a two-run triple in the eighth pulled out a 5–4 win over the Pirates. This is top-grade championship stuff, of course, and reminds us that the Cards were not just the little speed-and-pitching windup toy that we had somehow come to believe. The Mets, for their part, could not seem to put together more than two winning efforts in a row, and lost on three occasions to the abysmal, gallant Pirates. Mildly afflicted, I fell into pathetic fan postures: finding an office radio on which to follow a Mets-Cubs game out at Wrigley Field, and sending couriers down the halls with inning-by-inning bulletins ("Gary just hit a grand slam!" . . . "There's trouble in the seventh" . . . "I think we blew it"); overvaluing good news (Sid Fernandez' two-hit, 7–1 win over the Phillies); betraying my own ("Bench Strawberry! The man may not hit again in our lifetime!"); secretly relishing hard luck in the enemy camp (Jack Clark was out of the Cardinal lineup with a pulled muscle). On the last weekend of the month, I passed two afternoons on a splintery lakeside dock, upcountry from Manhattan, where I simultaneously took in the lovely slanting sunshine, an occasional beer, and the news, via WHN, from Three Rivers Stadium. There the Mets, closing ground at last, were achieving some heroics of their own: on Saturday, Jesse Orosco came in with the bases loaded and fanned the last two Pirates of the day; on Sunday, Howard Johnson delivered the tying

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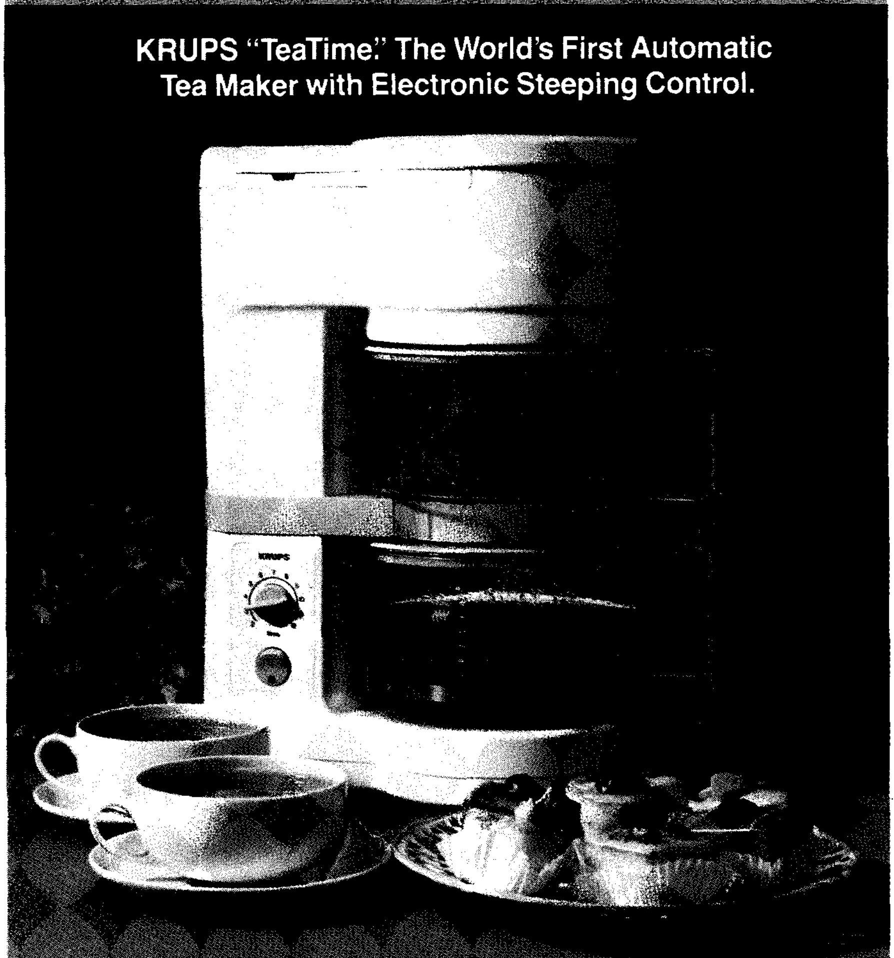

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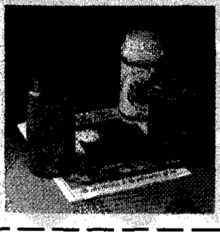

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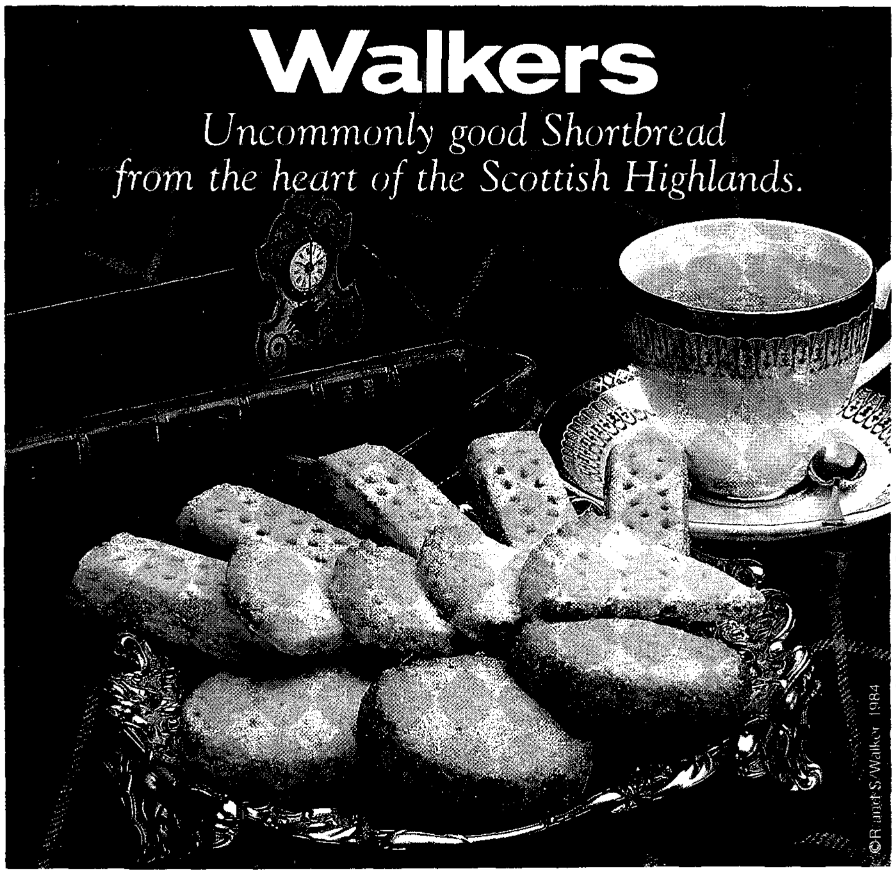
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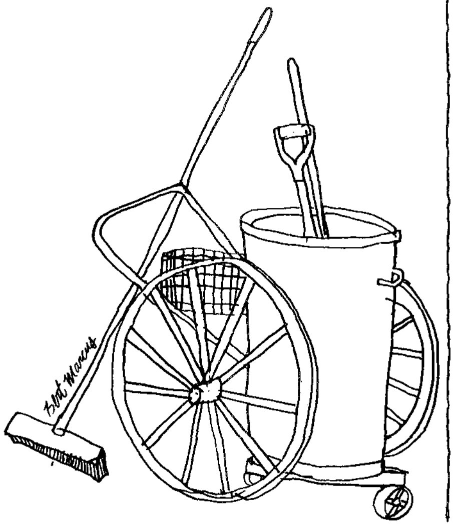
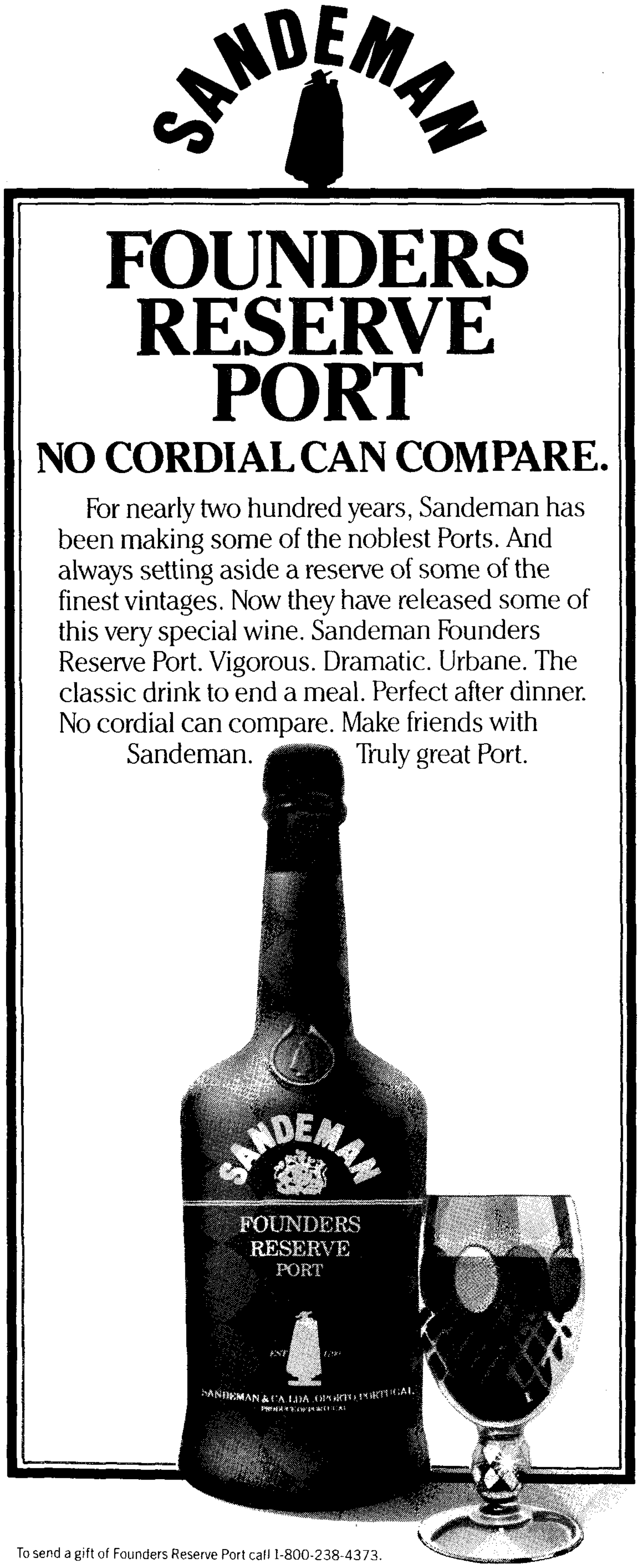
homer in the ninth, and Carter won it with a two-run homer in the tenth. We hugged and danced and did high-fives on our dock, startling the swans.

Down by a bare three, the Mets moved along to St. Louis for their last, crucial series—the games we had been thinking about all summer. Misfortune kept me at home at the last moment, and I had to make do with televised glimpses of the Tuesday classic: Tudor once again, Tudor prim-faced and imperturbable, Tudor the perfectionist, but this time opposed by Ron Darling, who pitched the game of his professional life. They were both gone after ten scoreless frames, and then Strawberry won the thing with one stroke—a humongous, crowd-stilling bases-empty home run in the eleventh that bounced off the digital clock at the top of the right-center-field scoreboard. Da-wight (as Ralph Kiner pronounces his name on television) pitched the next game and won on an off day—it was his last effort of the year—in which he permitted Cardinal batters to reach base in every inning and tinkered like a Mercedes mechanic with his suddenly recalcitrant breaking ball. The Cards scored a run in the ninth, to close to within 5–2, and the last out of the game was a bases-loaded screamer by Tom Herr—bang into the glove of Wally Backman. I think we all knew that this was the Mets' high-water mark. They had closed to within a game of the leaders, with four to play, and it was not a shock or really much of a surprise when they lost to the Cards the next night, 4–3, in spite of Hernandez' five-hit outburst at the plate. The Mets had required a sweep of the series—a fantasy, a child's dream—and there was even a dour satisfaction when that did not come to pass. It is the difficulty of sustained winning baseball, the rarity of sweeps and miracles, that keeps us interested, even when we lose. I did feel bad about missing the Tudor-Darling encounter. Friends back from St. Louis told me that it had been the kind of silent, seizing ballgame that is remembered for a lifetime, and now I have begun to hold on to it in invisibility, like that one boulder in a Japanese rock garden that one cannot see from any vantage point, even though one knows it is there.

I had comfort in the knowledge that other fans were suffering, in other places. The Dodgers kept a cushy lead in their unferocious half of the National League and won without effort, so I exempt their fans (if that's what they are) in this assessment, but rooters for the Kansas City Royals and the California Angels and the Toronto Blue Jays never drew an easy breath after midsummer. Through the late weeks, I kept receiving baseball letters and telephone calls from Alison Gordon, a friend of mine in Toronto, who used to cover the Blue Jays as a beat writer for the Toronto *Star* but now does features. Suddenly this summer, she became, for the first time, an absolute fan; it was like a marriage counsellor falling in love. She and her barrister husband had season tickets behind first at Exhibition Stadium this year, and from time to time she would send me news about the games and the players—Dave Stieb's near no-hitter against the White Sox, George Bell's beginning to look like the team leader and then *not* looking that way—and then, as the Jays hung on and October drew near, about the excesses of the local press (a quarter page per day in the *Star* given to poems and prayers by reader fans; a statement in *Maclean's* by the Canadian author Margaret Atwood that the Blue Jays' challenge to American baseball supremacy was "like Richard the Lion-Heart going out to war," etc.), but mostly, I think, she wanted to lean on me a little because she knew that I was a long-term Red Sox and Mets rooter, which meant that I had been here before. "I can't *stand* it anymore," she said on the phone one morning. (It was October, and the Yankees had unexpectedly risen once again, while the Jays had just dropped three in a row to the Tigers.) "We're going to blow this thing, I know it. I was sitting at breakfast this morning and all of a sudden I burst into tears—I couldn't believe it."

I was wise and gentle and insuffer-





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able in response. Pain and trouble, I told her, were what it was all about. She was a true fan now—she belonged. The Jays would pull it out—and if they didn't she would survive. At most, she would feel heartbroken if they lost—not angry and vengeful, like Yankee fans. (That helped: she despises the Yankees.) I pointed out that some true rooters—Cubs fans, Indians people, and the like—never get to pull for a winner in their lifetimes. And so forth. Alison recovered, along with her Jays, at least until they lost the seventh game of their league playoff to the Royals, but in retrospect I think I wasn't being quite fair with her. For one thing, she was fresh to the strains of winning; the daily stabs and downers and sudden zinging highs of it all were nearly new to her, while I, an old addict, could barely recall how I had really felt back in 1967, say, when Yaz was marching the Red Sox to the finish line, or in '69, when Tom Seaver and the Mets made all New York feel young again. What I also failed to tell her was something that I fully understood only at the very end of the season, after the Mets didn't catch the Cardinals, and the Kansas City Royals did catch, in turn, the Angels, the Blue Jays, and, at the very end, the Cardinals themselves. Most of the time, I see now, the place to be is a close second. That way—for a challenging team, for its players and manager, for its fans—there is always the taut, delicious possibility that you will nail the other guys at the very end. If you don't—well, it's too bad, we weren't quite the best after all, damn it, and if only, etc., etc. Long-term leaders like the Blue Jays (who stayed in first place from May 20th until the last hours of the A.L. playoffs) have no such release, and neither do their fans. If your team picks up a game on its pursuers, to go ahead by two, your inner response is: Great! Now we got 'em! . . . Only, I wish it were three. *Why can't it be three*? Lose a game, and it's: Here we go! I knew it all the time. I can't *stand* it anymore. Your summer is like walking down a long, dark alley with the conviction that a jaguar is about to bite you in the seat of the pants.

We *Metsvolk* regathered at Shea on the last Saturday of the season for a farewell afternoon of scoreboard-watching. The magic number was down to one, and there was a small yell when the Cubs, who were playing the Cardinals out in St. Louis, put a "1" on the board in the fourth, to tie

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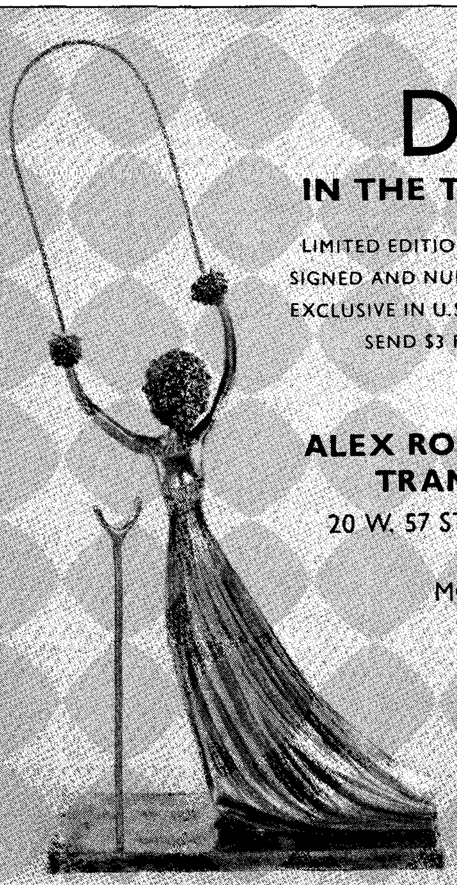

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up that game for the moment, but the news before us on the field was all too clear from the beginning. The visiting Expos were cuffing Ron Darling—a homer by Dawson, a homer by Hubie Brooks in the early going—and it was plain that there would be nothing much to shout about today. (I was wrong about *that*, it turned out.) On the board, there were other pennant-settling engagements to think about—the Yankees losing at Toronto (beaten there by Doyle Alexander, a Yankee castoff), the Angels beating Texas (but the Royals, who would play that night, won their game, it turned out, and got to open the champagne). Hopes leaked slowly away at Shea, but no one around us in the mezzanine looked desolate or upset. It was a blowy afternoon, and dozens, then hundreds of paper airplanes took to the air, to the accompaniment of cheers. The Mets had handed out orange-and-blue scarves to the ticket holders (it was Fan Appreciation Day), and suddenly—I don't know what set it off—all forty or fifty thousand of us there began waving our scarves in the air, a festival of butterflies, and then we laughed and applauded and cheered for *that*. Through most of this, two women seated just behind me kept up a sociable running commentary about the day and the team and the season. They were side by side: comfortable-looking, Mets-blazoned ladies in their upper thirties—old friends, by the sound of them. Their husbands were over in the adjoining seats.

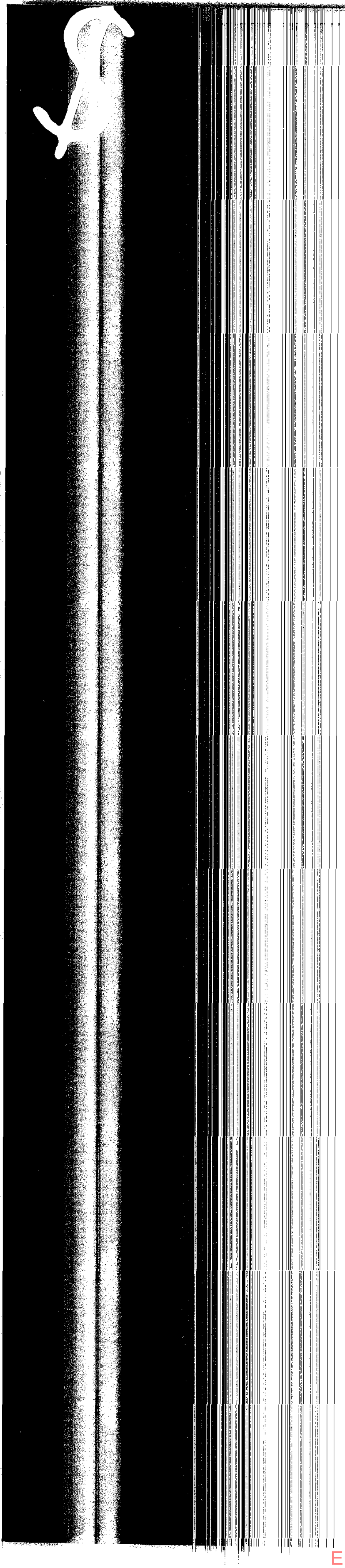
"They tried, you know," said one of the women, sounding not unlike a Little League mom. "They didn't have it easy, with all those guys out."

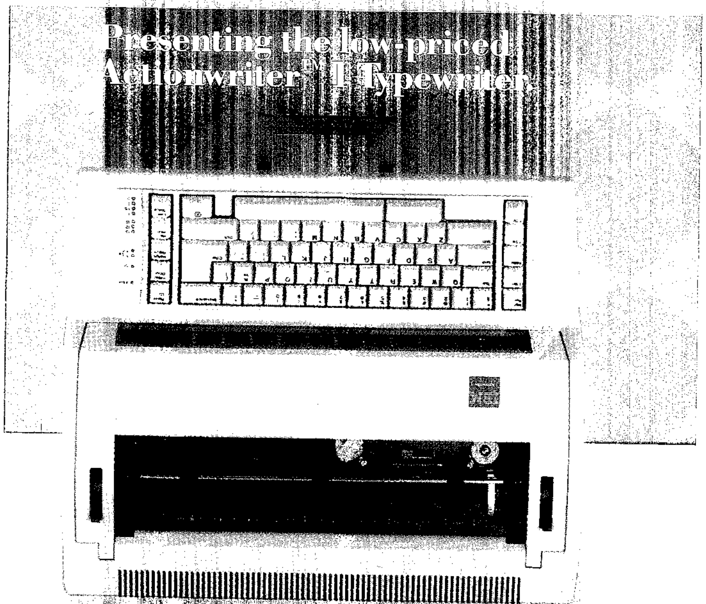
"Yes, what was it with Strawberry—seven weeks, with the thumb?"

"Yeah, and Gary's knees, and then Mookie, you know. Imagine if we'd've had Strawberry all the time, it might be different. But that's the way baseball *is*."

The Mets had been giving away prizes and promotional gifts through the afternoon, and when the loudspeaker now announced a trip to St. Pete for two and listed the seat numbers of the winners, one of my Euripidean chorus girls said, "Why don't they give like a trip to the dugout?," and they giggled together.

On the board, the Cards went ahead by 5–1, and then 7–1, and somebody near me said, "Good. I hope they win by five hundred to one." A few folks began to head home. One man looked

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back up the aisle just as he turned into the exit tunnel and spotted a friend up behind me somewhere, and he tipped his head back and made a little throat-cutting gesture. He was smiling.

At last, the red light went out next to the Cubs-Cards game on the scoreboard—the Cardinals had won their pennant—and then everyone in the ballpark came to his feet to applaud the Mets. Gary Carter was up at bat just then, and when he grounded out, we called him back—"GAR-EE!" "GAR-EE!" "GAR-EE!"—and he came out and waved his helmet and gave us his engaging grin. Strawberry stepped in, to more yells and cheers, and hit a homer over the right-center-field fence—the first home run of next year, so to speak—and then he got more yells and came out again and waved his hat. It went on a longish while—the Expos batted around in the ninth, and won the game by 8–3, it turned out—but we stayed to the end, almost all of us, and cheered some more for our team, and for ourselves. The lights on the scoreboard gleamed in the late-afternoon shadow, and the clock there said "4:52" at the end. I went down to the clubhouse to shake hands with a few friends and wish them a good winter. The Mets looked tired and almost relieved. There was a joke floating around (nobody could remember who in the clubhouse said it first): "If only Doc hadn't lost those four games, we'd have had 'em then!"—but the players kept coming back to the cheers and the ovations on the field at the end there. They couldn't get over the fans.

BACK in June, I received a stimulating letter from a ninety-two-year-old baseball fan named Joe Ryan, of Yountville, California, who wrote to tell me about a trip he made to New York in October, 1913, to take in the opening game of the World Series between the Giants and the Philadelphia Athletics. He was twenty years old that fall and was working for an insurance company in Hartford, at a salary of fifteen dollars per week, but he and a colleague named Dave were Giants fanatics and impulsively determined to attend the classic. Mr. Ryan's letter is wonderfully precise, conveying not only news of the sport ("It was a good game, but apprehension turned to despair when Home Run Baker put one of Marquard's best into the right-field stands . . .") but a careful accounting of every penny disbursed during the long-ago two-day outing. *Viz:* Railroad fares for two,

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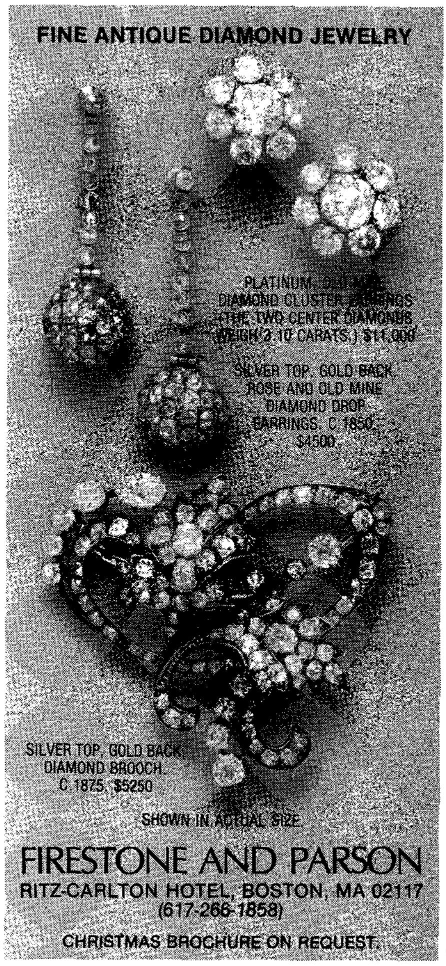

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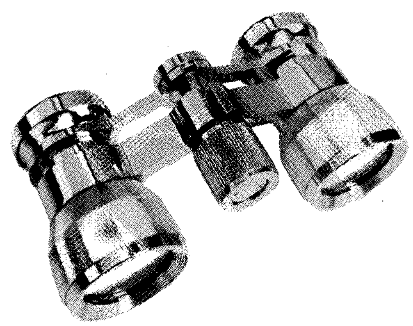

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round trip: $4.40. Room at Mills Hotel: 80¢ (two nights at 40¢ per night). Restaurants: $2.50 (Childs Restaurant breakfast, 25¢ per person; Childs Restaurant fried-oyster dinner, $1 per person). Hot-dog lunches: 40¢. Transportation: 20¢ (nickel rides uptown and back via Ninth Ave. elevated). Tickets: $2. Lagniappe: 50¢ (tip to a wino who directed the out-of-towners to a gate at the park where same-day tickets were still available). Theatre tickets: $2 (balcony seats, at $1 each, to see Jane Cowl in "Within the Law"). This last was consolation for the Giants' 6–4 loss to the A's in the opener. "Just to look at Jane helped a lot," Mr. Ryan wrote. "We thought she was the most beautiful creature who had been allowed to live." The total budget came to $12.80, plus a possible 25¢ (Mr. Ryan isn't sure about this) for three Blackstone cigars.

I cite this vivid communication to make a point not about inflationary economics but about inflationary baseball. This year, the league championship series were expanded to a best-of-seven-games format (they had been operating on a best-of-five system since their inception, in 1969), in the interests of augmented television revenues. The Cardinals, as we know, eliminated the Dodgers in the National League playoffs in six games, while the Royals went the full seven in knocking off the Blue Jays. Seven World Series games were then required to establish the Royals as champions: in sum, twenty postseason games. More people watched more October baseball than ever before, which may or may not be a good thing, but I think we can take it as a certainty that in the year 2057 there will not be a single surviving fan who remembers even one of these games with anything like the clarity and pleasure that Mr. Ryan so well conveys. Already, mere weeks after the games, I sense an inner blur and an accompanying incapacity to bring back more than a handful of postseason plays and innings.

Each of the playoffs opened in perfect misdirection, with the eventual losers winning the first and second games. The Dodgers, starting at home, put down Tudor at last, with the help of some slovenly Cardinal work afield, and then administered a gruesome 8–2 whacking to Joaquin Andujar, the combustible Dominican right-hander, who, when in difficulties, persistently damaged himself with

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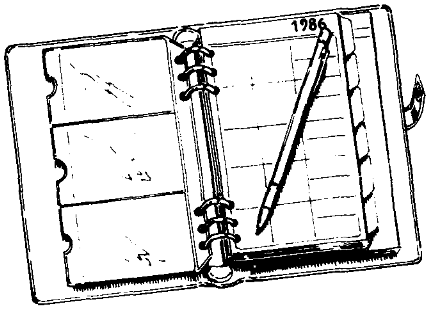

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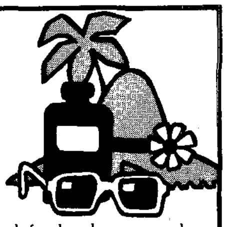

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For 1971-74 model cars and light trucks. Use either unleaded or the new lower-lead gasoline. These vehicles were designed to run on either one.

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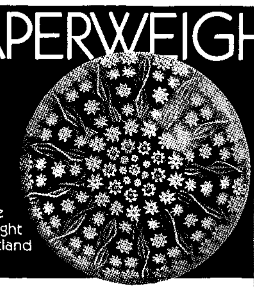

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angry down-the-middle fastballs; he also bunted into a double play which he proudly did not deign to run out. I joined the action at Busch Stadium, where the Redbirds, playing before the home folks (53,708 loyalists, in 53,708 Cardinal-red ensembles), gave a marvellously quick and instructive lesson in their special style of speedball. The front three Cardinal batters—Coleman, McGee, and Herr—got to bat against Dodger starter Bob Welch in both the first and the second inning and reached base all six times, fashioning four runs out of four hits (one of them a homer), two walks, two stolen bases, and two jittery pick-off-play throwing errors. The Cards won by 4–2, and drew even in the series the following night, when they sent fourteen batters to the plate in the second inning, in a 12–2 walkover—"one of those games," in Ballspeak. The more significant news of the day was the grotesque workplace accident suffered before the game by young Vince Coleman, the Cardinal baserunning flash, who was knocked down and nearly devoured by an oncreeping automatic infield tarpaulin; he suffered a chipped bone in his left leg and did not reappear in further postseason action—a most damaging turn of events for the Cardinals, it turned out.

Game Five was the one that mattered: a fairish pitching duel between Fernando Valenzuela (who somehow gave up eight bases on balls) and the St. Louis bullpen committee (Dayley, Worrell, Lahti), which took over in the fourth and shut down the visitors until Ozzie Smith delivered a sudden little ninth-inning homer, for a 3–2 victory—an amazement, inasmuch as it was his first left-handed home run (he switch-hits and had turned around to face the right-handed Dodger reliever, Tom Niedenfuer) in 4,277 professional at-bats. Dodger manager Tom Lasorda was understandably testy in the postgame interview ("What do I think about *what*?" he barked at a reporter. "I'm not too happy—all *right*?"), but this Q. and A. was a mere plate-warming compared to the rotisserie broiling that Lasorda endured immediately after Game Six, in Los Angeles. The matter at issue here may be remembered for a while, I admit, at least around the Casa Lasorda: the decision of the ever-popular Dodger manager—ahead by 5–4 in the ninth inning—to allow his hurler (the selfsame Niedenfuer) to pitch to Jack Clark, the muscular Cardinal cleanup batter, with first base

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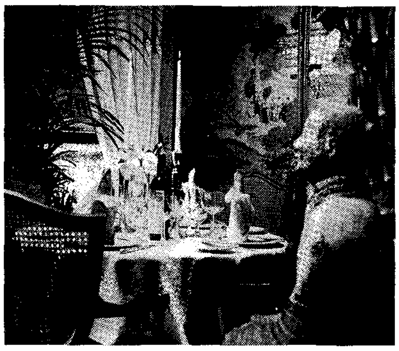

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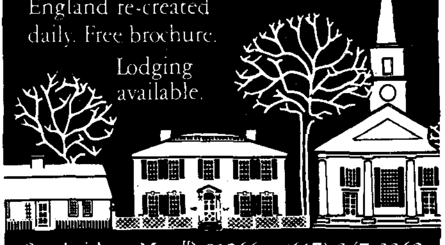

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open and Cardinal base runners at second and third, instead of giving him a prudent base on balls. Clark hit the first pitch four hundred and fifty feet into the bleachers, for the pennant. Manager Tom, in his defense, had several left-hand-vs.-right-hand, pinch-hitter-vs.-new-pitcher scripts in mind before he made his difficult decision, but I think he must be viewed as a victim of overthink. Back in St. Louis, talking to some reporters in the home clubhouse after the third game, Jack Clark had said, "Both of these teams have decided that there are certain guys they're not going to let beat them, which is why batting in that fourth spot is so hard." Lasorda forgot.

I HAD lunch with Alison Gordon in Toronto before the first American League playoff game. "I'm feeling better," she told me. "I'm all right, *for now.*" I didn't see her after that, and I was secretly relieved, for her Blue Jays won the first two playoff games there—a fine 6–1 outing by Dave Stieb and then a surprise tenth-inning comeback victory over the Royals' great submariner, Dan Quisenberry—and I was certain that she had begun to think, Well, *maybe!* . . . Out at Kansas City, the Jays put together an early five-run inning, but Doyle Alexander couldn't hold it—George Brett went four-for-four (single, double, two home runs) on the day—and the Royals prevailed. Toronto next pulled out an unexpected 3–1 win with a startling three-run rally against Charlie Leibrandt in the ninth inning of Game Four, topped off by Al Oliver's pinch-hit double against Quisenberry, but signs of a fatal turnaround were becoming evident, for the Jays had stopped hitting. They were shut out the next day by the young K.C. left-hander Danny Jackson, and then Mark Gubicza, Bud Black, and the Quis together worked out a 5–3 Kansas City win that brought the teams even at last. Bret Saberhagen had to leave the deciding game (we were back in Toronto by now) when he took a sharp bouncer on the palm of his pitching hand, but Leibrandt (and Quisenberry again, at the end) held off the Blue Jays without difficulty, and took the gonfalon with a 6–2 victory. The Royals' pitching was both wide and deep, it turned out, and the resultant strain on the other side brought out some weaknesses—a classic turn of events. The mid-game Kansas City left-handers in the last two games (Black and Leibrandt) forced the Toronto skipper, Bobby Cox, to wheel in his right-handed platoons, who then proved helpless against Quisenberry. The Jays had far less pitching, especially out of their bullpen, and as the vise tightened, the lightly experienced Blue Jay lineup became cautious on the bases and began to overswing fiercely when up at bat; twenty-six Toronto batters were stranded in the last three games. In the end, everything seemed to turn against the Blue Jays—some terrible umpiring (it was just as bad for the other side, but the Toronto players brooded about it), the luck of the games, the weather, and even the dimensions of their park. Doyle Alexander, furious over a ball-four call, gave up a game-clinching double to the next and bottommost Royals hitter, Buddy Biancalana, in Game Six. Dave Stieb, left out there far too long in Game Seven, watched a windblown pop fly by Jim Sundberg barely reach the top of the fence out in the too-short right-field corner of Exhibition Stadium, where it caromed away for a three-run triple, putting Toronto be-

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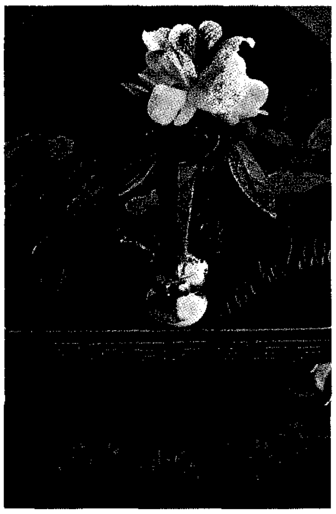
hind for the winter. I had pulled for both of these teams throughout the season, so I felt mixed emotions at the end. I should have looked up Alison Gordon, but I didn't, and after a couple of days she called me in New York. "I'm all right, but let's not talk about it," she said. "I just thought I'd tell you a subhead in the *Globe & Mail* here on the day after the Cardinals and Royals won, damn it. It says, 'MISSOURI LOVES COMPANY.' "

THE Missouri ballparks, east and west, presented the usual festival buntings, identical grassless lawns, and some slummocky game accompaniments by the organists. The musical commentary at Royals Stadium, though less oppressive than the Yankee Stadium stuff, is of a repellent cuteness, while the resident Schweitzer at Busch Stadium spurs on the crowds with little more than ceaseless repetitions of a Budweiser jingle. The Cardinals fans appear to enjoy this custom, I must admit, happily patting their paws together in time to the commercial *Braulied*, but this response is as nothing compared with their enravishments during the pre-game show at Busch, when a gate in the outfield swings open to admit the famous Clydesdales, who perform several galumphing circuits of the field, pulling behind them an ancient, shining beer wagon stacked high with cartons of Bud, with a waggy Dalmatian perched on top. The swaying wagon seat, aloft and forward, is occupied by a busy teamster, his fists full of reins, and by August A. Busch, Jr., the diminutive eighty-six-year-old millionaire owner-brewer, bravely waving his plumed, Cardinal-red chapeau as he hangs on for dear life. I had some initial critical doubts about this spectacle, wondering whether the precedent might not encourage Mr. Steinbrenner to cruise the Yankee Stadium outfield in a replica tanker some day, but in time I began to look on the ceremonial more tolerantly, comparing it, rather, to a colorful but puzzling indigenous religious rite, like fire-walking or rajah-weighing or a blockful of beefy, sweating Sicilians groaning under their tottering ninety-foot saint's tower on some downtown feast day—a spectacle, that is, better entrusted to a *National Geographic* photo crew than to an out-of-town baseball writer.

The Series games, seen in brief retrospect, invite further attention to the commanding nature of stout pitching and the diffident pleasures of come-from-behind baseball. Tudor, it will be recalled, won the opener of the classic, out at Royals Stadium, though in less than imperious fashion, barely outpitching Jackson for a 3–1 decision. Charlie Leibrandt, the strong, thoughtful Royals left-hander, threw a near-masterpiece the next evening (his patterns are much like Tudor's, in fact, although his off-speed pitch moves the other way: in on a left-handed batter), surrendering a bare two singles through the first eight innings, but suffered an appalling progressive accident in the ninth, when the Cardinals put together a single and three doubles (none of them exactly smoked) and pulled off a sudden 4–2 win. Manager Dick Howser's decision not to bring in Quisenberry in the midst of these adventures—Quis had been knocked about in uncharacteristic fashion in his last few outings—will not be taken up here, lest the sound of New Year's revels intrude on the consequent lengthy argumentation.

Game Three belonged to Bret Saberhagen, who absolutely awed the Cards with his 6–1 economy cruise at Busch Stadium, as the Royals briskly did away with Andujar (his season had come apart, for he finished and won only one game after August 23rd, when he stood at 20–7 in the campaign), and George Brett reached base in all five turns at bat. It was in this game, I imagine, that the millions watching at home began to *notice* Saberhagen—his perky little half smile on the mound, his beginner's mustache, the wonderful rush of mid-game strikes and outs that he can impose on the batters, and the odd darting of his tongue at the outset of his windup—a mannerism that has given him his clubhouse nickname, the Lizard. The *other* pitcher held our attention the next evening: John Tudor, back in more characteristic style—a five-hit, 3–0 shutout, in which only two Kansas City base runners set foot on third. Tudor twice fanned Brett with off-speed, slicing sliders, embarrassing him in the process. The Cards were ahead by three games to one, in what some press-box watchers were calling a dull, one-sided Series.

Tudor had struggled unhappily through the early going this season, and his record stood at 1–7 in late May, when he received a telephone call from Dave Bettencourt, his erstwhile batterymate on the Peabody (Mass.) high-school baseball team, who, while watching the Cards on television, had spotted a minor flaw in



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his old friend's delivery. Tudor made an adjustment and went 20–1 for the rest of the summer—an astounding turn of events for a pitcher who in almost five full years' work, for the Pirates and Red Sox, had never won more than thirteen games in a season. I went to Bill Campbell for enlightenment—the tall, knob-shouldered Cardinals reliever, who had also worked out of the Boston bullpen when Tudor was there.

"There's no secret to it," Campbell said in the St. Louis clubhouse. "He's learned how to pitch. He didn't do all that bad with the Red Sox or the Pirates, but you're not going to come out looking very good with teams like that, because you can only do so much. Here we've got these rabbits in the outfield, a great big ballpark, and some guys who are going to turn the D.P. It's amazing what that double play will do for a pitcher. When he doesn't get it, he knows he should be out of the inning but he's not, and when that happens over and over again it adds up—it's another sort of year. The big difference might be that John changes speeds more than he used to—that's maturity in a pitcher. He's got a good enough fastball, with a tail on it, and he doesn't mind coming inside—any left-hander who's pitched at Fenway has to be willing to throw inside—but when you can move the ball around the way John does, the change-up becomes a *big* pitch for you. His change looks like a fastball, but it moves away, and you can see what that does to the hitters. They're leaning, they're a mile out in front. You saw what happened to Brett today, and Brett is a great, great hitter. You have to remember that big-league batters hate to have the fastball thrown past them. Here's John, who's already shown them that change-up and then the fastball, so what are they going to do? They *know* the change is coming—it's in the back of their minds—but what they're ready for, every time, is the fastball. And then . . ." He shrugged. "Then they get the change and they're out of there."

Dick Howser, the midsize, sociable Royals manager, loves to talk about his young pitchers—Bret Saberhagen most of all. "Here's a guy who looks like Mel Stottlemyre and throws like Catfish Hunter," he told me out in Kansas City. "I've been saying he doesn't throw the ball past anybody, but after that game he pitched against the Angels"—a 3–1 complete-game victory that brought the Royals even

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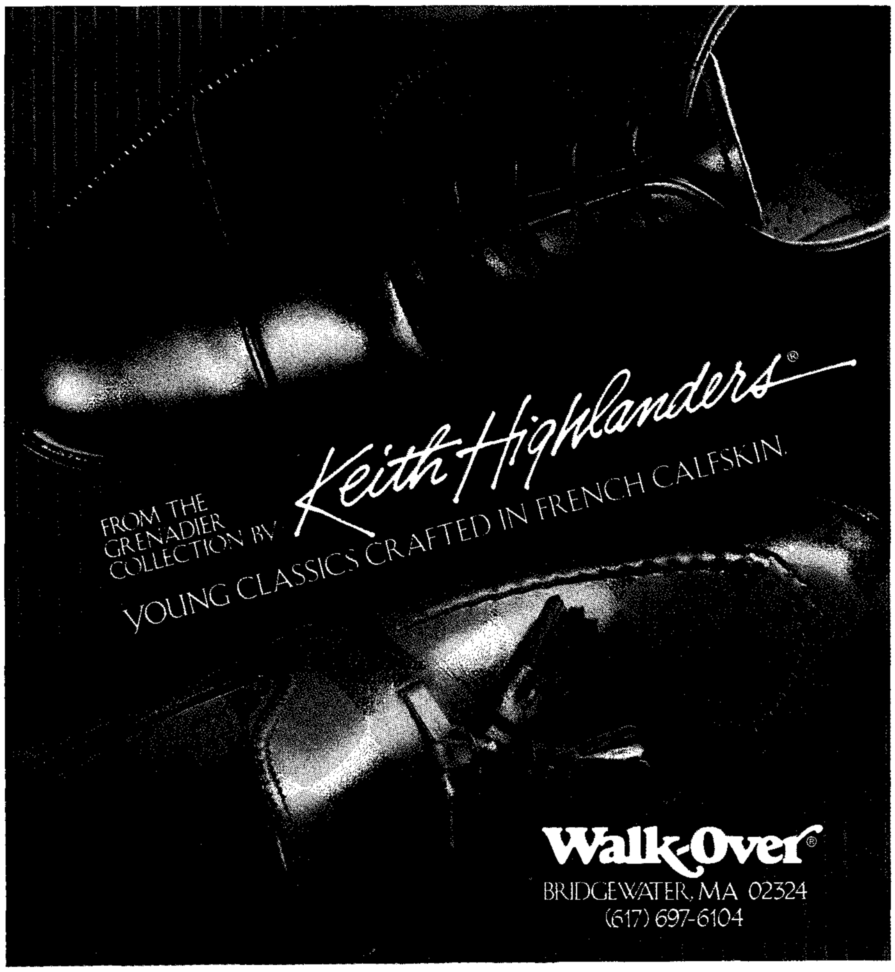
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with California at the beginning of their critical late-season series—"I'm not so sure. His last pitch, to Reggie Jackson, was a ninety-five-mile-an-hour strike, and Reggie didn't *move*. The best pitch in the game was that last one. But it's his control that amazes you. Last year, when he was just starting, he beat the Angels a game and only threw ninety-one pitches. Like Guidry and Stottlemyre and those others, he fields his position and he holds the runners close. He doesn't get beat in those little ways. He's got a great pickoff move, and *that's* something you don't see much with young pitchers, because the good ones have been striking everybody out when they're down in the minors. I kept watching this kid's figures as he came up through our system. There'd be nine innings, with six strikeouts and no bases on balls—that kind of thing. And they held up all the way for him, at every level. You *notice* him." He shook his head a little. "Even his pitchouts are good," he went on. "The ball is up *here* to the catcher—not down there somewhere."

Other Royals struck the same chords. Jim Sundberg, the highly capable catcher, compared Saberhagen's work with the pitching of Ferguson Jenkins, Don Sutton, and Gaylord Perry. "He's a control pitcher, with great off-speed stuff," he said, "but he has the patience of somebody who's been in big leagues for years and years. Today"—this was just after Game Three—"his change-up wasn't working early, but we came back to it later on, and he got some big outs with it. He does that all the time."

Pitching coach Gary Blaylock told me that Saberhagen could throw the running fastball, could ride it up and in, and could swing it down and away from the batter. "And that's all you can *do* with a fastball, you know," he said. But in the end he, too, came back to Saberhagen's control. "I was the Royals' minor-league pitching coach up to last year, so I saw this kid when he first came to work for us, in the Instructional League," he said. "He walked one man in his first twenty-three professional innings. He didn't have a breaking ball when we signed him, but he did have that control, right from the beginning, which is hard to believe. He's a quick kid, and he can do it all now, and the hitters know it. He gets on a roll in the middle innings, and the batter is up there looking to hit that first pitch, because he knows he's never going to find himself in that good two-oh, three-one spot. Before you know it, the kid is getting ten or twelve or fourteen outs in a row. I've never seen a pitcher to compare him with."

Saberhagen did not emerge as the best of the young K.C. flingers until the middle of this past summer, and Howser told me that he was still not sure which of them would be the top man in the long run. A year ago, he reminded me, Bud Black's 17–12 record had been the best among the young starters. The beginning of the Royals' championship, in his view, was the spring-training season of 1984, at a very low ebb in the club's history. Four of its best-known players—Willie Wilson, Vida Blue, Willie Aikens, and Jerry Martin—had been convicted on cocaine charges at the end of 1983, and had served terms in jail; only Wilson came back to the Royals afterward. Three established Kansas City starters—Dennis Leonard, Paul Splittorff, and Larry Gura—were approaching the end of illustrious careers (although Leonard has undergone extensive rehabilitation for a serious knee injury and is still hoping for a return to full form), and no one in the dugout or in the front office expected much good news in the seasons just ahead. Howser, with no other course really open to him, determined to see how far he could go with Saberhagen, Mark Gubicza, and Danny Jackson, who between them had nineteen innings of major-league experience. (Bud Black, a year ahead of this freshman class, was already in the rotation.) Saberhagen and Gubicza began the season as rookie starters, and Jackson moved in from the bullpen late in the summer. Leibrandt, who is in his upper twenties (he had four earlier, fair-to-poor years with the Cincinnati Reds), began that 1984 season in the minors. "We plain didn't have room for him," Howser said. "He only got in three innings' work all spring. But then he pitched his way onto our club from Omaha. He just kind of happened on us. You know the rest."

The rest he meant is that the Royals, in sixth place in mid-July of '84, went 44–27 for the rest of the year—the best record over that distance in their league—on the strength of their pitching, and won their division before being eliminated in the championship series by the Tigers. The same pattern showed itself this year, when the Royals, seven and a half games back after the All-Star

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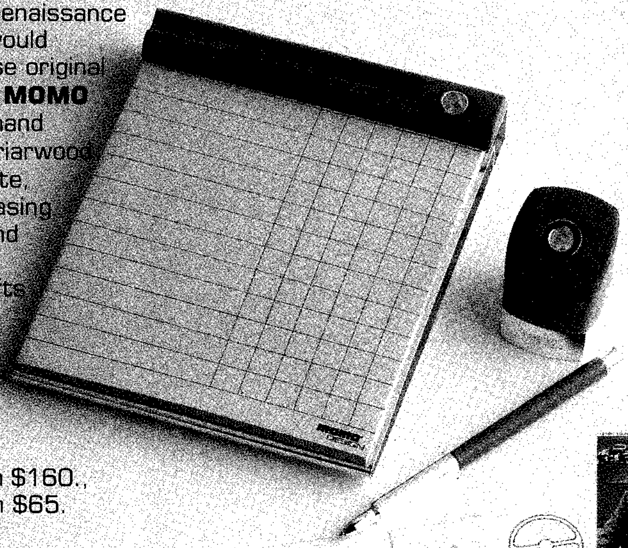

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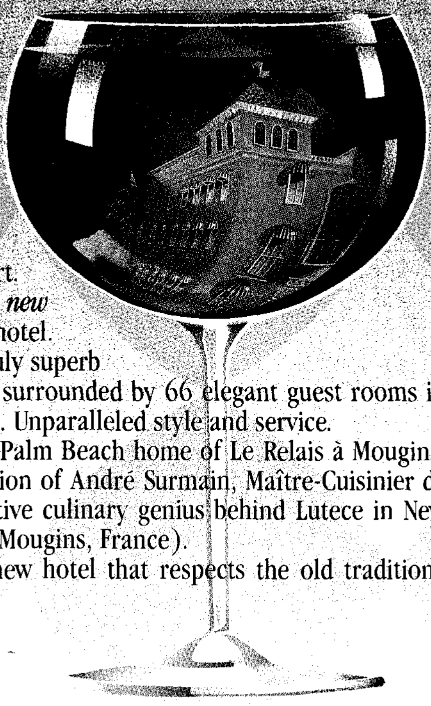

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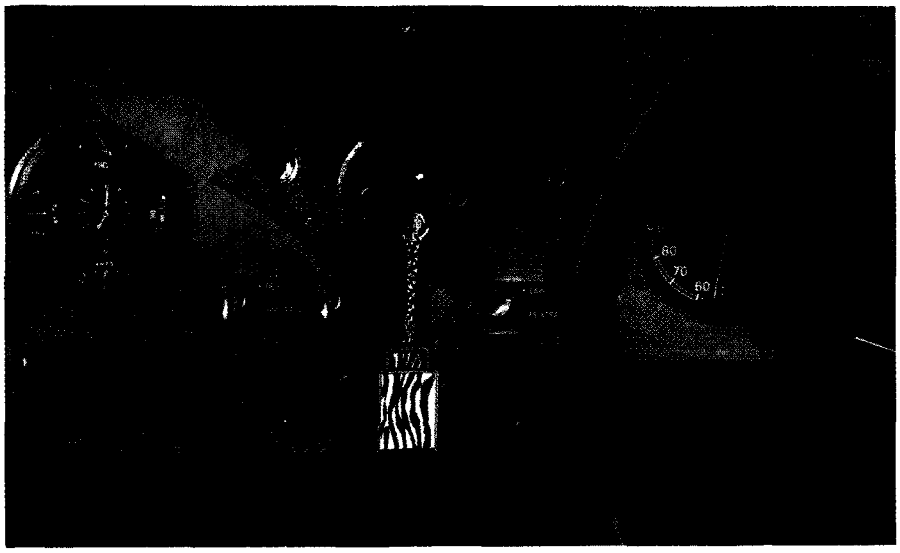

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break, put the Angels away in the last week, but this time they seemed to know all along that they would win. As a team, they finished next to the top in pitching (second to the Blue Jays), next to the bottom in batting (the Angels were lower), and somewhere up out of sight in confidence. The Royals' absolute zest for come-from-behind baseball was not made out of mere cheerfulness or some mad belief in baseball luck but came from a perfect knowledge of their own past record and proved capabilities. A splendid old adage tells us that great pitching will always beat great hitting and vice versa, but I suspect, in fact, that great pitching builds character. What the Royals showed us repeatedly this fall, on the field and in their clubhouse, was class. You could see it, of course, in sudden headline performances like Brett's outbursts at the plate or in successive marvellous outings by Leibrandt, Jackson, Saberhagen, and the rest, but you expect that sort of thing from one source or another during championship play. In these games, though, one also began to notice and appreciate lesser inferences, like Steve Balboni's dogged persistence at the plate, in spite of his repeated strikeouts and pop-ups (he hit thirty-six homers this year, but none at all in postseason play), which ultimately brought him eight Series singles and a .320 Series average; Jim Sundberg's baserunning (of all things) and those two identical super-duper slides into home; Buddy Biancalana's exuberance and pleasure in the game, which showed itself in his errorless and sometimes breathtaking play at shortstop (he was considered something of a joke at the outset of the autumn games, having accounted for more errors than runs batted in during his brief tenure this season); Dan Quisenberry's elegant refusal to complain about his bad luck and unaccustomed embarrassments in several games ("I try never to be the manager," he said after being passed over by Howser in that second-game crisis. "I want to be a tool for him, and not guess whether he should use me now, or not now, or not until the fifteenth inning. He's better at that than I am"); and Dick Howser's open and wholly unpatronizing admiration for the play of his professionals, and his joy at their joy at the end. Sooner or later, he seemed to know, young talent will *always* catch up.

The question that remains, before we get back to the last few plays and innings of the year, is why or how it happened that so many extraordinary young pitchers came to the fore so suddenly in 1985—a season in which the ages of the two brand-new Cy Young Award winners, Dwight Gooden and Bret Saberhagen, together, fall four years short of Phil Niekro's forty-six—a symbol, if I ever saw one. Better training methods, better nutrition, and a generally upward genetic curve come quickly to mind (think of all those young pre-Olympic swimmers breaking world records in every meet, or so it seems), and so does the much more intelligent and intensive present-day coaching of ballplayers at the school and college and minor-league levels. But why has there been no similar flowering of young hitters in the game? We will all be pondering this enigma over the next five years or so—a period in which I believe that pitching will more and more come to dominate the sport—but in the meantime I will relay the words I received from Seymour Siwoff, the Wizard of Elias, when I recently put this question to him.

"It's television," he said at once. "It's gotta be the tube. All these kids have grown up watching baseball on television. They've watched all summer long, ever since they were boys, and they've learned how this game is played. That doesn't help much if you're a batter, because the truth is you're either born with the ability to hit the ball or else you can't do it. You can't *learn* that—it's not like a book or a theory. But pitching—well, anybody can see how that's done. Move the ball around, change speeds, get ahead of the batter, throw strikes. There's no mystery there, and if you're a great young high-school athlete pretty soon you can just start doing it. The batters are in trouble right now, and it's going to get worse. Just wait and see."

THE Cardinal fans were ready to celebrate a World Championship when they poured into Busch Stadium for the fifth game ("IT'S ICED!" said one fan's placard), but some of the Cardinal players seemed less certain. Although the Redbirds were leading by three games to one, it had not quite escaped notice that the absence of Coleman and the parsimony of the Royals' pitching had shut off the Cardinals' free and easy way on the base paths. (By the end, the team had managed only two stolen bases.) "This is by far the best starting rotation we've seen all year," Tom Herr said to me after Game Four. "They've

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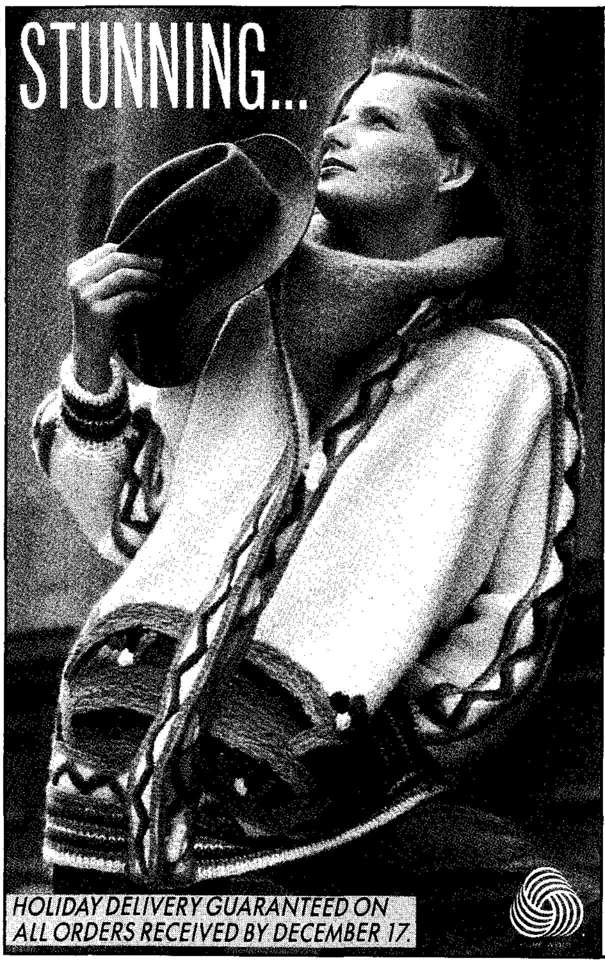
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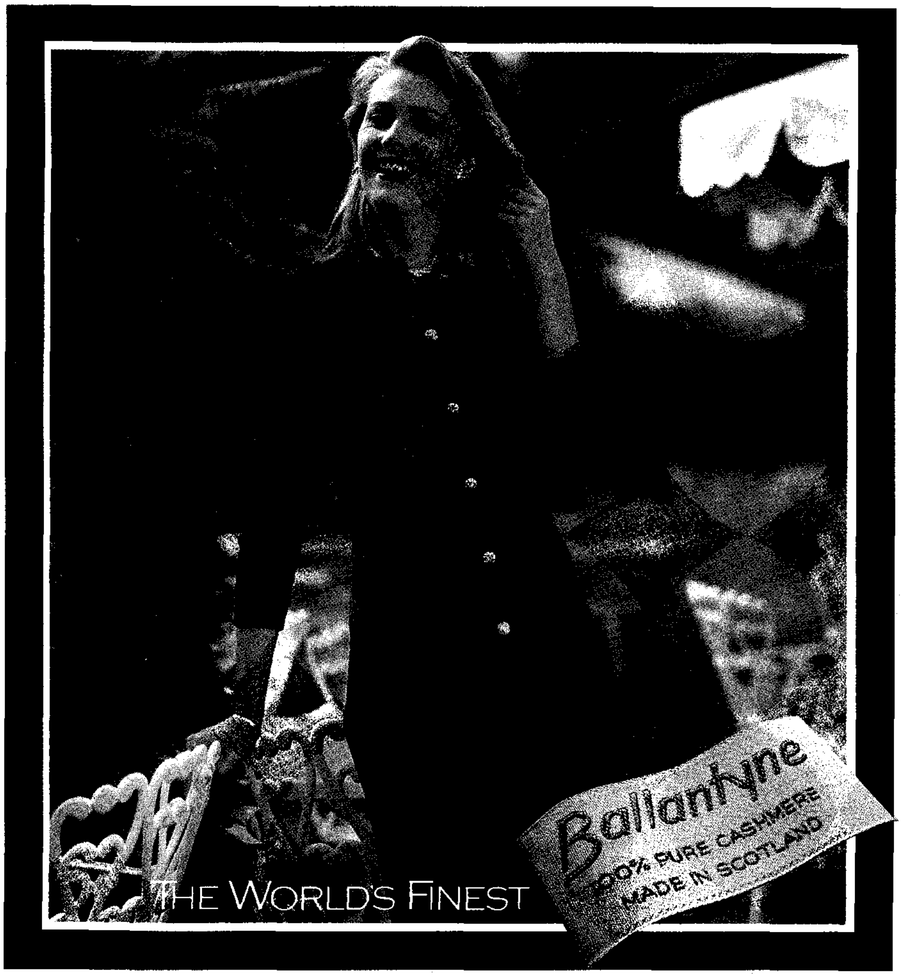

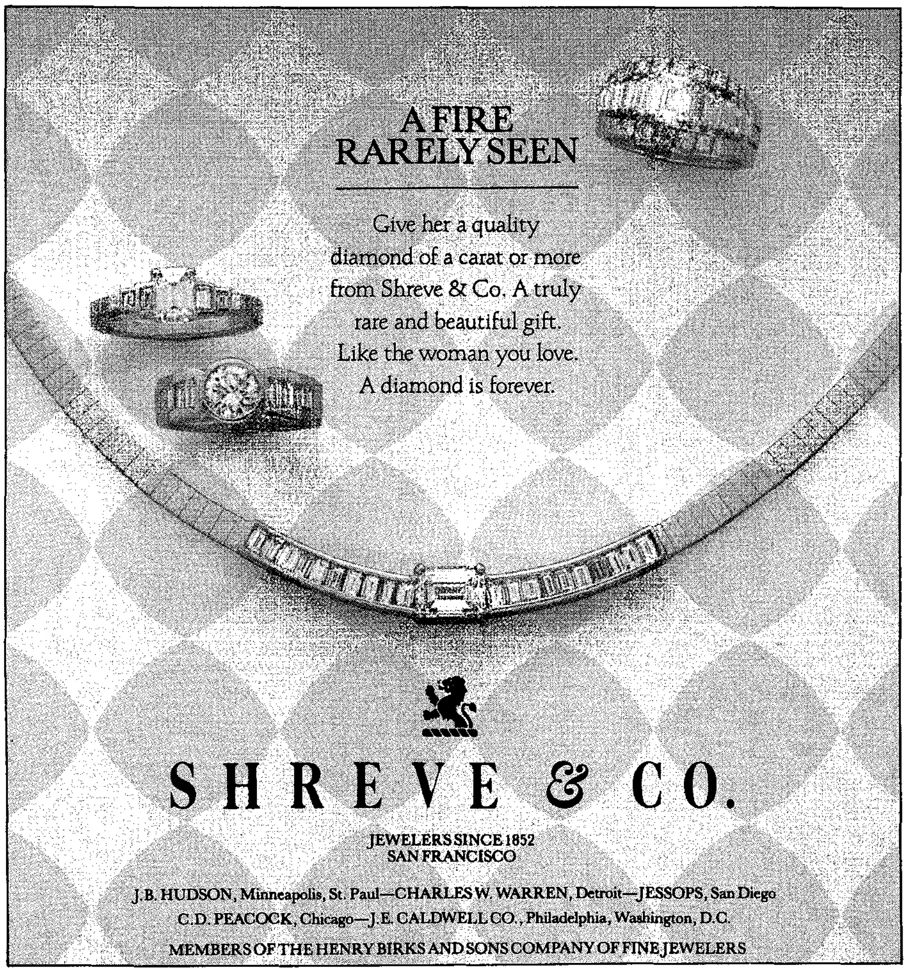
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taken us out of our game, and that's the mark of a good club. We're very tired. I'd sure like to win here tomorrow."

Tomorrow's Kansas City starter was Danny Jackson, who further validated Herr's appraisal by going the full nine, in a 6–1 Kansas City win. Five Cardinal pitchers together struck out fifteen Royals batters—a Ry-Krisp sort of stat under these circumstances. The most discussed (or *only* discussed) play of the game was Sundberg's dramatic slither past catcher Nieto in the second inning, when he touched the bag with his fingertips and was either: (a) safe, as umpire John Shulock called it, or (b) out, as the more distant, fifty-thousand-voice minority opinion had it. Watching closely from my privileged press perch in the right-field third deck, I abstained.

Game Six had it all: an excruciatingly cumulative tension as the two pitchers—Leibrandt for the Royals, Danny Cox for the Cardinals—had at each other over seven scoreless innings at Royals Stadium; dashing and sometimes exceptional infield play (Biancalana far to his right in the seventh; Biancalana far to his left on the very next play); and then the inevitable rip in the fabric, a knife-slit in its pain and suddenness, when Pendleton singled in the Cardinal eighth, went to second on a walk, and scored on a little looped pinch single by Brian Harper. Leibrandt—again the hard-luck loser, it seemed, this time in a game he would remember always—was taken out, and we could see him slumped on the Kansas City bench, with his head twisted back in shock and disbelief. What followed, of course, turned the year around—the very close play at first base in the bottom of the ninth, when the Royals' pinch-hitter Jorge Orta galloped out a nubbed bouncer and was called safe by umpire Don Denkinger as Clark flipped to pitcher Todd Worrell. I was in no doubt about *that* play, since I was watching the game, perforce, by television in eastern Maine, and many cameras and replays quickly showed us that Denkinger was wrong. It was not an outrageously bad call, as such matters are measured—it had been previously topped, or bottomed, by several decisions in the playoffs—and one could even tell how it happened. Umpires call these bang-bang affairs by sound as well as sight—they stare at the bag and listen for the sound of the ball hitting the mitt—and the cresting mass screech of the home crowd at Royals Stadium drowned out Denkinger's chance to pick up the little tap of Worrell grabbing the toss. I can sympathize with the indignation of Cardinal fans and players who may still believe that at this precise instant they were jobbed out of a World Championship, even though I don't agree. Baseball luck is an inescapable part of the game, and how a team responds to a sudden, unfair shock very often turns out to be what matters in the end. The Cardinals, wrongly placed in jeopardy, now lost the game when Clark allowed Balboni's foul pop near the dugout to fall untouched behind him (Balboni then singled), and when—next, with one out—catcher Darrell Porter lost track of a Worrell pitch, for a passed ball: two runners moved up, and then scored on Dane Iorg's broken-bat pinch-hit single to right, which won the great game.

The last night's doings—the disastrous 11–0 humiliation of the National League champions—should be passed over quickly. I grieved for John Tudor, who could not throw his off-speed pitch over the plate on this particular day, and quickly let us see how cruelly unprotected a fine-tune control pitcher becomes when so handicapped. He left in the middle of the third, after walking two successive batters, to force in a run—his earliest departure from a game all year. Saberhagen, for his part, was in top form—scudding downwind, so to speak, and sticking to business out there in spite of the wonderful accumulation of good news and good fortune that came flooding his way at this early moment in his life: a new baby son, born the day before; his M.V.P. selection in the Series; a Cy Young Award just ahead; and his overnight arrival as a wonderfully pleasing and talented new sports hero. He would have won the game, I sensed, if the final score had been 1–0. The Cardinals, by contrast, looked petulant and self-pitying in defeat. Whitey Herzog got himself ejected from the proceedings (not the worst of fates on this particular night) while defending the childish and uncontrollable Andujar, who shortly thereafter got the heave-ho himself for rushing and bumping the umpire in his insistence that two successive wide pitches had to be strikes, because he wanted it that way. The other Cardinals were silent in their suffering, but I think it must be said that this was a popular defeat. From the beginning of this World Series, several Cardinal players

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had made it plain that they thought of their team as being by far the better club—one that would quickly demonstrate that it had been unfairly slighted by the East Coast and West Coast media—and that it belonged somewhere up there in the panoply of great ball teams. What the "Show Me" World Series may have shown them in the end is that easy assumptions are probably a serious mistake in this pastime, particularly here at the doorstep of the new Age of the Pitcher. They may have a longish time to think about their miscalculation, as the ABC game announcer Tim McCarver pointed out in the latter stretches of that seventh game. He had been a catcher on the 1968 Cardinals—a better Cardinals team than this one, in my estimation—who had led their American League opponents, the Tigers, by a three-games-to-one margin in that Series but then somehow let the thing slip away. "I haven't been able to forget that for one day since it happened," he said, "and that was *seventeen* years ago."

LET us end on a happier note. Earlier in the week, I ran into Frank Cashen at one of the postgame press parties in St. Louis. Cashen, the general manager of the Mets, is a bluff, pleasant gent, with a pinkish Fenian phiz and an invariable bow tie. He was looking more cheerful than he had at our last encounter, which had been in the Mets' clubhouse following the team's elimination, and after we chatted a bit about the game we had just seen he said, "Listen, I was sitting at an owners' meeting this afternoon—they go on forever, sometimes—and I suddenly began thinking about all the great two-word phrases we have in this game. I'd never noticed before. I even started to write them down. I mean 'Base hit,' 'Strike three,' 'Ball four,' 'Double play.' " He was counting on his fingers now. " 'Line drive,' 'Stolen base,' 'Home run.' "

" 'Rain delay,' " I put in. " 'Rain check,' 'Contract dispute,' 'Free agent.' "

"No, no—don't do that," Cashen said. "Keep listening: 'Squeeze play,' 'Spring training,' 'Batter up,' 'Dwight Gooden!' "

—ROGER ANGELL

•

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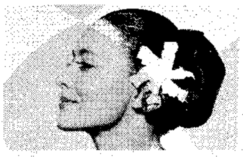

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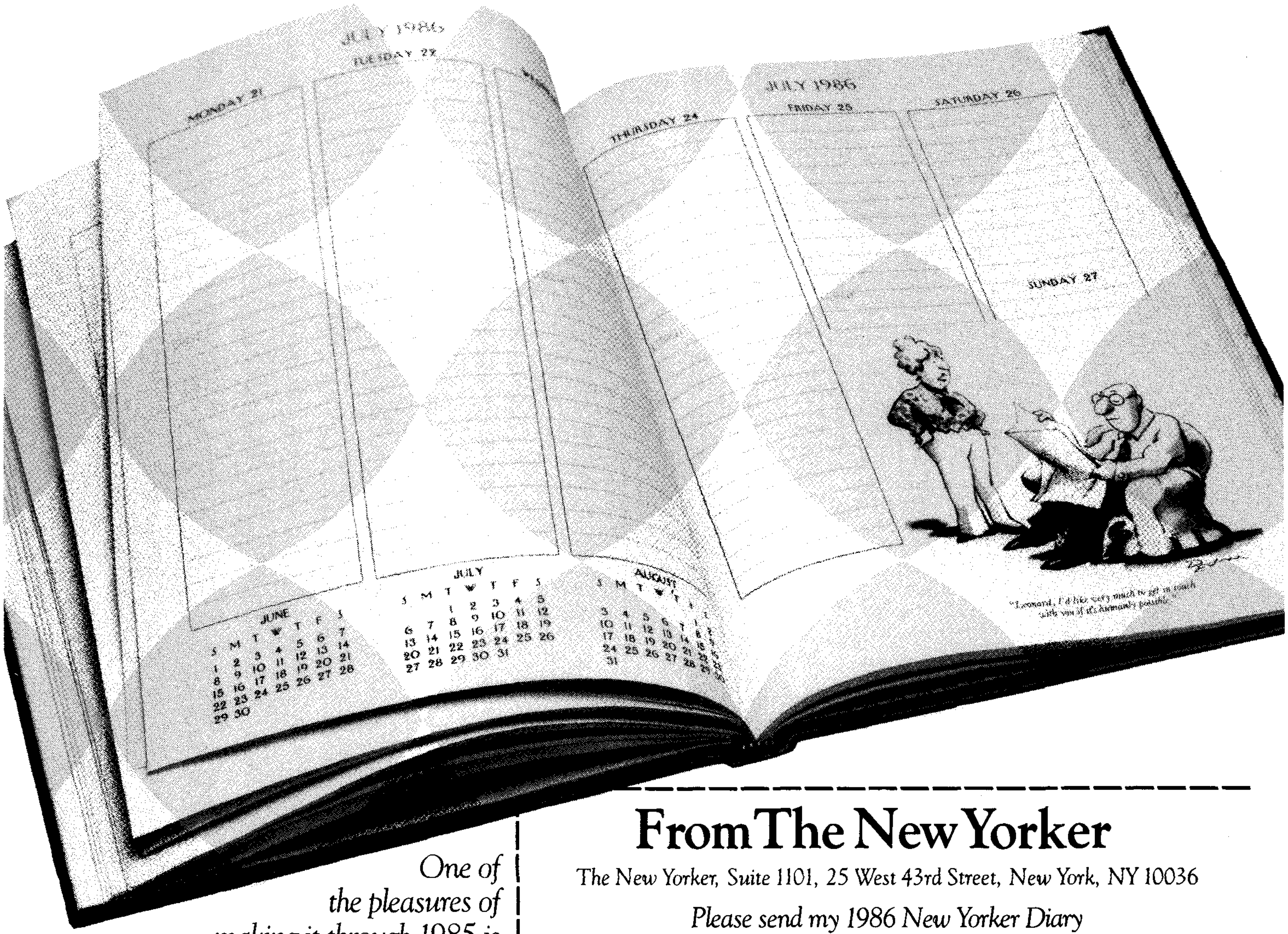
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

REMEMBER how, in days gone by, a child would open a box on Christmas morning, let out a cry of joy, reach for the doll within, and give it a name (perhaps simply Dolly), and how, before everyone's eyes, the two would be transformed into loving-parent-and-doll in an instant, touching example of bonding—a term that nobody in the room had then ever heard of? Now there seems to be a concerted effort on the part of some elements of the toy industry to suggest that it's unwise to give houseroom to dolls—and a number of other toys—unless they bring with them packets of official-looking credentials certifying that they or their new owners are what they purport to be. Some people blame this development on the Cabbage Patch Kids. As you may know, included in the box with the Kids when they first arrived on the toy counters a couple of years ago were birth certificates with two given names already supplied (Della Gayle, Eldon Clark, and other choices their new parents would not necessarily have made), individual "personality profiles" ("Know Your Doll"), and adoption papers. The children signed these papers, in which they vowed to be responsible adoptive parents, and mailed them off to the manufacturer with the assurance that on their doll's first birthday it would receive a happy-birthday card from Babyland General Hospital, in Cleveland, Georgia, where it had allegedly first seen the light of day—rather than from Hong Kong and other Far Eastern stops where the dolls are in fact made. Blaming things on the Cabbage Patchers is stylish these days, particularly among some figures in the toy industry who haven't adjusted well to the fact that the doll sensation of the nineteen-eighties—that high-tech and computer-ridden decade in which comeliness is treated as next (at least) to godliness—has been a sixteen-inch-tall armful of rag doll, capable of not a single electronic feat, whose soft-sculptured pudgy cheeks, pursed lips, and small, faintly crossed eyes would have caused it to be instantly disqualified from any doll beauty contest of yesteryear. On being asked at the 1985 American International Toy Fair, which is held every February in this city, what he thought was ahead for the toy business, one retailer said disconsolately, "What do I know about toys? What does *anybody* know about toys?" Probably neither he nor anybody else would have bet a dollar in Monopoly money that the Cabbage Patch Kids would become what Coleco Industries, their manufacturer, now jubilantly calls "the stuff of legends." Last summer, Arnold Greenberg, the head of Coleco, said of Barbie, that hardy perennial on little girls' Christmas lists, that she was "the perfect golden Californian," with "no warts." (A striking version of this eleven-and-a-half-inch blond fashion doll is known as Peaches 'n Cream Barbie—"She's pretty as a peach blossom!" it says on the box—and wears a billowy, flouncy peach-colored gown with a sparkling white top, an adjustable flouncy stole, and quantities of jewelry and hair ornaments; she's $16.95 at F. A. O. Schwarz.) "Cabbage Patch Kids are all different," said Greenberg. "They are not perfect. They represent you and me, with all our warts. They are almost anti-hero." Over the years, toymakers' experience with marketing a doll that was not traditionally pretty—or, anyhow, cute-looking—had not been encouraging. Back in the nineteen-fifties, a straggly-haired, glum-faced chinless wonder of a doll named Poor Pitiful Pearl, designed by William Steig, the cartoonist, sold at a relatively pitiful rate. However, this born-loser type has had the last laugh on her dimpled toy-counter competitors. Once a ten-dollar item, she is now worth many times as much to collectors of unusual and hard-to-find dolls. Cabbage Patchers aren't likely to be in demand on the ground of rarity in the foreseeable future: at least thirty-five million of them—boy and girl dolls, black and white dolls—have been sold. (Consider the awesome task of making up thirty-five million personality profiles and sets of given names.) Just the twenty million bought through the end of last year amounted, by Coleco's count, to one for every child between the ages of three and eight in the United States.

While you keep an eye out for Pearl, we can tell you that buying a Cabbage Patch Kid is now a much easier proposition than it was two years ago, when the *Wall Street Journal* described doll-department aisles as resembling "the streets of Beirut"—and than it was last year, when the enterprise was hardly less perilous. You can now step right up to the counters even in quite small stores and buy one without fear of sniper fire if you have the money in hand; at B. Shackman & Co., 85 Fifth Avenue (16th), for example, they're $35. However, having Cabbage Patch Kids on the premises

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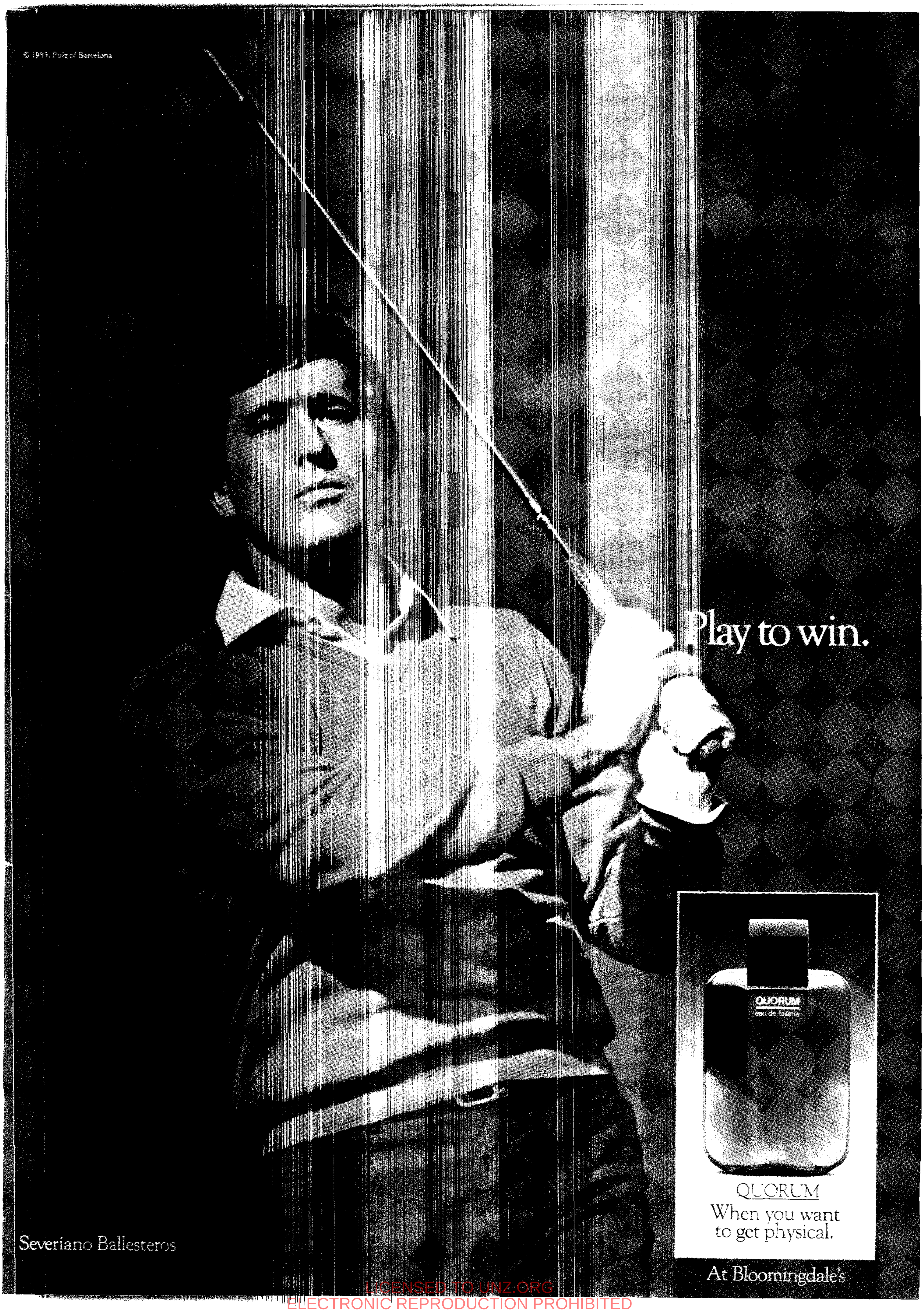
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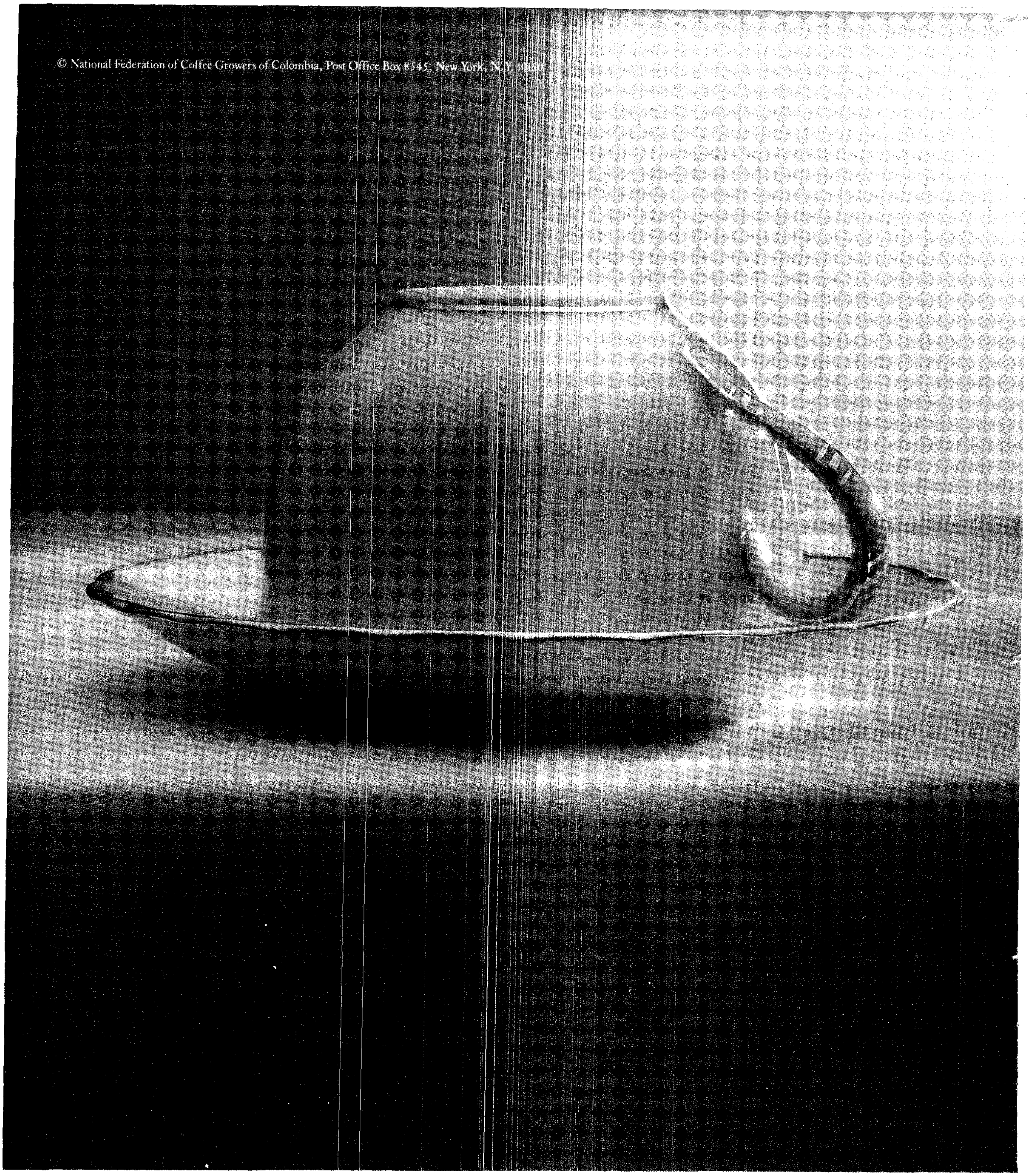

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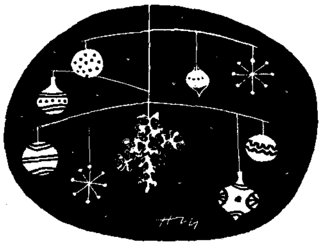
can still be perilous for storekeepers. A few weeks ago, two gun-toting young men entered the Austin Drug Store in Lawrence, Long Island, snatched two of the dolls, and sped away with them by car. The abducted pair, whose names were Louisa Holly and Gerda Estelle, were members of a new Cabbage Patch line, the World Travelers, which are fitted out not only with designer luggage (cardboard) and airline tickets but with passports—and, of course, their birth certificates and adoption papers. These dolls travel first class: they cost $70 at Youth at Play, 1120 Madison Avenue (83rd). Alerted by the drugstore clerk, the police chased the Kids-nappers' car and rescued Louisa and Gerda, who, according to a report in the *Daily News* (under a headline featuring the phrase "LA DOLL-CE VITA"), were found unharmed in the back seat of the car, "still smiling despite the ordeal"—the account having apparently been written by a reporter who didn't know that the Kids' permanent expression is impassive-to-sulky. The dolls' credentials were rescued with them. If the heist hadn't been foiled, the authorities might have tried to follow the paper trail: would the new owners risk detection by trying to register their felonious "adoptions" with the folks at Babyland General Hospital? If any fingerprinting had been needed, one of the Childcraft stores, 155 East 23rd or 150 East 58th Street, could have helped out with a Fingerprint Kit, which includes an ink block, fingerprint powder, a pocket magnifying glass, a brush, sponges, and ten sheets of fingerprint paper—all for $10.95.



A fair question about the Long Island heist is whether the Cabbage Patch Kids would have suffered such an affront if their corporate sibling had been on the scene. A few months ago, the Coleco people announced that they hoped to have a Rambo "action figure" available for children in time for Christmas—although the children it was intended for had presumably not seen the Sylvester Stallone character on the screen, "Rambo: First Blood Part II" being R-rated. The announcement said that the plastic representation of the Green Beret who went back to the Vietnam jungles looking for American soldiers missing in action and ended up shooting nearly everybody in sight would be six and a half inches tall, and promised that he would be supplied with accessories, "each designed to portray the excitement, patriotism, and heroics for which Rambo is known." To commentators who expressed concern that the forthcoming Coleco product would encourage violent-mindedness in children, Barbara Wruck, a company vice-president, explained, "Children since Day One have played . . . good guys and bad guys. It's a way of expressing fantasy ideas about good and evil." Henry Miller, a former British journalist, took a less historical view of things. "Where are toy manufacturers heading morally?" he demanded in a recent issue of *Newsday*. "It defies imagination that any caring parent would want a child to snuggle up in bed with Rambo. . . . It would surely be better to send a child to bed with a wooden puppet who tells lies—and whose nose grows longer in the telling—than a mercenary with a machine gun." If you decide to opt for Pinocchio, there's a fine seventeen-inch wooden one, hand carved and painted in Italy—which is surely fitting—for $32 at the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street. If you are looking for a Pinocchio doll that someone really could snuggle up with, the Gingerbread House also has a soft, stuffed Pinocchio, twenty-one inches tall, for $17.95.

Customers for children's gifts who grasp at signs of stability wherever they can find them in an unsettled world may take comfort in the reminder that this Christmas the toys in the upper reaches of the Toy Hit Parade, the ten-item best-seller list put out monthly by the trade publication *Toy & Hobby World*, are Cabbage Patch Kids, Masters of the Universe toys, and Transformers, all of which were also high on the list last Christmas. The items in the Masters of the Universe line, which is now in first place, are better known to most children as He-Man and the friends and enemies thereof, in honor of the line's main hero. He-Man, who is "fully articulated" (that's toy-ese for jointed), is described by the company responsible for him—Mattel, Inc., which also makes Barbie—as "the most powerful man in the universe." However, this five-and-a-half-inch plastic action figure doesn't have a shred of documentation on him to prove this. In the case

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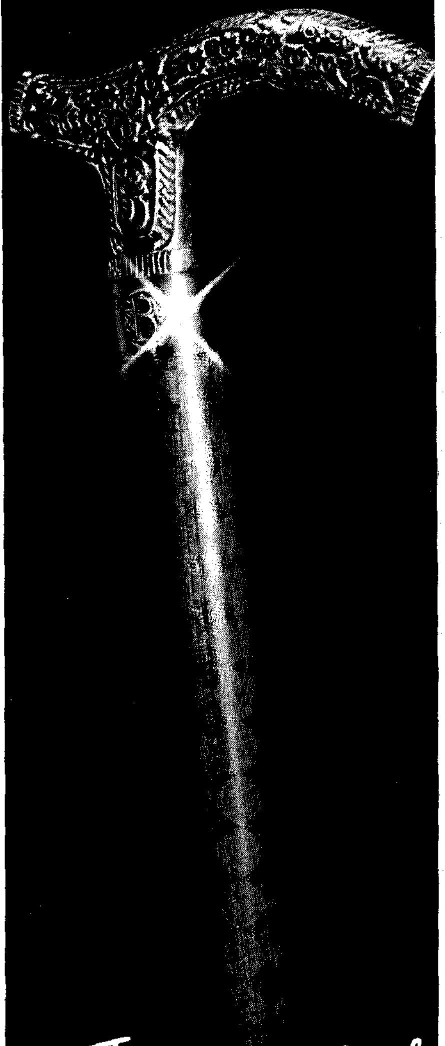

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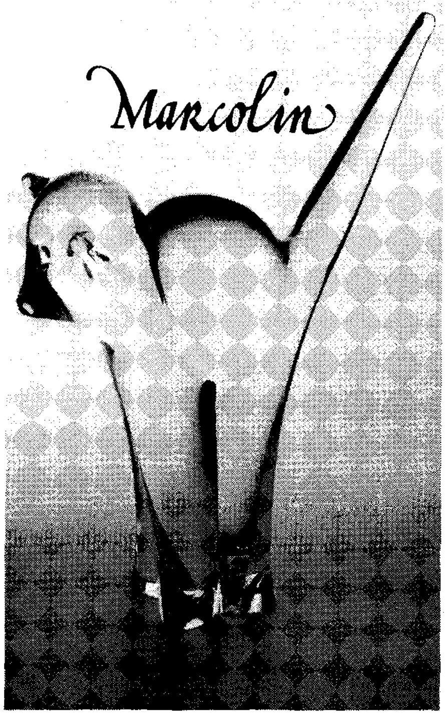

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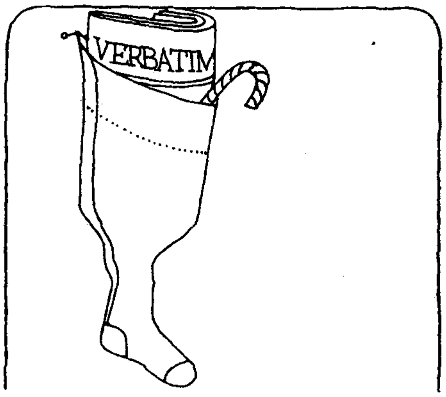

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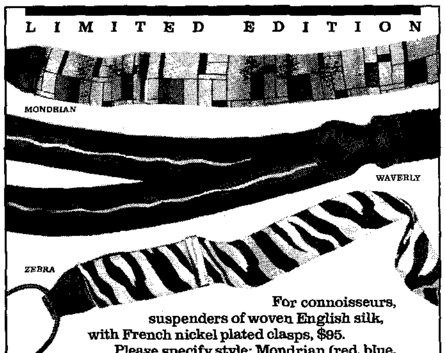

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of the Transformers, which are in second place, cards of identity would be hard to devise, since they are robots of the kind that, with a twist of one part and a fold back of others, convert into tanks, helicopters, radios—or, this year, insects—and are then reconvertible to robots. Still, each of these toys does bring with it a "secret liquid-crystal logo" that, when applied, authenticates it to those in the know as a true Transformer. Also sent along with each robot is a description of his individual personality ("Know Your Transformer").

To add to the sense of stability in the toy world, Trivial Pursuit, although it is off the Hit Parade, is still the nation's best-selling game. Twenty-two million sets were sold last year and about ten million this year—no trifling record. After sixteen months at the top of the Toy Hit Parade, the Cabbage Patch Kids fell out of first place last May, but they have never been lower than third, where they are today. The only other doll on the winners' list is one called Real Baby, which is in tenth place. For generations, toymakers have passed out literature describing one doll or another as being "just like a real baby," and now the Hasbro Bradley company—which also makes Transformers and G.I. Joe dolls (sorry, action figures), which are now in fifth place—has come right out and named one that. This is a very nice-looking girl doll (no dimples), who would be a welcome addition to the family. Twenty-one inches tall, she comes in a ruffled romper outfit. Her combable hair is blond or brunette, according to your choice, and there is also a black Real Baby. All of them can be bought in wide-awake versions with limpid, porcelain-doll eyes, or asleep. The doll's soft body is weighted, so that she feels more like a real baby than your average plastic doll, and her mouth is slightly open to receive her thumb or a bottle—which is provided. You want to know how real Real Baby is? There's paperwork involved here, too. Included in the box are a book of girls' names and five birth announcements, with envelopes, to be mailed out to friends by the new parent, who, you will note, is given the privilege of choosing the name. Real Baby is $32 at Macy's.

The departments that sell train sets for little kids are also gone on documentation. When somebody buys one of those wooden Brio sets for a child, the beneficiary becomes an instant

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member of the Engineers Club, which Brio recently started up, and is eligible to receive a framable certificate of membership, stating that he or she is capable of running the new railroad, and also a membership card to flash. (Naturally, official Engineers Club T-shirts and caps will soon be available.) The simplest Brio set, which a child will probably find it possible to operate without an Engineers Club certificate, includes eight curved tracks, and two brightly painted cars and a locomotive equipped with magnets for coupling. It costs $24.50 at the Penny Whistle stores, 448 Columbus Avenue (82nd) and 1283 Madison Avenue (91st).

The passion for carry-around credentials has invaded the toy-animal kingdom, too. Coleco likes to boast that no Cabbage Patch doll is exactly like any other—although in some cases the differences may amount only to variations in the size of freckles (no, *not* warts). The Tonka company makes the same claim for the three million Pound Puppies that it expects to sell this year. (Until a couple of years back, Tonka was known mainly for its sturdy steel toy trucks. Then, early in 1984, using a Japanese design, it began to produce four-inch GoBots, the first robot-into-vehicle toys on the American mass market. Now Tonka's Road Ranger Long-Haul Rigs—the cab and the detachable trailer together measure twenty-five inches, and you'll find them at Gimbels East for $27—have been put to work as mobile in-house commercials. On the sides of the trailer it says "Robots That Change Into Vehicles!" beside large pictures of a GoBot in its two phases. Next year, Tonka's rolling stock will doubtless include a Pound Puppy dogcatcher's rig.) The Pound Puppies all wear mournful expressions, but we haven't encountered one that was exactly like any other; that's appropriate, of course, in the case of puppies you might find at the town pound, which is the conceit here. Some of the pups have short ears, some long; some are spotted, some are not. They are all, however, of the hound, bulldog, terrier, or spaniel variety—no Chihuahua types, for instance. About twenty inches long, these are soft-bodied dogs with velours coats, and—praise be!—they can be machine-washed and dried. (Keeping the Cabbage Patch dolls tidy is more of a challenge. Madison Custom Cleaners—"Cleaners of Distinction"—at 1296 Madison Avenue, on the corner of 93rd Street, has large signs in two of its windows say-

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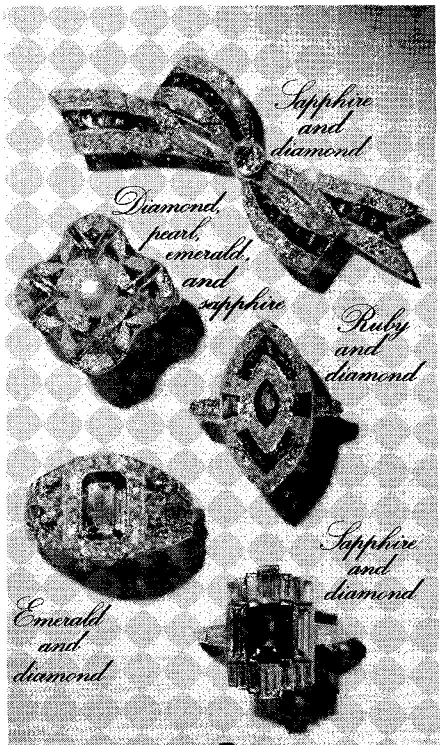

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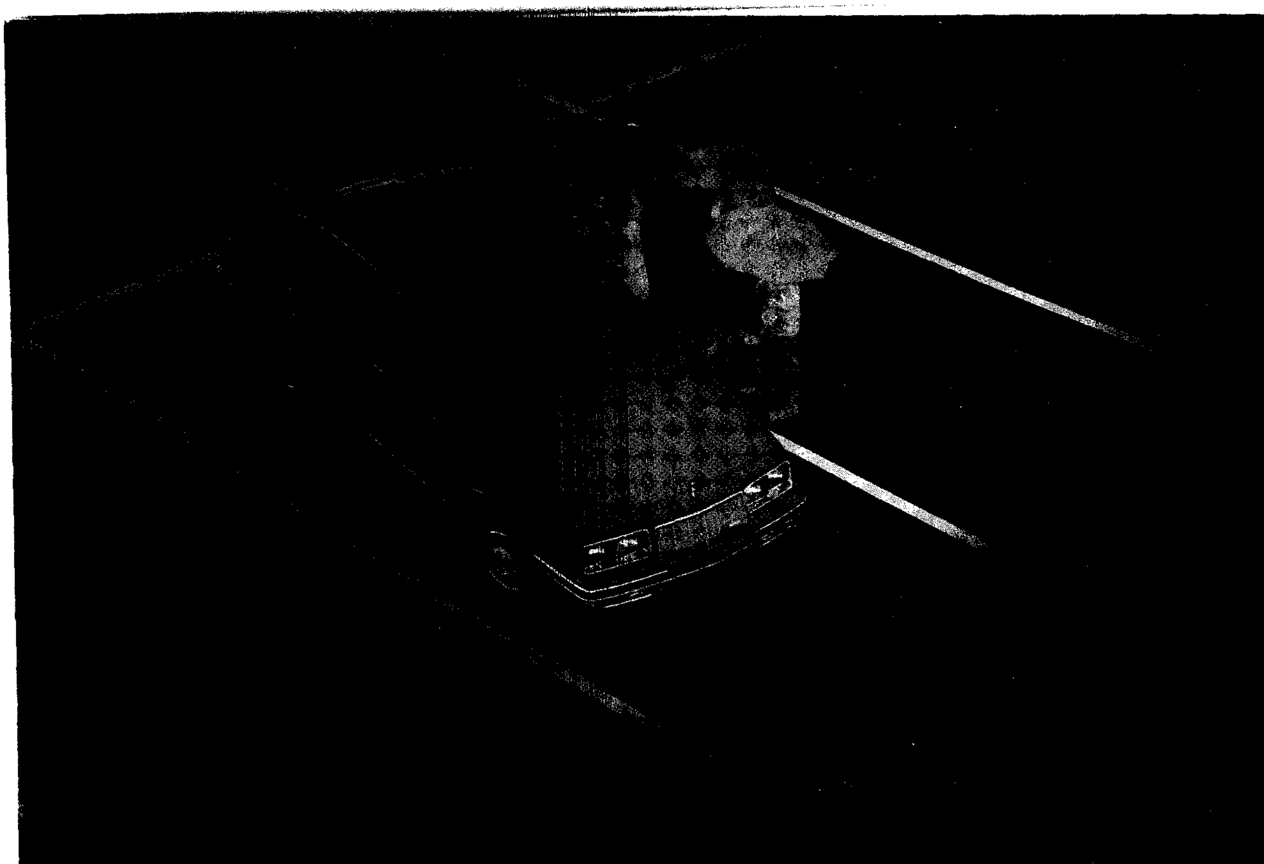
ing “WE CLEAN CABBAGE PATCH DOLLS.” The price per doll is $12.95, a sum that might have kept the large family depicted in the 1901 novel “Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch” in food for a couple of weeks.) The Pound Puppies ($17.97 at Toys R Us) being endearing sorts, you wouldn't want to lose one. Fortunately, along with them comes not only a puppy-care booklet but a form that, if it's mailed to the Tonka company along with $3.50, will bring in return a heart-shaped red dog tag showing the names of the puppy and its owner, and an Official Certificate of Ownership.

It might be well to remember that some children take these papers very seriously. In October, the *Daily News* printed a letter from someone who had not received adoption papers for a Cabbage Patch doll, and who asked, “Is she legally mine?” Prodded by the *News*, a Coleco representative explained that the company had been overwhelmed by all the paperwork, and sent the anxious parent, posthaste, a Cabbage Patch Kid's Official Adoption Certificate. All in all, it's hard to believe what happened to Paddington, the bear who, according to Michael Bond's first book about him, published here in 1958, was found in London's Paddington Station with a tag pinned on his duffel coat which said “PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR—THANK YOU.” In the years since, millions of children have taken in toy Paddington Bears and looked after them without any further documentary ado on either side, or even a secret liquid-crystal authenticating logo. In the fifteen-inch size, wearing red boots, sou'wester, duffel coat—and, of course, tag—he's $26 at the Penny Whistle stores. A Caedmon record (TC 1580) or cassette featuring excerpts from the little bear's early adventures, read by the author, is $8.98. And “Paddington's Storybook,” containing ten stories chosen—in honor of his quarter-century anniversary—from those that have been published about him over the years, is $12.95. (Like all records, cassettes, and books mentioned herein, these can be found almost anywhere such items are sold.)

The Christmas list some young relative or friend has handed you may include a Pound Puppy or a Paddington Bear but probably not a Little Con doll, although these are available. The nineteen-inch stuffed dolls, all of them male, some of them black, arrive wearing prison stripes and peering through the bars of wooden crates that resemble jail cells. The dolls—some of which have scars, as evidence of the criminal path they have travelled—are handmade by Shirley McCoy, the self-designated director of the Hard Rock Penitentiary, in Delta, Colorado. Actually, the penitentiary is just a shack in her front yard containing three tiers of cells. From time to time, McCoy advertises in newspapers and sends out letters asking if anyone knows children who would like to serve as parole officers for the dolls: the applicants must be in a position to swear that they have led a clean life. Candidates for parole officer who measure up will receive a Pen Pal doll if they are under eight or a Little Con doll if they are over eight; the two categories of doll jailbirds are dressed alike, but the crimes of the Little Cons are more serious. Each doll has a different name and number. With each doll comes a cautionary account of how he got into trouble with the law, purportedly written by the con himself, and a document certifying that on a specified date Little Con or Pen Pal of specified name and number was released into the custody of his child parole officer, who promises to see that the released prisoner obeys all laws, and does not fight, use drugs or alcohol, or carry a gun. The price for this privilege is $175, and part of the proceeds goes to various crime-reduction programs. The Hard Rock Penitentiary people (688-1675 Road, Delta, Colorado 81416) say that sales are brisk. Also reported to be selling well are Rice Paddy Babies, which are $47.99 at the Toy Park, 112 East 86th Street. The closest thing to a crime committed by Rice Paddy Babies is that they want to get out of Southeast Asia. (“BABIES ORIGINATED IN HONG KONG. MADE IN CHINA,” it says on the box.) These sixteen-inch dolls have cloth faces and yarn hair, and come dressed in bright-colored kimono outfits. The passports of the Cabbage Patch World Travelers have been issued by the United States. The passport that comes with a Rice Paddy Baby is British. Attached to it is a card that says, “The Governor of Hong Kong Requests and Requires in the Name of Her Majesty All Those Whom It May Concern to Allow the Bearer to Pass Freely Without



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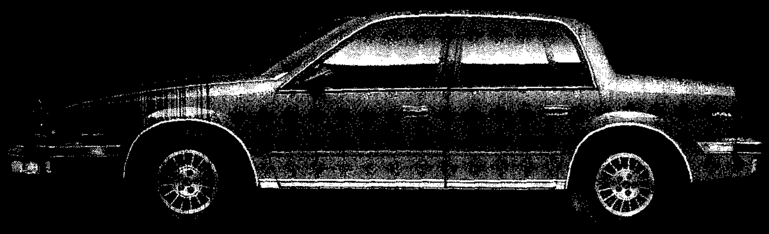

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Let or Hindrance . . ." Each of these dolls, too, has a different name and number. One we saw was No. 34458, and her name was Cha Bing Yan Jenny. On the front of the box the Babies come in, it says "I WANT TO EMIGRATE! WILL YOU SPONSOR ME?" Buying a little kid a doll requires more commitment than it used to.

SEEKERS after toys this season are encouraged not only to do good deeds for dolls but to share in other worthy endeavors. When they hand over their money for a toy or a game, a notice on the box may assure them that an often unspecified percentage of the purchase price will be contributed to an organization that helps find missing children, save the whales, or rebuild the Statue of Liberty. In the case of an item called Only in New York: The Game, a hefty twenty per cent of the $29.95 it costs at—for example—Bloomingdale's goes to the Municipal Art Society. In Only in New York there is a board and a die, but the players get ahead according to their ability to answer trivia questions about the city, of which three thousand are provided. ("Q: Within ten per cent, how many people are there to a square mile of Manhattan? A: 64,000.") Though the starting point of the game is Central Park, in Manhattan, residents of surrounding areas who often complain of excessive Manhattan-orientation of games and books (and politicians) dealing with this city will be gratified to see that the map constituting the game board includes the four other boroughs and also the suburban counties of Nassau and Westchester, and Hudson County across the river in New Jersey—and no one can win without answering questions about all these places. The game was designed and put on the market by four New Yorkers, named Vinnie Pica, Barney Liberman, Teddy Leonsis, and Winthrop Davies Chamberlin I. Instead of giving their new game company their own string of names, which few people would easily remember, they formally incorporated themselves as Three Ethnics & a Wasp, Ltd. The partners of the company in Cleveland that has devised the toys and games in the hugely popular Strawberry Shortcake and Care Bear lines (some of which may be on your list) took a similar tack when they called themselves Those Characters from Cleveland, knowing that, whatever name they settled on, they would be referred to that way in the bicoastal-minded toy business.

The message on the side of the Only in New York box is "Our intention is simple: have fun for, you see, New York City *is* Fun City, warts and all." This game is, of course, deeply indebted to the great phenomenon of Trivial Pursuit, which is credited in the industry with having revived the board-game business. In 1983, the retail sales of all board games in this country came to three hundred and sixty million dollars. The following year, Trivial Pursuit, by itself, sold six hundred and fifty million dollars' worth. "Not so much a board game, more a way of life" is the way Selchow & Righter, the company that makes it, happily refers to this bonanza. In the new Broadway version of "The Odd Couple," the critical game on which the plot turns is no longer poker but Trivial Pursuit, and last spring a vast Trivial Pursuit board was built on the White House lawn for the Easter celebration. With thirty-two million of the games already bought, the danger was that Trivial Pursuit would be hard to sell because practically everybody already had it. Fortunately, Selchow & Righter knows how to handle that one. There are now seven versions of the game available: two Genus editions, each with six thousand questions of general interest; a Young Players edition, for children of seven and older ("Which novel does Long John Silver appear in?"); editions specializing in sports, movies, and questions for those born since the Second World War; and RPM, whose questions about music range "from Bach to Rock." The Genus and Young Players editions sell for $29.95 at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, 105 Fifth Avenue (18th), and at the same place the other sets, which use the master Genus board, are $24.95.

A few years back, counters were weighed down with items whose sponsors were eager to help children have fun while they learned about making money—games, for example, with such names as High Finance, Big Board, Tycoon, Rich Uncle, Easy Money, and Make a Million. Toys and games about getting ahead in business don't seem to be the big business they once were, but the word "education" on the side of a box—usually close by the word "fun"—is bigger than ever in the trade, and not only are computers heavily involved but there's a move to start the learning process younger and younger. The

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Cookie Monster now appears on the face of a carry-around plastic Sesame Street Cookie Counter, a calculator seven and a half inches wide and six inches high, which the manufacturer, Fisher-Price, describes as "the first electronic learning aid designed especially for preschoolers." Intended to help children acquire basic mathematics skills, it has a small screen on which the Cookie Monster points to problems (five minus three), and there is a choice of numbers and mathematical symbols for the children to punch; when they're right, the Cookie Monster gobbles up some cookies. This is $49.50 at the Penny Whistle stores, and you need to lay in two AA batteries for it. As for somewhat older children, if they have been paying attention from one Christmas to another they could hardly have escaped receiving a considerable education about the very big business of computers. At the beginning of this decade, children who were intent on learning about the inner workings of video games, which were all the rage then, probably knew far more about electronic chips than most of their parents did. In those days, Texas Instruments was the company to call to receive enlightenment about the electronic chip. A little later, a number of corporations, including toy companies, that had made millions on video games set about making what they hoped would be something closer to billions on home computers—much of the news about which in the last year or so has involved one writeoff, discontinuation, and large corporate loss after another. The electronic chip is increasingly becoming a Japanese specialty. Texas Instruments is out of the home-computer business. The once mighty name of Atari is hardly heard anymore. ("*Atari*" is a Japanese word, taken from the game of Go, that warns an opponent that he cannot escape his cruel destiny.) Mattel sold off its Intellivision subsidiary and went back to concentrating on such items as Barbie and He-Man. And then there was Coleco, best known for the video-game line called ColecoVision, which was getting ready to bring out its Adam home computer. In 1983, it took on as a sideline some dolls that came out of rural Georgia or somewhere. That year, Coleco had a cash-flow problem, and it was the Cabbage Patch Kids to the rescue. Last year, there were serious problems with the Adam, but the five hundred and forty million dollars brought in by the Cabbage Patch dolls made it possible for

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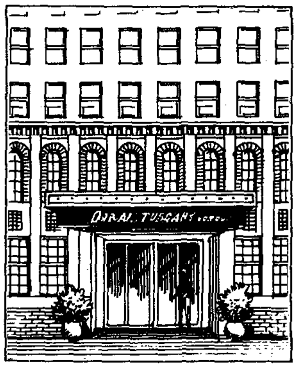

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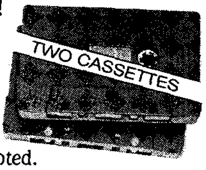

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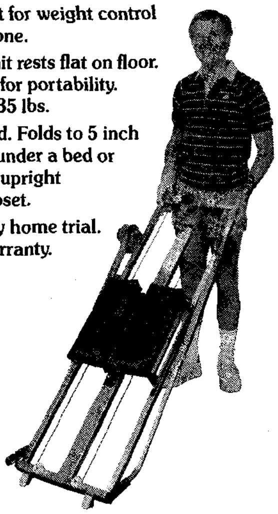
Coleco to lose a mere eighty million dollars for the year. In January of this year, the company gave up on the Adam to concentrate on toys.

IF the children hadn't been taking note of all this, some folks formerly associated with the computer business apparently had, and concluded that toys R it. Donald Kingsborough, who was the president of a division of Atari for a time after it was sold to Warner Communications, started a company last winter called Worlds of Wonder (get that acronym). Its first product is a plush bear, twenty inches high, called Teddy Ruxpin (a nonsense name chosen by a corporate committee), which WOW describes as "a nearly real-life playmate." His qualification for this role, in the view of WOW, is that when you insert in a slot in his back a storytelling cassette that comes with him and turn it on, the bear moves his eyes, nose, and mouth in sync with the narration. This bear costs $89.95 at Schwarz, and needs four C batteries. A dozen other storytelling cassettes, programmed so that the bear looks as if he were telling the story himself, are available, for $13.95 each. Teddy Ruxpin isn't the only bear who lip-synchs. Gabby Bear, also twenty inches tall, and described by one of his company's executives as "state of the bear," moves his features in accordance with the sounds of the special cassette provided; Gabby will be in the stores this month for about $50. Though the officers of the Select Merchandise company, Gabby's manufacturers, were not, as we understand it, formerly high-level executives with computer companies, A. G. Bear, who is $55 at Macy's, is sponsored by Nolan K. Bushnell, the founder of Atari. A. G. Bear (which is short for A Great Bear) doesn't recite, but he makes noises in a vaguely animal-like language in response to the sound of children's voices. "HIGH-TECH TEDDY BEARS COULD BE THE NEXT CABBAGE PATCH KIDS" was a headline in *Business Week* a few months ago.

In the past, certain hazards have been discovered in toys equipped with some form of tape mechanism. When Caroline Kennedy was living in the White House, somebody gave her a doll that had a tape recorder in its tummy, so that it could recite back whatever was said to it. One day, when Caroline went off for a nap, she left the doll in the Oval Office, with Daddy. Later, when she and her



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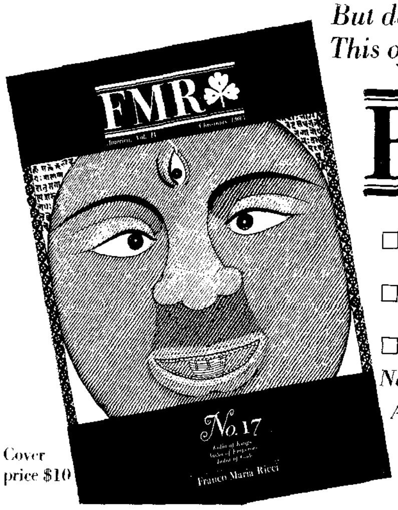

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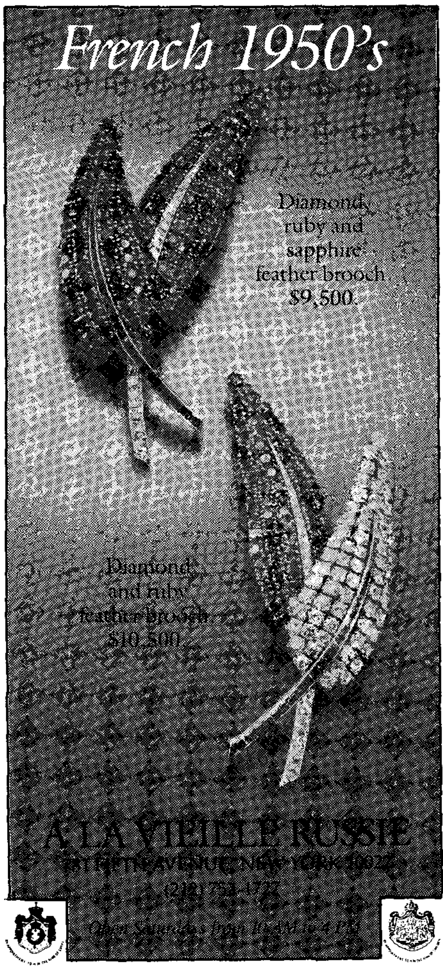

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nanny retrieved it and set the doll talking, there emerged from the ruffled little bundle, according to the nanny, Daddy's angriest voice, using a "*very* naughty word!" Unable to figure out how to erase the tape, the nanny called a Secret Service man, who performed an emergency disembowelment.

Of course, not all plush animals are fully articulate in the Gabby Bear sense. A line of plush bears named Furskins has been put on the market by Xavier Roberts, who made the early Cabbage Patch dolls, down in Cleveland, Georgia. These fellows are two feet tall and come wearing a slouch hat, overalls, a bandanna, and thick-soled work shoes. By now, it won't surprise you to learn that each one has a registration number and a Fur-real Certificate of Authenticity. Last month, Roberts opened an outpost of Babyland General Hospital at 475 Fifth Avenue (41st)—here it's called just Babyland. Clerks are dressed as doctors and nurses. There is a delivery room for the Cabbage Patch Kids. There are adoption rooms, and the purchase price for the vast array of Kids on sale there is referred to as an adoption fee. Occupying a nonmedical enclave of their own, the Furskins, who we have to admit make a nice soft armful, sell there for $60.

Lucie Hiner, a visitor to this year's Toy Fair from the Past Tense Country Store, in Lapeer, Michigan, remarked to a reporter for *Toy & Hobby World*, "Plush gives people a feeling of security. It reminds one of fonder times." (Well, maybe not always. In the gift stores in Hamelin, West Germany, they sell plush rats, for old times' sake. However, we didn't find any plush rats here.) The visitor from Lapeer would no doubt be pleased by the fifteen-inch plush Kanga with a tiny Roo in her pouch; $19.95 for the two at the Gingerbread House. Incidentally, the Library Shop, 455 Fifth Avenue (40th), which is a joint project of the New York Public Library and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has, for $4.95, a Pooh address book. (Now, *there's* a bear.) Before each letter of the alphabet, there are lines from "Winnie the Pooh" and "The House at Pooh Corner." (" 'What's this I'm looking at?' said Eeyore still looking at it. 'An A,' said Rabbit, 'but not a very good one.' ") They're accompanied by the familiar E. H. Shepard illustrations. At P.S. I Love You, 1242 Madison Avenue (91st), you'll find a plush caterpillar, which we mention because we'd never seen a plush caterpillar before. Two feet long, this fellow comes in various colors and can be sat upon or hugged or carried about. His twenty flopping little feet are fitted out with printed-on sneakers and knitted bands for socks, each a different arrangement of stripes, and he has a cheerful expression on his face. He is $26. At the Gingerbread House, a sixteen-inch plush penguin is $17. Put your hand inside, and you can make it flap its wings and strut around. And at Childcraft there's a fine bearskin rug that's actually just fluffy white acrylic. It's over four feet long, with a large polar-bear head for a pillow, costs $29.95, and would make a fine resting place after a hard day's Christmas.

PERHAPS we should veer back to the both popular and populous toy counters, where the theme is the everlasting Armageddon between representatives of good and evil—some of them robots, some of them robots that turn into vehicles, and some of them none of the above. They range in height from four to eight inches and in price from $4 or so to $10—no staggering sum, but then it is hard to fight a respectable Armageddon without several contenders from each side. The little Tonka GoBots, good and bad, are described as creatures from a distant planet who have arrived on earth and are battling each other to take it over. The friendly ones have such names as Blaster and Hans-Cuff—the latter converts into a police car. Among the enemy GoBots are Screwhead and Herr Fiend (otherwise a natty sports car). Transformers are also alleged to have landed on earth from a faraway planet. The heroic Transformers are known as Autobots, and have names like Brawn and Gears; the evil Decepticons include Devastator and Bonecrusher. Bonecrusher turns into a bulldozer. A great attraction of these toys that are convertible from robots into something else is that besides being two toys they are also puzzles. "Puzzles *in solid* geometry" is what a recent press release from Hasbro Bradley, turning educational on us, called its Transformers, adding, "Some authorities believe their complex, hidden linkages challenge the mind's ability to think in three dimensions." We wouldn't give this another thought.

This year, as we noted, there are also Transformers known as Insecticons: robots—called Ransack and Venom and so on—that convert into

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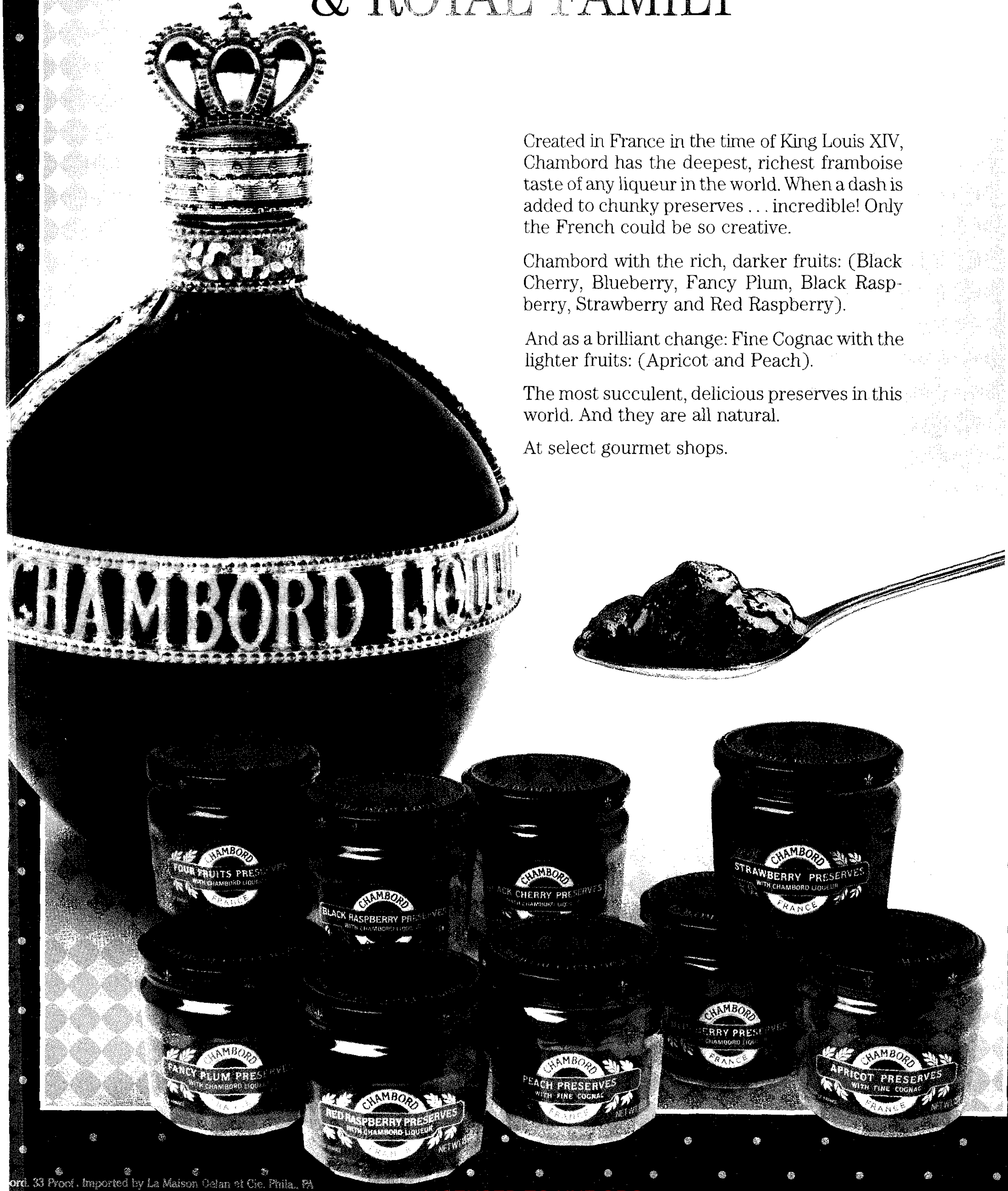
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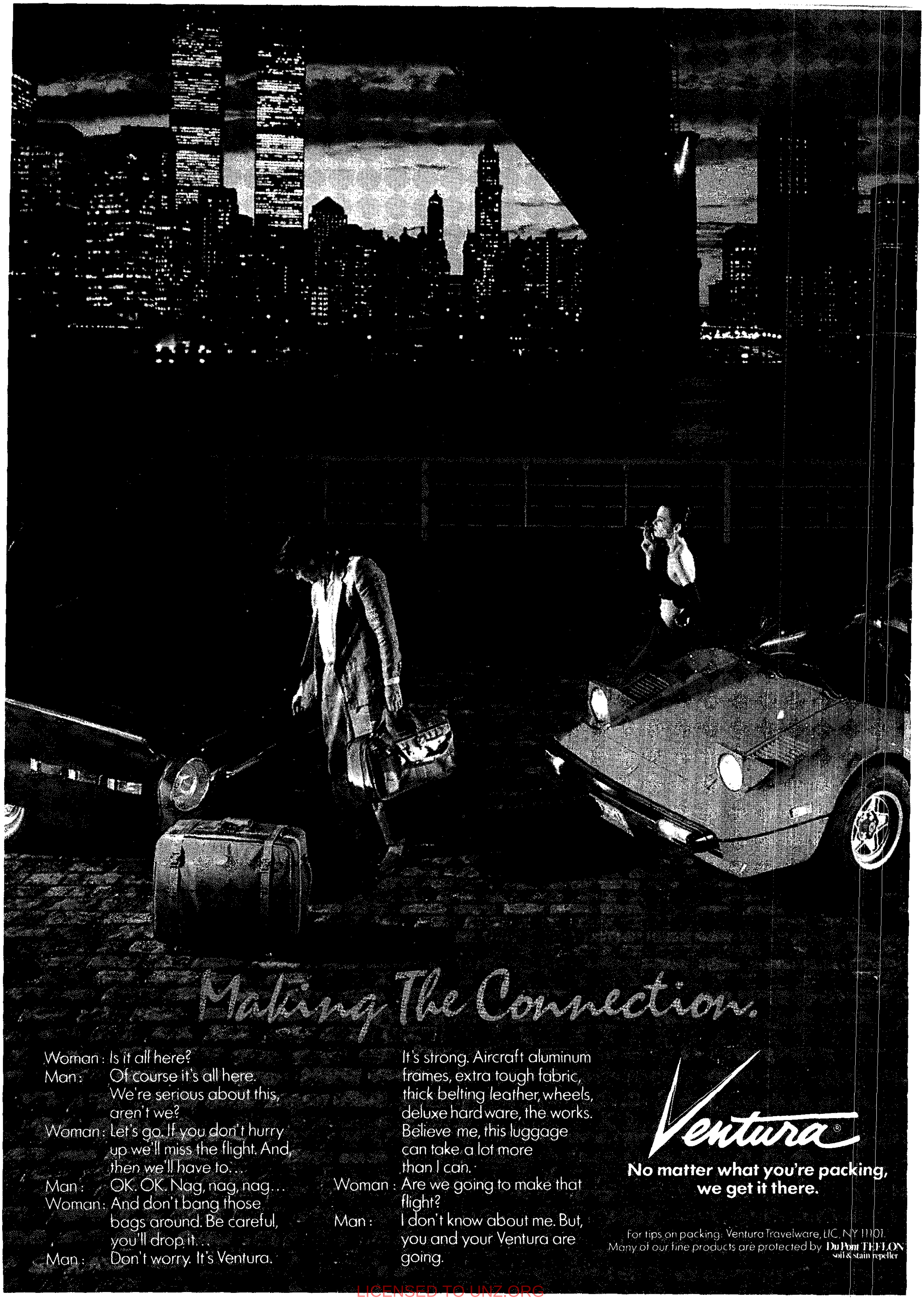
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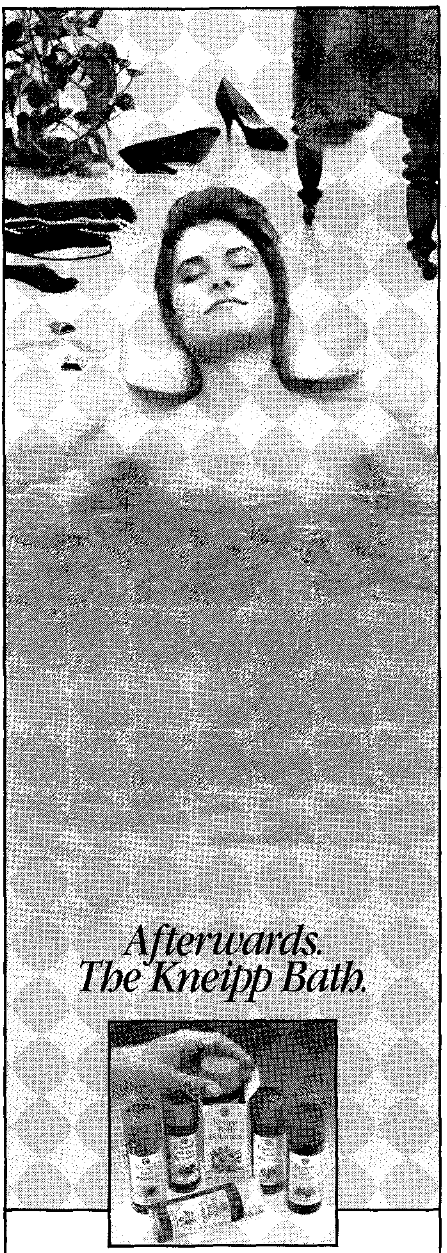
creepy-looking insects never seen on any planet, near or far. A slightly more expensive addition to the Transformers line is the Dinobot, which reflects the delight that many children continue to take in dinosaurs. (At Bloomingdale's, for $20, you'll find a plush dinosaur, made by the Gund people, that wouldn't scare anybody. There's an opening in its underbelly, so that children can put one finger inside its head and two others in its hollow paws and use it as a hand puppet. More standoffish dinosaurs—a twenty-inch brontosaurus, a fifteen-inch triceratops, and a sixteen-inch tyrannosaur, made of wipe-clean vinyl—are $12.95 for the trio, at Childcraft.) The Dinobots represent both prehistoric times and an ultra-tech future, which are many children's preferred worlds these days, and they have names such as Snarl, Grimlock, and Sludge. They arrive as dinosaurs but can be turned into robots, and each one brings with it, of course, its own personality profile and the liquid-crystal logo certifying its Transformer authenticity; $14 at B. Altman's.

Concerning Mattel's Masters of the Universe action figures, there was a complaint that the little girls in some families were feeling terribly left out (after all, Barbie had her friend Ken), so this year Mattel has made available He-Man's twin sister, who is called not Mistress of the Universe or She-Woman but She-Ra, the Princess of Power. To show that it is an equal-opportunity toymaker, Mattel calls her "the most powerful woman in the universe." (No documentation for this claim, either.) Like most of the Masters of the Universe figures, She-Ra is five and a half inches tall. She wears a shiny white-and-gold costume, carries a sword, and has an "action waist." Gimbels East sells her (and most other He-Man-realm figures) for $7. As with all the undersized good-guys-versus-bad-guys figures, the children on your list have probably written down for you the name, rank, and serial number of the ones they want. Some of the items may be in short supply, however, and you may decide to go with your own favorites. How about Two Bad, the two-headed Evil Strategist? Or one of the benign sort, Man-E-Faces, who has three different faces, according to the way you turn his head? And then there's Stinkor, the Evil Master of Odors, who is the first doll we've ever encountered who really smells. He supposedly smells so bad that he comes wearing his own gas mask. Actually, his aroma is not too terrible: something like a dry cleaner's establishment a couple of doors away.

You may have noticed that though action figures are fully articulated, none of them are fully armed with pretend live ammunition, like the G.I. Joe Great American Hero action figures, which are about $4 all over town. We got the impression that they were in a permanent on-guard position that some might call Waiting for Rambo. The weapons that come with He-Man and his cohorts run to swords and "paralyzing" sprays; He-Man himself fights by delivering a punch when his arm is pulled back. In the television cartoons featuring He-Man, there is so little even make-believe violence, and so much sweet reasonableness, that an article by Jane A. Welch in the Washington *Post* last spring suggested that there was a danger he might be accused of what is now considered in some circles the great American sin—wimpishness. (Even Superman is in the process of having his persona retooled because of what is perceived as an insufficiency of macho.) "I can only wonder, does Jesse Helms know about this guy?" the article asked. Included with every He-Man figure, incidentally, is a comic book that tells a story about his—or her—adventures. Such helpful guides were not available in the winter of 1826, when Patrick Brontë carried back to Haworth a dozen wooden soldiers for his nine-year-old son, Branwell, who gave one of them to each of his sisters; around those toys, during the next few years, the Brontë children built a series of imaginary kingdoms, about which they wrote elaborate histories, and in time—in the judgment of some literary analysts—Charlotte's soldier grew into Mr. Rochester, and Emily's became Heathcliff. No one knows, of course, whether any great novels will be written as a result of children's playing with this season's toy warriors for and against the right. Still, the kids do seem to have a lot of fun with them. Look, there's She-Ra having the daylights scared out of her by Two Bad! Run for it, everybody—here comes Stinkor! Any minute now, Bonecrusher may convert himself into a bulldozer. . . . And so the golden days glide by.

IN an article last year on the intellectual and moral influence of "McGuffey's Eclectic Readers," Fred



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Hechinger wrote in the *Times*, "Perhaps one of McGuffey's special, long-lost qualities was its capacity to give all American children some common ground of knowledge. Today, the only tool of such coast-to-coast intellectual communality seems to be television's 'Sesame Street.' All children are not only familiar with the Cookie Monster and Big Bird; they also share the human values, ideas and ethics taught by that nationwide children's program in ways comparable to McGuffey, though with greater subtlety." That's one way of looking at what goes on at the famous address. On the other hand, a few weeks ago Robert Harris, the head of Universal Studio's television division, suggested that bright lights and colors, jump cuts, and other quick visual stimulation had helped make "Miami Vice" a hit because "we're dealing with the MTV generation, which is the 'Sesame Street' generation." To go from McGuffey to MTV and "Miami Vice" is a long—close to interplanetary—span. Not everything is jump cuts on "Sesame Street" this Christmas. For $3.95, there's a book called "Grover Learns to Read," which tells how Grover inadvertently joins the world of the literate. And, for $2.50, there's "When Grover Moved to Sesame Street," an account of that historic development, in which Grover's mother tells him, "I have good news. I have a new job. . . . It means that we must move to a new place—a place called Sesame Street." These are lines that children were not likely to learn to read in the Dick and Jane books. Younger members of some households might like the "Big Bird Electronic Melody Note." It's a plastic depiction, about six inches wide and eight inches high, of Big Bird looking pompous, and it's fitted out so that it can be hung on the side of a crib or playpen. To hear a three-minute-long music-box rendition of "Hickory Dickory Dock" and "Hey Diddle Diddle," a baby has only to press a musical note on the bird's midsection. Best of all, it runs on a built-in battery that is guaranteed for two years. If you're beginning to wonder whether Sesame Street is in a commercial—even overly commercial—zone, consider this: two-thirds of the cost of the show's production is funded through licensing fees. And then there is what calls itself *The* Beginner's Globe for Children. Twelve inches in diameter and jointly sponsored by "Sesame Street" and Rand McNally, it costs $22.95 at the

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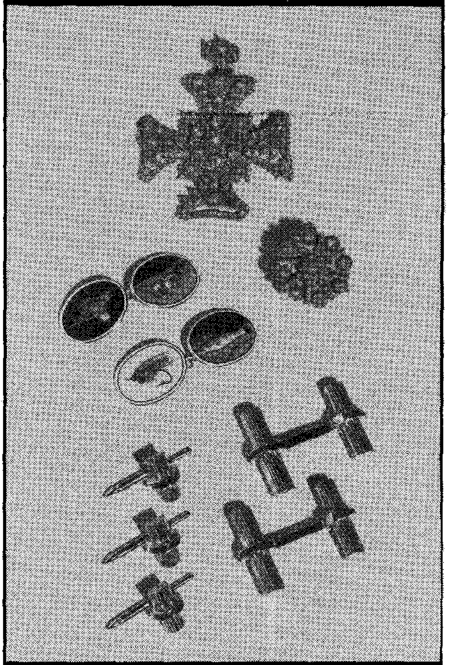

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Barnes & Noble Sale Annex. Unlike some globes, it can be held in the hands and turned this way and that, which could be an attraction even for the grownups in the house. ("Just where *is* Zaire, anyhow?") Or it can be turned this way and that in the dishlike holder that comes with it and into which it neatly fits. Of course, the major political demarcations are there; and a child running his fingers over the right places can feel the Rockies and the Himalayas. Pictures of animals are positioned appropriately: the giraffe in Kenya, the panda in China. Very young children may first think well of it because of the pictures of "Sesame Street" characters as world travellers (no sign of passports, though): there's Bert and Ernie in a balloon over the Atlantic, and Oscar fishing for trash in the Indian Ocean. In time, however, they will notice how big Asia is, how small New York (even with the Statue of Liberty in the harbor), and how narrow the stretch of water that separates the United States from the Soviet Union, up around the Bering Sea.

IF it was a children's record you were looking for, there is a new one featuring the "Sesame Street" crowd: the soundtrack of the movie "Follow That Bird," in which Big Bird travels across the country and has many mishaps, including being stolen, briefly, by the proprietors of the Sleaze Brothers circus. The album begins with Oscar singing, "Grouches of the world unite, Stand up for your grouchly right, Don't let the sunshine spoil your rain," and ends with Big Bird safely back home, where he is greeted by a lively chorus of "All Together Now" (RCA CBL1-5475; $9.98). And the Muppet Babies have a new record out, called "Rocket to the Stars." There has always been some confusion about characters from "Sesame Street." Some of them are Muppets, some are not. The Muppet Babies have never lived at that address, and they now have their own television cartoon show on Saturday mornings. The identification number for the $5.98 record is PB 7270, with PB standing for Parker Brothers—the company that makes Monopoly now being also in the record business. The record tells how the Babies were swept away in a big storm into the great unknown (no, *not* to the Emerald City). But since this is intended for very little children, nothing really bad happens to them. Incidentally, the

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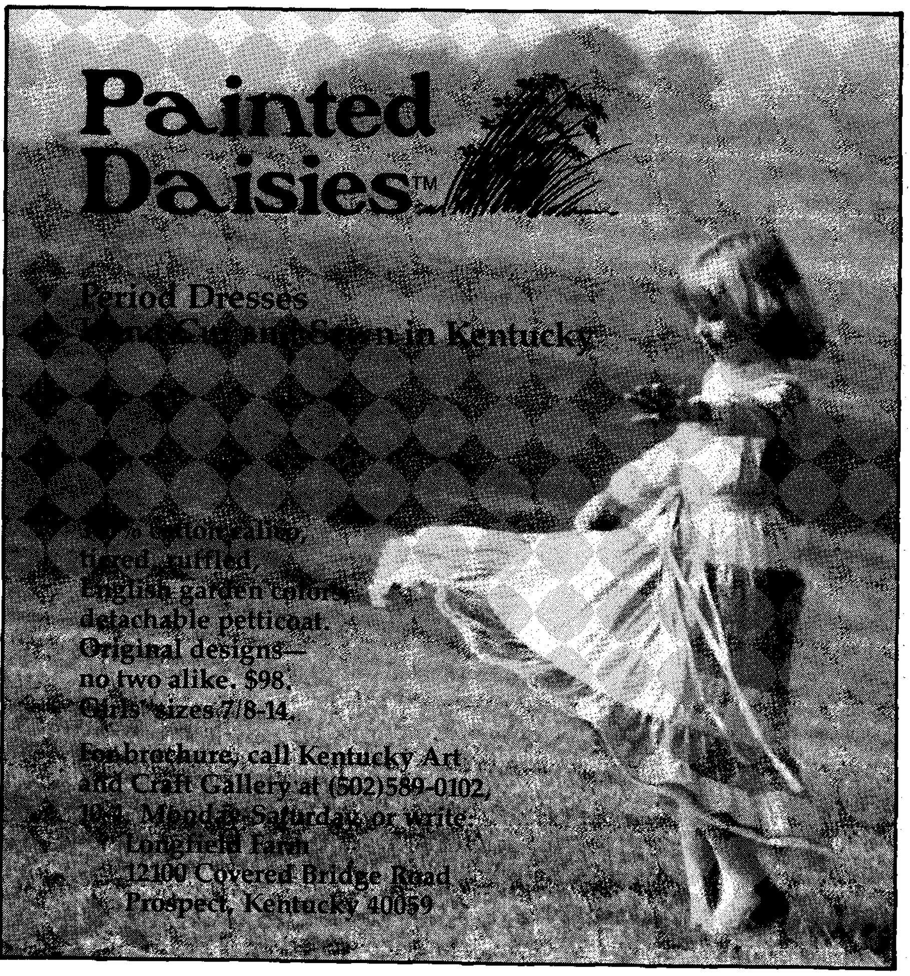

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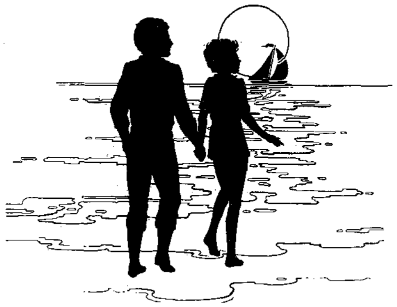

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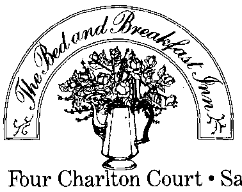

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crowd around Jim Henson, who is responsible for the Muppets, takes a rather lighthearted view of the corporate world. Henson Associates is known as HA!, and another department, Henson Universal Music, is HUM! And we noticed that among those responsible for the music on this Muppet Babies record is Nice Noise, Inc. (Is there any reason the people plotting a bit of fun for the kids can't have a bit of fun of their own along the way?) Folksinger Tom Glazer's "Music for One's and Two's" (CMS 649; $8.98), with its slow cadences, has long been a favorite with parents of very young children. Now he's brought out "More Music for 1's and 2's and 3's and 4's" (CMS 697; $9.98). On the new record, the beat is quicker, and there are some jokes about playing on the merry-go-round and the jungle gym, coming down with a cold, and going to the zoo ("I saw a snake, He ate my cake . . . I saw an elephant, He shook like jellyphant") that will go over big with children beyond the crib set.

To many children, Christmas is the season of "The Nutcracker." In a three-cassette set (Caedmon SBC 128; $24.95), a reading, by Christopher Plummer, of the story written by E. T. A. Hoffmann in 1816 alternates with a performance of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker," by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas. The story itself, illustrated by Maurice Sendak, is $18.95 at the Library Shop. And, if you want uninterrupted music, RCA has a two-record set of the complete ballet score, played by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leonard Slatkin. Included with this are a small heavy-paper standup stage, four set designs, and cutout characters from the ballet (ARC2-7005; $21.98).

Any season is a good one for listening to someone read E. B. White's three books for children, and, fortunately, Pathways of Sound offers all three. "Stuart Little" is read by Julie Harris, on two records (POS 1036; $19.96). She doesn't once slip into archness—a lapse that would have set Stuart's whiskers aquiver with distaste. "The Trumpet of the Swan" and "Charlotte's Web" are read by the author himself, in a matter-of-fact voice that hasn't a trace of histrionics and yet somehow gives each dramatic and touching moment its due. "The Trumpet of the Swan" (five records; POS 1045) is $50, and the four records of "Charlotte's Web" (POS

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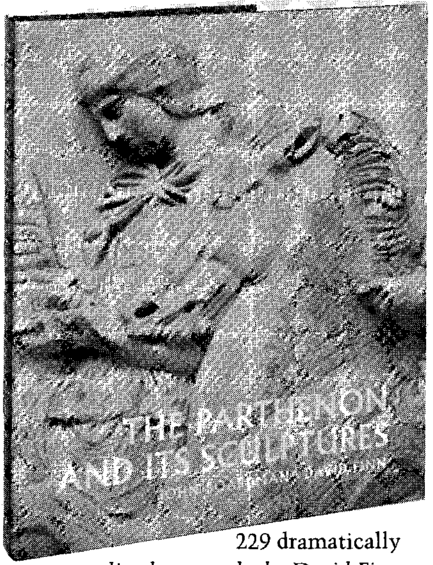

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1043) are $42.50. For each set, there is a $1.50 shipping fee; the Pathways of Sound address is 6 Craigie Circle, Cambridge, Mass. 02138. At the start of "Charlotte's Web," White tells the listener, "This is a story of the barn. I wrote it for children and to amuse myself."

AND now for the miscellaneous roundup. A fair percentage of the thirty-five million Cabbage Patch dolls sold so far have been boy dolls. The look of recoil with which many little boys—and particularly, perhaps, their fathers—once greeted the notion of a doll for boys isn't as obligatory as it used to be: there are times when little boys need something to hug, too. A very nice boy doll called My Buddy, eighteen inches tall, is $22.87 at Toys R Us. "He's tough enough for rough and tumble play, yet soft enough to cuddle. . . . He's a real pal!" is the way his manufacturer puts it. Buddy comes with removable overalls, polo shirt, socks, and sneakers. Besides a brown-haired, blue-eyed version, there's a black My Buddy, also at Toys R Us. And at Macy's, for $28, you can buy Huggy Bean, who is a black girl doll, eighteen inches tall, with yarn hair and dressed just about like My Buddy, except for yellow hair bows. One of this doll's distinctions is that she's not a black version of a white doll but comes as her own self. On the package she comes in—credentialism again!—is a cutout certificate that says "To [blank space for child's name]: A Very Special Award for Being Loving and Caring from Huggy Bean," with the added notation "Parents: Cut This Out and Place It on Your Child's Wall." A child's tape recorder with a carry-around handle, made by the ever-reliable Fisher-Price people, is $49.95 at Bloomingdale's. A cassette is included; one side has instructions on how to use the machine and the other side is blank, ready to go. (Four C batteries are required for this.) There's an explanation of how to shut it off in mid-tape; still, you might think about not leaving it around loose in Daddy's—or maybe Mommy's—office. A Mini Motor Mat at Childcraft is a four-by-five-foot vinyl mat featuring a community in which the roads wind past a hospital, a pizza parlor, a zoo, a gas station, and so on. It's $12.95. Also at Childcraft, for $14.95, you can buy ten die-cast cars and trucks—delivery trucks, a sports-car, a coupé—each about two inches long, with which the children can

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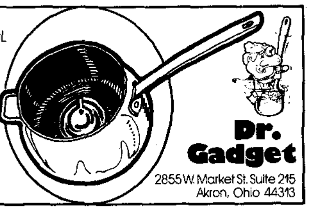

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spend long, happy afternoons creating gridlock to their hearts' content.

In a game called Liberty Island, which is $20 at the Museum of the City of New York gift store and includes an eight-inch model of the Statue of Liberty, players pretend to relive the turn-of-the-century days when Ellis Island, in the shadow of the statue, was thronged with European immigrants. The contestants, who represent the ethnic group of their choice, move around a board that represents the city—mostly Manhattan—with the throw of a die controlling their direction and degree of mobility. On close inspection, it turns out to be a game about assembling real-estate parcels, the big property owner being the big winner. Well, some of the people who landed on Ellis Island, *and some of their descendants,* did do well in real estate—well enough to be able to afford to put up the money for a game called Only in New York, for instance.

What is called a Tennyson Doll House, two and a half feet high, one foot wide, and two feet deep, with gables, porthole windows, and considerable gingerbread, is $65 at Conran's. This unpainted plywood structure is another toy that's also a puzzle: somebody has to put it together. The result is quite handsome. B. Shackman has its usual large array of doll-house furniture, which would fit in very well at the Tennyson House. An oil lamp, one and a half inches tall, hand-blown and with a hand-painted glass shade, is $3. Sometimes small is more. "I seen the little lamp," the washerwoman's child, Else, whispers in Katherine Mansfield's story "The Doll's House," after she has caught a glimpse of the big doll house owned by the rich kids. Also at B. Shackman, a doll's belly-flopper sled, three inches long, is $3. It says "Rosebud" right on it.

Good grief! We almost forgot Snoopy! He's still very much on the scene, wearing his familiar, slightly dreamy smile. You'll find him in the fourteen-inch size for $27 at Bloomingdale's, and in the same size he's $49.95 at Schwarz, wearing a silver lamé suit and celebrating the fact that Charlie Brown and his friends have been around for thirty-five years. Some older child who goes way back with the "Peanuts" crowd might like to find under the tree the book "You Don't *Look* 35, Charlie Brown!" ($9.95 in paperback), which includes a couple of hundred pages of "Pea-

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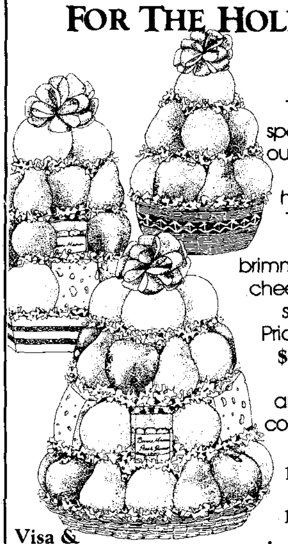

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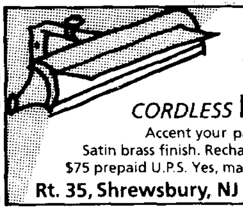

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nuts" cartoons interspersed with brief essays by Charles M. Schulz. "Peanuts" now appears in over two thousand newspapers, and is the most widely syndicated of all cartoon features. Three hundred million "Peanuts" books, translated into nearly a hundred languages, have been sold around the world. How to translate "Good grief!" was a big puzzler in Italy; they finally settled on "*Misericordia!*" In an introduction to the first Italian collection of the strip, the novelist Umberto Eco wrote of Charlie Brown and his friends, "These children affect us because in a certain sense they are monsters: they are the monstrous infantile reductions of all the neuroses of a modern citizen of the industrial civilization." (So what's Snoopy smiling about?) In the anniversary volume, Schulz writes of the fact that year after year that bad girl Lucy crosses up Charlie Brown by jerking the football away just as he is happily getting ready to kick it. Charlie once thought he was safe, putting his faith in documents (in the current style): he had Lucy's promise in writing not to do this. She did it anyway, pointing out that her promise hadn't been notarized. That is the way things have to be, Schulz writes in the latest "Peanuts" book, and we might as well get used to it: "All the loves in the strip are unrequited; all the baseball games are lost; all the test grades are D-minuses; the Great Pumpkin never comes and the football is always pulled away."

Misericordia! The Pound Puppies are sad-eyed, the Cabbage Patch Kids are sulking, and Charlie Brown's football career is a permanent downer. Isn't it time for some joyful noise here? We could get the three talking bears and let them all talk at once—just as long as it's not about the computer business. The Three Ethnics & a Wasp and Those Characters from Cleveland can make up the chorus, with help from the Nice Noise people and HUM! Get your cards of identity out, everybody, and all join in. Now Two Bad! Now Barbie! Now Big Bird! Now Ransack! On Oscar! On Grimlock! On Screwhead and She-Ra! . . . Merry Christmas!

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Staten Island Advance*]

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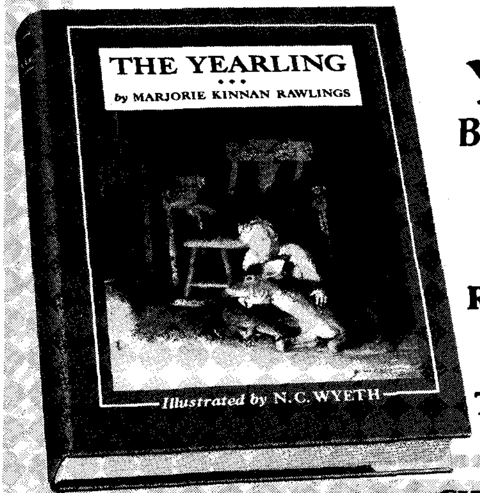

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THE NEW YORKER
LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

Moonshine, by Alec Wilkinson (*Knopf, $13.95*).

A Profile of the heroic Garland Bunting—revenue agent, quick-change artist, and amateur monologuist—whose formal designation is Alcoholic Beverage Control officer of Halifax County, North Carolina. In reporting this "life in pursuit of white liquor" and of the bootleggers who make it, Mr. Wilkinson spent several months with Mr. Bunting, listening to him describe the startling deceptions that are the tricks of his trade, and even accompanying him on a stakeout. The book is a mosaic of facts and observations and anecdotes, and includes a brief dissertation on homemade whiskey, which may well turn the reader into a teetotaller.

Benchley at the Theatre, by Robert Benchley (*Ipswich Press, $14.95*).

A collection of reviews which demonstrates that a humorist and a good-humored man can be just as acute as any number of more earnest types, especially if he has decent shows to be acute about. There are eighty-four reviews in this volume, all of them funny; those written in the nineteen-twenties first appeared in the old *Life*, and those written in the thirties first appeared here. Book jacket by Gluyas Williams, of course.

Annie John, by Jamaica Kincaid (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $11.95*).

A series of short stories about a coming of age in Antigua. Annie John, the heroine—"Little Miss" to her doting parents—is at first deeply attached to her mother and then, as she grows older, to various schoolmates; the book becomes, in a sense, a record of the attachments and awakenings of childhood. At the end, having freed herself from all emotional encumbrances, Annie John leaves the island and travels light into the future.

Previn, by Helen Drees Ruttencutter (*St. Martin's, $14.95*).

A Profile of André Previn—musical prodigy, classical and jazz composer and pianist, arranger, conductor, and, perforce, wandering troubadour (Hollywood, London, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, with a stopover at Tanglewood). Much of the book is in his own humorous, witty, and passionate words. Frontispiece drawing by Jim Ruttencutter.

Secret Villages, by Douglas Dunn (*Dodd, Mead, $15.95*).

An officious rich woman who insists upon buying an expensive present for her housekeeper's son; an unemployed man whose ebbing self-respect is restored by his daughter's triumph in a school play; a boy who is left behind when his parents go off to Singapore—these are among the characters present in this collection of short stories. The material is the trivia of everyday life in Glasgow or its environs. The results are anything but trivial.

The Button, by Daniel Ford (*Simon & Schuster, $16.95*).

Nuclear retaliation, not attack, is the stated principle of American military policy. But Mr. Ford's detailed examination suggests that the Pentagon, knowing that its command system—even if it works—could not survive an enemy onslaught, has adjusted its thinking in favor of preëmptive hostilities if war appears inevitable, and he argues that this first-strike predisposition is leading the United States inevitably closer to a nuclear conflict.

Shah of Shahs, by Ryszard Kapuściński (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95*).

An impressionistic account, by a Polish journalist, of the career of Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Shah of Iran, and of the Shiite revolution, led by Ayatollah Khomeini, that removed him from power.

Collected Stories of John O'Hara (*Random House, $19.95*).

Thirty-six of them, by the incomparable Mr. O'H., and twenty-two first appeared here. Frank MacShane did the selecting.

Plane Crazy, by Burton Bernstein, with illustrations by Edward Koren (*Ticknor & Fields, $16.95*).

Mr. Bernstein, who made his first solo flight at the age of sixteen, has been fascinated by aircraft since he was five. He here celebrates flying as an art, using as evidence his own experiences in and around airplanes and small airports, and his conversations with other fliers—most notably a part-time aerial acrobat named Stanley Segalla. Mr. Koren, who accompanied the author on a number of his excursions, has contributed a number of distinctly nontechnical sketches.

In Country, by Bobbie Ann Mason (*Harper & Row, $15.95*).

Miss Mason's seventeen-year-old heroine, Sam, was not yet born when her father was killed in Vietnam, and she shares a house now with an uncle who may or may not have been exposed to Agent Orange there. The scene is rural Kentucky in the summer of 1984, but the war is still a pervasive, unsettling presence. A number of chapters from this novel originally appeared as a long story here.

In the Name of Eugenics, by Daniel J. Kevles (*Knopf, $22.95*).

A comparative history, from late-Victorian days to the present, of the "science" of improving human stock. Professor Kevles deals with the ugly and preposterous racial theories that gave eugenics a bad name, and he also examines the new developments in genetic screening and engineering—areas in which the conflicts between public welfare and individual rights seem likely to recreate under modern headings many of the ethical problems that eugenics never managed to solve.

Rumor, by James Robison (*Summit, $14.95*).

A young, pretty professor tends to take naps in her own classes; a teen-ager, unwilling to detach herself from the phone, orders dinner in her bedroom—just a couple of the beguiling characters in this volume of short stories. The background, more often than not, is academe.

Table of Contents, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $15.95*).

Our peripatetic Mr. McPhee again functions as both participant and narrator in these eight reports, written for this magazine between 1980 and 1984. Among those he accompanies on their professional rounds are Senator Bill Bradley, of New Jersey, patrolling his constituency, and the Flying Warden of the North Maine Woods, a bush pilot named John McPhee.

Holy Days: The World of a Hasidic Family, by Lis Harris (*Summit, $16.95*).

A report on the Lubavitcher group of Hasidic Jews in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, much of it based on visits over the years to the pseudonymous Konigsberg family—Sheina and Moshe and their children and grandchildren. Miss Harris describes the circumscribed but rich world of the Konigsbergs—their large and small occasions, their shops, their domestic habits, and, above all, their religious fervor—and she provides on the side a history of the two hundred and fifty years of Hasidism.

Return Trips, by Alice Adams (*Knopf, $14.95*).

Miss Adams' heroines appear in a variety of settings, often accompanied by husbands or lovers but just as alone as if they were not. There are fifteen stories here; six of them were first published in these pages.

Funny Money, by Mark Singer (*Knopf, $15.95*).

A report on the rise and fall, in a shopping mall in Oklahoma City, of the Penn Square Bank, which was declared insolvent on July 5, 1982, after a record lending spree. The bankers, described by Mr. Singer as "promoters whose only sin was believing their own hype," floated a great many unsecured oil-and-gas-development loans, in a fashion that a bankruptcy lawyer says marked "the meeting, for the first time, of the irresponsible lender and the irresponsible borrower." Mr. Singer offers brief portraits of the local financiers—landlocked buccaneers whose spirits remained undimmed until the end.

Urban Bumpkins, by Robert Mankoff (*St. Martin's, $7.95*).

An album of cartoons in which this latter-day pointillist records moments of surprise or bewilderment or irrefutable logic, all of them clues to what is going on right now. Most of the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

In the Rainforest, by Catherine Caufield (*Knopf, $16.95*).

Around the midsection of the world lie the remaining rain forests, explosively fertile areas in which life is so abundant that thousands of separate species may exist within an acre. In many places, however, the rain forests are the last frontier for entrepreneurial exploitation, and their existence is threatened nearly everywhere. Miss Caufield's examination of such forests takes the reader to Africa, Central and South America, India, the Philippines, and Indonesia, and includes their flora and fauna, their human inhabitants, and the varied threats that are causing the rain forests to vanish at the rate of at least fourteen million acres a year.

The Stories of Muriel Spark (*Dutton, $18.95*).

Nine of the stories in this volume (there are twenty-seven in all) have not appeared in any of Mrs. Spark's previous collections, but they did appear in this lucky magazine.

Waiting, by Vincent Crapanzano (*Random House, $19.95*).

The "waiters" in this detailed report from South Africa are thirty-seven citizens of "Wyndal," a prosperous village north of Cape Town inhabited by both Afrikaans- and English-speaking whites. Mr. Crapanzano, an anthropologist, conducts a kind of sampling among the villagers and finds that in some ways they, as well as the blacks and the coloureds, are victims of apartheid. "For most whites," he writes, "waiting is compounded by fear; for most blacks, however great their poverty or despair, waiting is illuminated by hope."

To Get Rich Is Glorious, by Orville Schell (*Pantheon, $15.95*).

The continuing evolution of China is observed by a Westerner who has visited it several times over the past decade. This report notes recent startling changes of attitude in a number of areas—agriculture, religion, private enterprise, crime—that the Chinese Revolution seemed to have stamped permanently with its own proletarian values. The short-term results of this societal redirection can be amusing, but Mr. Schell also notes some possibly ominous unravellings in the fabric of Chinese life.

They Sleep Without Dreaming, by Penelope Gilliatt (*Dodd, Mead, $14.95*).

A Polish refugee on a return visit to Warsaw, an old prima donna holding a master class at Wigmore Hall in London, and two great actresses with a regular program on the BBC are among the characters who have gratified Miss Gilliatt's relish for eccentricity and caught her ear. Of the eleven short stories in this volume, seven were first published in *The New Yorker.*

Mr. and Mrs. Baby, by Mark Strand (*Knopf, $11.95*).

The fourteen stories here assembled—most of them lightly surreal—show Mr. Strand to be as much at home in prose as he is in verse. Six of them first appeared in these pages.

Guns in American Life, by Jervis Anderson (*Random House, $12.95*).

"In almost no other part of the world are civilians as free to own and use guns as they are in America, and no major office anywhere has lost so many of its occupants to civilian gunfire as the Presidency of the United States," writes Mr. Anderson. He documents the long and bloody fascination that guns (particularly handguns) have had for Americans—a fascination that arouses strong emotions in both gun owners and gun-control advocates.

Home Truths, by Mavis Gallant (*Random House, $17.95*).

Mrs. Gallant's characters, whether at home in Canada or abroad, are exiles and on their own. "I had spent much of my adolescence as a resourceful truant, evolving the good escape dodges that would serve one way and another all my life," says one of them, and the others could easily join in. The sixteen stories in this collection were written over the past twenty-nine years, and all but one of them first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Art & Other Serious Matters, by Harold Rosenberg (*University of Chicago Press, $25*).

Many of these essays by our late art critic first appeared in *The New Yorker.* One that did not is an appreciation of Saul Steinberg (with straight-faced footnotes by the artist), which was published by the Whitney Museum for its 1978 Steinberg exhibition.

The Staffs of Life, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Little, Brown, $19.95*).

"Thousands of books have been written about food or the scarcity of it. Relatively few of the ones I looked into, though, had sought to trace and report on the history . . . of the astonishingly few plants that since the onset of civilization have succored the majority of the human race." Thus Mr. Kahn in his preface. The "astonishingly few plants" are corn, potatoes, wheat, rice, and soybeans, and he here presents a Profile—historical, geographical, botanical, and, needless to say, anecdotal—of each of them.

Midair, by Frank Conroy (*Dutton, $15.95*).

The title story in this collection is about a boy of six whose insane father, stepping out on a windowsill, holds him high above the pavement, and who forgets the episode until it resurfaces in his adult life. In many of the other stories, a remembered incident precipitates the action, much of which takes place in the minds of the characters.

The Mountain of Names, by Alex Shoumatoff (*Simon & Schuster, $17.95*).

An informal history of the family, from primitive times (when individuals were defined by their kinship), through the Industrial Revolution and the attendant rise of individualism, to present-day America and the emergence of what Mr. Shoumatoff calls "serial monogamy." A concluding section deals with the elaborate attempt by the Mormons to reconstruct the genealogy of all mankind.

Campaign Journal, by Elizabeth Drew (*Macmillan, $24.95*).

A contemporary account, comprising periodic entries, of the political events of 1983 and 1984, culminating in the reëlection of President Reagan—a reëlection that Ms. Drew says may have been one-sided but was not inevitable. Besides the tactics and strategies of the Reagan campaign, the author describes, through interviews and on-the-scene reporting, the struggles of Walter Mondale, Gary Hart, Jesse Jackson, and Geraldine Ferraro.

The Old Forest and Other Stories, by Peter Taylor (*Dial, $16.95*).

Fourteen short stories written by Mr. Taylor over the past forty-five years or so. As his admirers need hardly be reminded, most of them deal with family matters and scenes of domestic life in the South—more often than not, in Tennessee. Seven of the stories first ran in *The New Yorker.*

Following Through, by Herbert Warren Wind (*Ticknor & Fields, $20*).

A quarter of a century's worth of golfing history and reminiscence, assembled from the wide-ranging reports of Mr. Wind: reports that include the sport's heroes, such as Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., Gene Sarazen, and Arnold Palmer; its famous sites, from Pebble Beach, California, to St. Andrews, Scotland; and its memorable tournaments.

State of the Art, by Pauline Kael (*Dutton, $22.50 cloth, $12.95 paper*).

The art, of course, is cinema, and here gathered are the movie reviews—more than a hundred of them, each with its firm thumbs-up or thumbs-down—that Miss Kael wrote for us between 1983 and 1985.

New Selected Poems, by Howard Moss (*Atheneum, $20 cloth, $10.95 paper*).

The selections are from Mr. Moss's previous eleven volumes. Many of the poems first appeared here.

Outrageous Misconduct, by Paul Brodeur (*Pantheon, $19.95*).

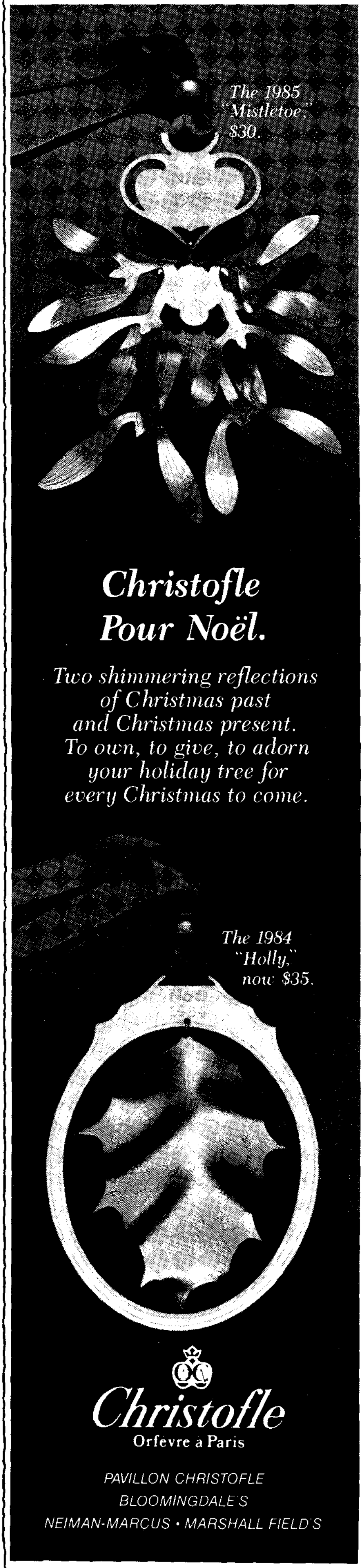
It is estimated that America may look forward to between eight thousand and ten thousand deaths from asbestos-related cancer each year for the next twenty years. Mr. Brodeur's book documents the events leading up to this situation, and the asbestos industry's long fight to escape retribution for the damage done to its workers—behavior the author calls "a fifty-year history of corporate malfeasance and inhumanity to man that is unparalleled in the annals of the private-enterprise system."

Restitution, by Paul Brodeur (*Northeastern University Press, $18.95*).

Mr. Brodeur recounts two recent land-claims cases brought by New England Indian tribes, both based on the same 1790 law. In one, the Mashpee of Cape Cod were defeated by what may have been political, not legal, factors; in the other, the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot of Maine secured, after secret White House negotiations, the authority to acquire three hundred thousand acres of land and over eighty-one million dollars in compensation.

The New Yorker Cartoon Album 1975-1985 (*Viking, $20*).

The title tells all—three hundred and eighty-two comic drawings, by eighty-six artists.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A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON

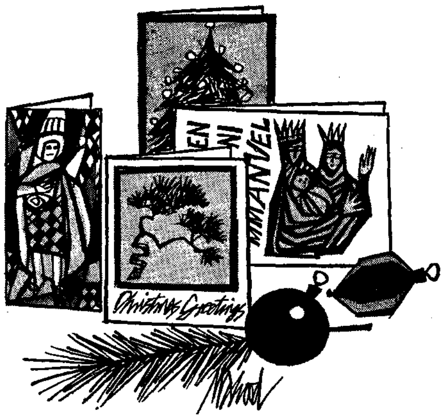
NOVEMBER 27

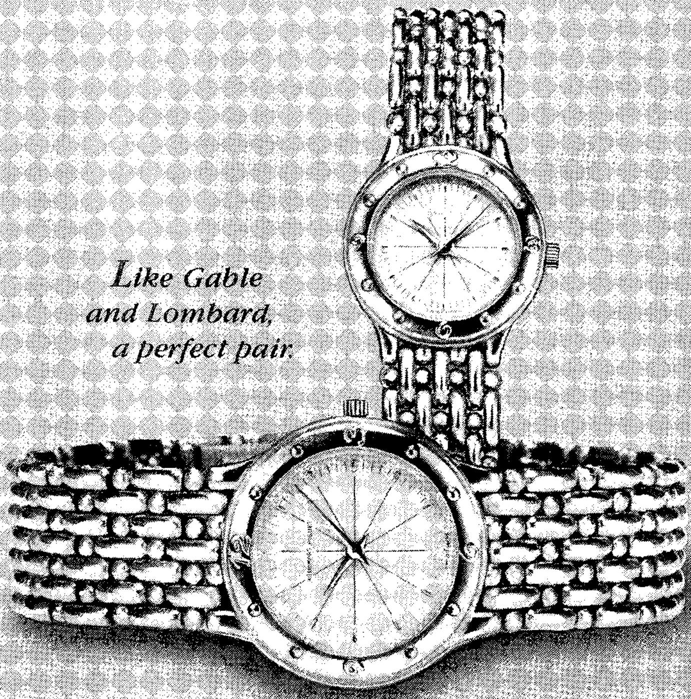
THAT President Reagan pulled off a summit success on his own terms was another testimony to his capacity for setting the terms (albeit shifting ones) for his successes, to the continuing power of his persona, and his almost uncanny ability to connect with the American people. For all the real problems his Administration is facing, Reagan still has a tremendous reservoir of good will to draw from, and he went into and came out of the summit—despite its relative lack of real accomplishment—sustained by that good will. Moreover, Reagan demonstrated once again a resilience, an ability to perform in a clinch, that has marked his career in politics. Here was an aging man who tires easily and whose grasp of the subject matter at hand is shaky at best turning a difficult situation into a personal triumph—however long that triumph may last. The pictures we saw of Reagan appearing to be getting along famously with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev and the details we were given of their "tough" and "frank" exchanges reinforced the image of Reagan as the tough guy who will stand up to an opponent but who is also quite an amiable fellow. And Reagan has the good fortune—which he has done much to arrange—to be judged on his own terms. He is judged not on where he should have been all along but where he eventually lands up. After five years of failing to meet with the head of the Soviet government and of a tense relationship with it, and after many years of strong anti-Soviet rhetoric, the very fact that Reagan met with Gorbachev and the meeting didn't end badly was treated as a major success.

That there was no breakthrough on arms control, and in fact no ostensible progress on the subject, was no surprise, given the unusual conditions preceding the meeting. Unlike most previous summits, this one had no agreements of consequence prepared in advance; on the contrary, the preceding weeks were marked by open exchanges, rather than quiet preparation, on the part of the two nations, and by sharp rhetoric on both sides. And it had become clear that the Reagan Administration, at least, was not prepared to make the kind of arms-control offer that might have led to a breakthrough, and in fact had not resolved its serious internal disputes over arms-control policy. Nor, of course, was there any way to be certain that the Soviet Union was truly ready to deal—though it had made an offer to make deep cuts in offensive weapons in exchange for limits on new defensive weapons. Though Gorbachev has suggested that there could be research on defensive weaponry, the official Soviet position is that there can be no work on it at all. The prevailing view within the Administration at the moment is that if the President hangs tough the Soviets will make further concessions.

The purpose and goals of the summit, as the people around Reagan defined them, were shifting things. And, given the deep fissures and disarray within the Administration, there were struggles over the purpose and goals even as the summit was under way. Other Administrations have had their internal differences over national-security policy, but Washington hasn't seen anything like this one. "I'm very puzzled by it," one former national-security official said to me recently. "I can't understand it." The difference, he then ventured, between previous Administrations and this one is that, despite the disputes, "someone was always more in charge than the others." And, he added, usually whoever was President was informed and engaged. But no one adviser or official in the Reagan Administration has a grip on the making or coördination of national-security policy. Reagan's laid-back style is enviable but costly. Lacking strong direction from the top, the President's key national-security officials are involved in nearly constant warfare—which provides great spectator sport but is not conducive to coherent, cohesive policy.

Robert McFarlane, the President's national-security adviser, is not a powerful enough figure to bring order to the scene. George Shultz, the Secretary of State, seems to drop into and out of the battling and to win some and lose some. Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of Defense, is a zealous proponent of a larger defense budget than almost anyone else in town will now countenance, and makes it clear he has little use for arms control. In his battles against arms-control agreements, Weinberger is aided—or, in the eyes of some, led—by Richard Perle, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy and one of the most talented people in this or any other Administration. Perle, who is forty-four, looms large in liberal demonology (and also that of the Democratic and Republican center), because of his demonstrable success—from the time he was an aide to the late Senator Henry Jackson—in torpedoing arms-control agreements. Perle is a very smart man, and he is also a civilized man of some charm. He couches his objections to various arms-control proposals in highly reasonable-sounding terms and tones. He is an acknowledged brilliant bureaucratic maneuverer, usually thinking several steps ahead, and he can play rough—but that capacity is not limited to people of his political philosophy. Perle's other advantage is that he probably knows more about the subject of arms control than anyone else in the Reagan Administration—with the possible exception of Paul Nitze, who was once Perle's mentor but who has had major collisions with him since they both went to work for Reagan. Perle was instrumental in seeing to it that an agreement with the Soviets on intermediate-range nuclear forces worked out by Nitze with his Soviet counterpart in the famous "walk in the woods," in 1982, did not come to pass. Nitze, who is seventy-eight and is special assistant to the President and the Secretary of State for Arms Control Matters, is widely believed to want to cap a long career of public service with an arms-control agreement. Nitze was a strong opponent of the SALT II treaty, negotiated by the Carter Administration though never approved by the Senate, but now he is the vessel of arms controllers' hopes. Shultz is believed, inside the government and out, to want to reach an agreement. The sphinx-like McFarlane is hard to read—which, given his role, is perhaps as it should be. The betting is that McFarlane, too, wants an agreement; the question is whether he has the strength





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or the will to try to turn some of the President's firmly held views around.

It was McFarlane who, according to a number of informed people, was most instrumental in selling the President on the idea of developing a defensive-weapons system—which evolved into the famous Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.), or "Star Wars" (a term the President has made it clear he dislikes). Someone close to the Reagan Administration told me recently, referring to McFarlane, "Bud would never fight the President on S.D.I." He continued, "Bud feels responsible for S.D.I. Early on, he was dogged with the President about it. The President can be dogged about something, but it can fall through the cracks. In the beginning, Bud thought S.D.I. was the ultimate weapon." Another person well acquainted with what goes on in the Administration says, "Bud's rationale was that we have been unable to keep up with the Soviets in the offensive-weapons race and that we probably won't be able to change that, so therefore we should take a different approach, and that different approach is defense." This man continues, "That argument fails in logic. If we can't keep up in the offensive area, it's not for lack of capability, it's for lack of will—and that wouldn't be there for defense, either." In the view of some, McFarlane now sees S.D.I. as a "bargaining chip," to be traded to the Soviets for important concessions. Others think that he, like some of his associates, sees S.D.I. not as leading to a protective shield over the entire country—a goal almost no one says is possible—but as a defensive system protecting land-based missiles.

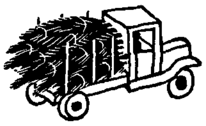
Senator Sam Nunn, of Georgia, the ranking Democrat on the Armed Services Committee—a circumspect man, a centrist, who is widely acknowledged to have a commanding grasp of the subject of arms—points out the problem of trying to track arms-control policy within the Reagan Administration. "What are negotiating tactics for some of the key players are deeply held principles for others," he said to me recently. "The President has to develop a deeper understanding of this subject in order to get a policy out of his Administration, or he has to get into the details enough to choose a key adviser. If all of his people agreed, the President wouldn't have to get into the details, but under these circumstances he has to." One influential senator says that McFarlane tries to play "the in-between role," between State and Defense. He adds, "If the President put the responsibility in Bud's hands, I think we'd have a pretty significant agreement, but as long as the President doesn't do that, Bud's position has to be ambivalent, and he has to play both sides. For him to play a stronger role, he'd have to have the President's proxy."

The bureaucratic maneuvers involved in stopping arms-control advances are no great mystery. One can toss in proposals whose implications others do not grasp. One can suggest in interagency meetings that some of the others seem too bent on giving things away to the Soviets—with the others knowing that such a charge could well be leaked to the press. One can delay—calling for more study, saying that it isn't yet time to make a certain move, and so on. A former national-security official (from the center of the spectrum) says, "Perle can do much foot-dragging and arguing. That's what he does on the subject of the transfer of technology to the Soviet bloc. It's not that Defense has so much power—it just doesn't happen." This man also says, "I don't think he wants any arms-control agreement—even one favorable to the United States." No President has won an arms-control agreement without the support for the idea from the civilian leadership of the Pentagon. And even when the outlines of an arms-control agreement are agreed upon by the United States and the Soviet Union, it takes a great deal of time and an enormous number of meetings at several levels of the government to get the details worked out and agreed upon. Years can be involved. Paul Warnke, who negotiated the SALT II treaty, says, "It's hard enough to get a treaty when everyone wants one."

TRYING to read the President's mind on the subject of S.D.I. is a major preoccupation here. A former national-security official for a Republican Administration says, "I think the President really believes in S.D.I.—that he is really sincere—and that's the trouble." One national-security expert not now serving in the government told me that he tried to argue with Reagan about the merits of the S.D.I. program and came away feeling that Reagan didn't understand what this man was saying. The major objection that people who oppose S.D.I. make is that while it cannot conceivably work as a total shield against incoming missiles, trying to construct even a partial shield is destabilizing—that it will lead to a new round in the arms race as the Soviets deploy more offensive weapons to offset any defensive weapons. They point out that Weinberger, who had been saying publicly that the President will never yield on S.D.I., wrote in an unclassified digest of a report that accompanied his now famous letter to Reagan on the eve of the summit (in warning that the Soviet Union was going for a defensive system of its own): "Even a *probable* territorial defense would require us to increase the number of our offensive forces and their ability to penetrate Soviet defenses to assure that our operational plans could be executed." This goes against one rationale that the Administration has been making for the S.D.I.: that as we proceed to deploy defensive systems the Soviet Union will regard offensive weapons as of less utility and will agree to dismantle large numbers of them. Some critics of S.D.I. are not against some measure of defensive capability in principle, and think a world in which the United States and the Soviet Union had more defensive weapons and fewer offensive weapons would be an improved one, but they see no way to get there from here. Even Nitze has said publicly that such a transition "could be tricky." Perle, on the other hand, argues that the current situation is more unstable than any transitional period would be, and that it is going to grow more unstable. He said to me recently, "A move to defense could add to deterrence. That's the heart of the issue." He added, "You don't have to do a total defense to achieve a very stabilizing defense. Even a partial shield will absorb enough missiles to provide a pretty effective shield." The technology that is being given emphasis in the current S.D.I. research is one that will destroy an offensive missile in its early—or "boost"—phase, when it is most vulnerable (moving more slowly and giving off more heat, which can be detected), and before it has discharged its warheads and decoys. The ultimate goal at the moment is to have a series, or layers, of defensive technology, to take out the missiles at different stages. Though Reagan makes a point of saying that the technology would be used only for defensive purposes, it does have some potential offensive applications—and this is believed to be one of the things that upset the Soviets about the S.D.I. program. Moreover, while the Soviets do have a defensive-research program of their own, objective observers believe that they lag behind the United States in the ability to develop and apply the sophisticated technology that would be involved.

Reagan certainly comes across as sincere when he talks about S.D.I., and about his intention to share the technology with the Soviet Union once it is developed. At one point before he left for the summit, he said that he would sell it to the Soviets "at cost." The potential arms-control deal that a number of people have thought possible is that the two sides would agree to hold work on defensive systems to research—a term that will require much negotiating—in return for deep cuts in offensive weapons. Some of the President's advisers say he believes that he has made an important conceptual breakthrough in strategic doctrine—one that will be a lasting contribution to history. And they argue that, should the Soviets hold out against any arms-control agreement allowing S.D.I., the President's conceptual contribution is more important than any temporary treaty. One official told me recently—in fact, after the summit—"A number of us have tried to tell the President that there could be a deal that held S.D.I. to research in exchange for deep cuts in offensive weapons, but he says that you shouldn't cut off something that can make a real contribution as an alternative to mutual assured destruction," or MAD. This person added, "And he's convinced he'll be able to convince the Soviets to coöperate in such a program. He's not at the point where he wants to give the Soviets a complete veto in getting away from MAD." Still, one longtime Reagan associate said to me recently, "The President is firmly convinced that S.D.I. is the answer—for both countries—and he's always thought that whatever research he got he'd give to the Soviet Union." He continued, "But Reagan never says never. If you look at his history of negotiating, he's always been willing to take that half loaf if that's all he can get—while never completely giving up on what he thinks is right." Another adviser said, "Reagan's always known when to trade." There is much hanging on Reagan's words when he talks about S.D.I., and when he describes it as a research program those who are hoping that such a deal will come to pass take heart. But they may be being too literal: some of Reagan's advisers tell me that "research" as the President uses it is simply shorthand for research, testing, and development of S.D.I.—that is, everything short of deployment.

THE President had long said that he was not interested in having a summit that was simply a get-acquainted session—that did not have a planned agenda. In fact, for a long time he simply wasn't interested in any summit meeting, and used as an excuse the fact that Gorbachev's three predecessors died during his Presidency. According to one Reagan associate, McFarlane and Shultz had for some time been urging him to sit down with a Soviet leader. The summit that took place came about somewhat accidentally: when Reagan decided not to attend the funeral of Gorbachev's immediate predecessor, Konstantin Chernenko, it was decided for public-relations purposes that he would send a letter to Gorbachev inviting him to meet with him. After that, a raging argument went on within the Administration over whether this get-together would be a "summit" or a "meeting"—whether it would consist of substantive discussions or just be a getting-to-know-you session. Shultz wanted substance; others, out of concern that expectations would run too high, or that Reagan would alienate the Republican right wing, or that deals would be made that they would prefer not be made, argued for a substanceless meeting. As things evolved, it became clear that Reagan and Gorbachev would have to talk about *something*, and the Administration's energies then went into broadening the focus of the summit, and of the pre-summit talk, so that arms control would not dominate the agenda. One adviser involved in the planning for the summit says, "We felt from the beginning that arms control was *their* subject." Thus, McFarlane, in a speech in September, laid out four items for the summit agenda: bilateral agreements, regional issues, human rights, and arms control. Thus, the President, in his speech before the United Nations on October 24th, stressed human rights and regional issues—that is, Soviet activities in Afghanistan, Nicaragua, Cambodia, Ethiopia, and Angola. In his U.N. speech, the President also dealt to some extent with the iniquities of the Soviet system. (The speech was designed to shape the agenda going into the summit and, as one adviser put it, "reinforce some feelings Americans hold rather than to open up new avenues to the Soviet Union or to assuage the allies about arms control." When asked why it was deemed necessary to reinforce feelings already held by some, another adviser said, "Reagan always thinks it's important to stay in touch with your base; it's a principle of politics on his part.")



Reagan's televised speech to the nation on November 14th, two days before he left for Geneva, stressed "people-to-people" programs, suggesting that it would be a wonderful thing if the American people could once again see the Bolshoi Ballet, and the Soviet people could hear the Beach Boys and watch "Sesame Street." Cultural exchanges had gone on before, but they were terminated as a result of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The President also talked of exchanges of young people. William Hyland, who served on the National Security Council staff under Nixon and Ford, said to me following this speech, "These agreements are part of improving relations, but I think there is something in the air in the White House that gets to people. They get all excited about people-to-people programs and think that if people could get together everything would be better."

As the summit approached, Administration officials made strenuous efforts to dampen expectations, and began to talk about the summit as one that would initiate "a process." Emphasizing the summit meeting as the beginning of a process would take pressure off the event itself. Negotiations on bilateral agreements were under way, and some of the President's advisers still hoped for concrete progress on arms control—at least instructions to the two sides' arms-reduction negotiators, who had been meeting in Geneva. The exercise in dampening expectations was successful. Richard Wirthlin, the President's pollster, told me shortly before the summit, "With one fell swoop, we have the best of both worlds—a summit but no great expectations."

IT was just as well for the Reagan Administration that the public wasn't expecting much in the area of arms control. The Soviet offer for deep mutual cuts in offensive weapons, made on September 30th, struck a number of people here as offering the

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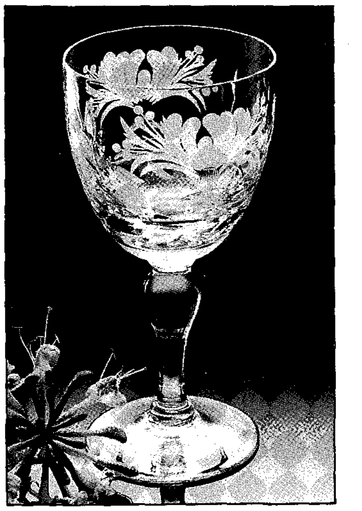

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possibility for the kind of arms reduction the United States had long been seeking: a substantial reduction in Soviet heavy, land-based missiles, which the United States had long feared. The proposal, of course, had a number of things in it that were unacceptable to the United States—among other things, it called for a total ban on S.D.I., including research, and it counted United States intermediate-range weapons based in Europe as strategic weapons, because they could hit the Soviet Union. But it was an opening position. At first, Administration spokesmen dismissed the Soviet offer as old hat, but, as the public-relations requirements of the time began to press in on them, the President said that the proposals had "seeds which we should nurture." But in short order it became clear to the Administration that it couldn't get away with trying to have a summit that focussed chiefly on regional issues, human rights, and people-to-people programs, and that the summit couldn't be kept a low-key affair. Moreover, the Administration was somewhat taken aback by the degree of unhappiness expressed by the allies over Reagan's failure to address arms control in his U.N. speech. And McFarlane and Shultz thought the Soviet proposal and what they were hearing from their negotiators offered the chance of a breakthrough. So a week after the speech the President announced that he was sending a new arms-control proposal to the negotiators in Geneva. One Reagan adviser told me, "The reason we put another offer on the table was simply to avoid letting the Soviet Union take the high ground before the summit. The audience was not so much the American public as the European public, who take a unifocal view of the summit." The decision to make the counteroffer followed another internal fight within the Administration, with Weinberger and Perle opposing the idea of making a counteroffer yet. But Weinberger lost the argument, and there were signs then that McFarlane and Shultz were making an effort to diminish his role in arms-control policy—an effort that resulted in Weinberger's not being included in the delegation going to Geneva with the President. The United States' counteroffer was a variation on earlier proposals that the Soviet Union make deep cuts in its offensive missiles, putting emphasis on the Soviets' large missiles, but made no concessions on S.D.I. When the President, on October 31st, announced to the press that he would make a new offer to the Soviets, he said that the elements of it were "deep cuts, no first-strike advantage, defensive research, and no cheating." The President's advisers on the public relations of the matter were delighted; Wirthlin, in particular, had argued that the public doesn't understand the term "verifiable"—and was said to have been delighted when Reagan came up with "no cheating."

One new element in the United States' counteroffer, which set off a serious row in Washington, was a proposal to ban all mobile missiles. This idea, which was championed by both Perle and McFarlane, constituted a major embarrassment and an affront to those legislators who in 1983 had helped save the MX missile for Reagan by getting the President to agree—in writing—to also develop a single-warhead missile, the Midgetman, which its backers intended to be a mobile missile. The theory was that a large number of single-warhead mobile missiles would be hard to knock out, and that if both sides had them this would lead to stability. This small group of congressmen had continued to help keep the MX alive, by tiny margins, over growing political opposition. The idea for the Midgetman, which came out of a Presidential commission headed by Brent Scowcroft, a retired Air Force lieutenant general who had been a much-admired national-security adviser to Ford, was, in the eyes of Scowcroft and others, a breakthrough in finding a strategic doctrine dealing with the presumed vulnerability of fixed land-based missiles. At the time of the MX-Midgetman compromise, a number of the legislators' colleagues warned that the letter from Reagan pledging to "undertake a major effort to bring the proposal of a small, single-warhead ICBM to fruition on a high priority basis" and to pursue arms control along the lines suggested by the Scowcroft Commission report was less than rock-solid. (Just as Reagan's letter to Congress earlier this year pledging to negotiate directly with the Nicaraguan Sandinista regime in exchange for congressional approval of "humanitarian" aid for the Contras seems to have been forgotten.) It was also predicted at the time that there would be Administration complaints about the cost of the single-warhead missile, and now Administration officials cite cost as one reason for putting the missile on the bargaining table. It was known at the time that Weinberger and Perle, as well as the Air Force, weren't enthusiastic about the Midgetman. In the eyes of some, the proposal by the Administration to get rid of mobile missiles was an attempt to head off a system that could provide an alternative to S.D.I. Kenneth Adelman, the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA), said to me shortly before the summit talks, "The prospect of S.D.I. gives greater survivability to fixed land-based systems." Both McFarlane and the Pentagon were said to be concerned that, while the Soviets were in the process of deploying strategic mobile missiles—with both single and multiple warheads—the United States would not get around to deploying the Midgetman. According to this argument, the Midgetman would not be so popular when the time came to actually deploy it—at the stage of what the Air Force refers to as "public interface." The theory is that Americans have never been keen on having mobile missiles nearby. (That's why the MX was not made mobile.) On the other hand, the argument went, the Soviet Union has a much larger landmass on which to deploy mobile missiles, and, of course, much greater control over its population.

Around the time the Administration made its decision to try to ban mobile missiles, Senator Albert Gore, Democrat of Tennessee, who as a member of the House was one of the architects of the MX-Midgetman compromise, had access to a study by the Air Force—which the Administration was supposed to have submitted to Congress a month before—that said that the deployment of a sufficient number (five hundred) of single-warhead mobile missiles, coupled with some mutual reductions in offensive weapons, would render the Soviet Union incapable of knocking out the United States' land-based missiles. When I spoke with him in the first week of November, Gore said he felt that the Administration had blown any chance of a breakthrough in arms control at the summit, because it had refused to—as policymakers are wont to put it—"show any ankle" on S.D.I., and, in putting Midgetman on the table, abandoned an avenue toward stability the United States had been trying to persuade the Soviets to travel. (The United States view on whether mobile missiles are good things or bad things has changed several times since the nineteen-seventies.) Scowcroft himself was known to be very unhappy about the Administration's decision, but was reluctant to attack it publicly just before the summit. Les Aspin, Democrat of Wisconsin and now chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, who had led the effort to put together the MX-Midgetman deal, and who, to the consternation of many of his Democratic colleagues, continued to support the MX after he became committee chairman at the beginning of this Congress with their help, is obviously in an embarrassing spot. Gore, by his own count, has given fourteen floor speeches criticizing the Administration's negotiating proposal, and he says that the Administration's strategic policies are now going to be challenged much more rigorously in Congress. Of course, no one could be sure to what extent the Administration's proposal to ban all mobile missiles was a negotiating tactic or a move to upend a possible arms-control agreement. It was, Nunn says, another example of a situation where something is a tactical

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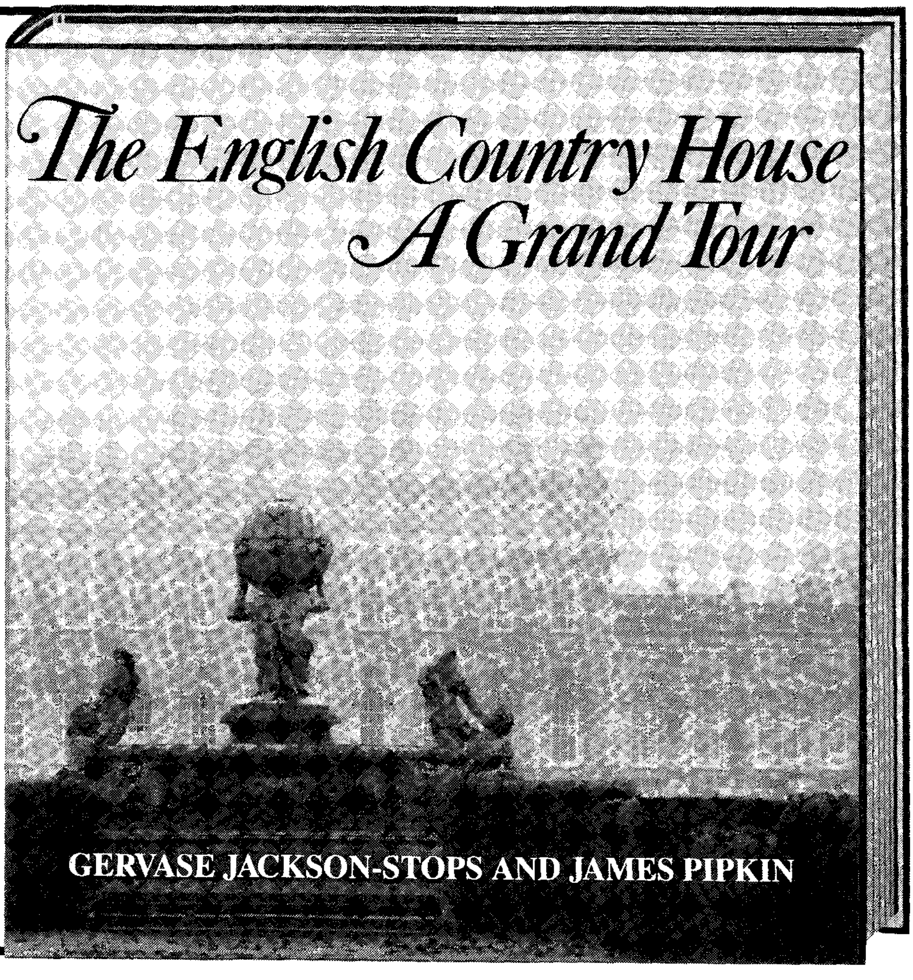
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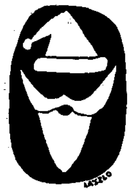
move to some people in the Administration and to others a deeply held substantive position.

Another row within the Administration occurred when, in early October, McFarlane suddenly announced that the United States interpreted the 1972 anti-ballistic-missile (ABM) treaty, which prohibited fixed land-based anti-ballistic-missile systems (the only kind there were at that time), as allowing research, testing, and development of a space-based defense system—thus asserting for the first time that full-scale testing and development of S.D.I. would not be restricted by the treaty. The treaty specifically banned the development, testing, or deployment of "ABM systems or components which are sea-based, air-based, space-based, or mobile land-based." An agreed statement appended to the treaty said that if ABM systems based on "other physical principles" were "created in the future," limitations on such systems would be "subject to discussion . . . and agreement." McFarlane took the position that the agreed statement permitted research, testing, and development of new systems—an interpretation contrary to that which had been followed for thirteen years and one which the treaty's negotiators said was dead wrong and, in effect, abrogated the treaty. Gerard Smith, an attorney who was the chief negotiator of the treaty, has told me that the agreed statement was added at the behest of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who wanted to be free to develop exotic technology for fixed land-based systems. McFarlane's announcement came as a surprise to some arms-control officials; an important one said to me recently, "I was surprised that Bud said it then. I was sure there was going to be another meeting on it." After a considerable uproar within and outside the Administration, Shultz announced in a speech to a meeting of legislators from the NATO countries that the new interpretation would stand but that the United States would continue to observe limits on testing and development of the S.D.I. program. Important members of Congress and some of our allies complained about the new interpretation, and Shultz and Nitze fought hard to pare it back. The compromise was approved by the President. Among the problems with the new interpretation, according to one official, was that Shultz had made a commitment to British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and other important allies that the S.D.I. program would observe the limits set by the ABM treaty (as it was interpreted then). The allies have had misgivings about the program—among other things, a Soviet defensive system could render British and French missiles useless—but a number have been brought around by pledges that the program would remain limited, and by being given some lucrative research contracts. Also, the current S.D.I. program—to find out whether such a defense would be feasible—had been designed to stay within the old interpretation of the ABM treaty, and Congress had been informed that those limits (as interpreted then) would be observed. The move to reinterpret the treaty began in the Pentagon, and the new interpretation was—and is—strongly backed by Weinberger and Perle. Shultz and Nitze argued that the Administration had to stick by what it had told Congress and the allies. Gerard Smith calls the attempt to change the interpretation "one of the most scandalous episodes in the idea of arms control." Smith has also said that this is the first time the United States has had two interpretations of a treaty. Some officials have suggested that, in part, McFarlane was staking out a negotiating position. And there are ideas floating around about offering the Soviets something on the ABM treaty in exchange for Soviet concessions on offensive weapons. But Weinberger and Perle are intent on seeing to it that there are no limits on the development of S.D.I.

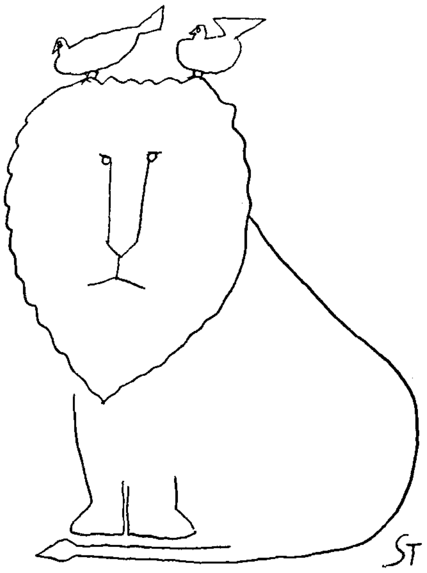


This was one of the points in the letter Weinberger sent to Reagan on the eve of his departure for Geneva. The letter, which Weinberger delivered to the President personally on Wednesday, November 13th, along with a report on alleged Soviet violations of arms-control treaties, urged him to avoid any affirmation of the more restrictive interpretation of the ABM treaty. While some of the President's advisers were considering opening up the ABM question at the summit, Weinberger and Perle felt that since the Soviet goal was to stop S.D.I. there was no point in negotiating on the subject. There had been a lot of discussion within the Administration over whether a reaffirmation of the ABM treaty should be sought at the summit. Some officials were for it, but others argued that the ABM treaty should not be reaffirmed because the Soviets are violating it (they have built one radar system inside the country which should be on the periphery) and because such an action might raise a future barrier to S.D.I. (For the time being, S.D.I. researchers have the authority they need under the restrictive interpretation.) When Shultz and McFarlane went to Moscow in early November, before the summit, accompanied by Nitze and others, McFarlane and Nitze explored with the Soviets the possibility of the Soviets' coming off their total opposition to S.D.I. and agreeing on some line that could be drawn between the research stage and the testing and development stages. But these exploratory talks didn't get very far. Perle said to me recently, talking of a possible reaffirmation of the ABM treaty, "Once you table language that does that, it could give rise to a new interpretation of the treaty." He continued, "Eighty per cent of the differences over arms control revolve around the 'slippery slope' question. Some of us are more concerned about taking the first step. Others don't think the slope is so slippery. You're seldom faced with dramatic differences. People who don't want to start on the slope can look like obstructionists."

Weinberger also urged the President to avoid any agreement at the summit to continue to observe the SALT II treaty after its expiration date of December 31st of this year. And he warned against agreeing to any language in a final communiqué which might "obscure" the record of Soviet violations. This whole business came about as a result of a Presidential decision in June to continue the Administration's policy of not undercutting the SALT II agreement—the Defense Department had recommended abandoning it. The conditions set on continuing to observe SALT II were that the Soviets also not undercut it and continue to negotiate on further arms reductions, and the United States reserved the right to take appropriate and proportionate responses to Soviet violations of the treaty. In deciding to adhere to the existing policy, the President was obliged to dismantle a Poseidon submarine, and, as an apparent sop to Defense, he asked for a report on alleged Soviet violations and on recommended reponses to them. As it turned out, the report, written by Perle, was due just before the President was to leave for Geneva. Perle left out the part recommending appropriate responses to the Soviet violations, figuring that this was not the time.

The whole question of violations is a murky one, often having to do with interpretations of ambiguous treaty language. But even supporters of the SALT II and ABM agreements say that the Soviets do tend to push at the outer limits of the treaties—or "crowd" them—and have committed some violations. Not everyone thinks that the violations are serious. In previous Administrations, disputes over such matters were negotiated. It is also the case that the Soviets have taken actions—in dismantling various weapons—to comply with the terms of SALT II. Some Administration officials had been interested in reaching an agreement with the Soviets at the summit to continue observation of SALT II as long as both sides showed restraint. A provision to this effect was part of a draft communiqué drawn up by the State Department and shown to Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze in New York at the time of the President's U.N. speech and taken by Shultz to Moscow. But Defense Department officials and others within the Administration, including ACDA, took strong exception to the SALT II provision and other parts of the communiqué—once they found out about it, just before the American officials departed for Moscow—and Defense officials sent a point-by-point critique of it to the White House. The issue of whether to continue to observe the SALT II treaty remains a major one within the Administration. Shultz and Nitze take the position that the June policy about not undercutting the SALT agreement is a lasting one, and that no further decision on that has to be made. When Shultz and McFarlane were in Moscow, Soviet leaders were told that the United States would continue the existing policy on observing the SALT II treaty indefinitely. On the Saturday after the summit, Bernard Gwertzman, of the *Times*, wrote a story to this effect, and the story was denied on the talk shows the next day by Shultz and White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan, but the story was correct. When Adelman learned about the statement in Moscow, he was displeased: he and Weinberger and Perle argue that the Soviet Union is violating SALT II and that the United States must respond, perhaps with actions that also violate the treaty, and Adelman argues that by observing the treaty after December 31st, when it was scheduled to expire, the Administration risks making it Reagan's treaty. These people argue that Reagan should look at the whole question of the treaty again before December 31st, and said that Reagan should fend off any Soviet pressure at the summit to extend the life of the treaty. And in a meeting of high officials on the day after the President received Weinberger's letter and report, Reagan made it clear that he was not going to foreclose his options on what to do about the SALT II treaty, and the alleged violations, until after the summit, when he would have the rest of the Pentagon report. A high State Department official said to me recently, "Weinberger is always worried that the State Department will sell his store—that we will be so anxious to compromise that we will give away too much." Now the President is facing the December 31st expiration date—with his advisers divided over whether it calls for a new decision about adhering to SALT II—and new questions of whether to retire more submarines if he decides to continue to observe the agreement, and of how to respond to the alleged violations.

The leaking of Weinberger's letter to the Washington *Post* and the New York *Times*, and the appearance of the stories about it on the day that the President departed for the summit, inevitably caused a major flap. However, that these were Weinberger's views was no surprise. And while a lot of people jumped to the conclusion that Weinberger leaked it in order to put pressure on the President, there is also reason to think that the leaking was done by an opponent of Weinberger—in the State Department—in order to embarrass him. Others have pointed to the White House. In the Byzantine world of Washington, the leaker could have been an accomplice—witting or unwitting—of someone, even in the Pentagon, who wanted it leaked. (The letter, which was a communication between Weinberger and the President, was unclassified and distributed widely in the government.) But the effect of the leaking of the letter was to reinforce feelings here that Weinberger is not "a team player"—that he puts his own interests ahead of the President's. Weinberger is said by a friend to have felt wounded by the affair, and to have felt that someone was out to get him. Actually, many people have been out to get Weinberger for some time. During his first term, Reagan was told again and again—by then Chief of Staff James Baker and then Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver and by Republican congressional leaders—that Weinberger had become ineffective on Capitol Hill, and had won less funding for defense than he might have, because he would not be reasonable. But Reagan, a very loyal man, stuck by Weinberger, a longtime personal friend and associate, and after he arrived in Geneva he made it clear that he was angry about the leak, not the letter. Some members of the current White House team wouldn't mind seeing Weinberger depart, because of the difficulties he causes over the defense budget, and his opponents over arms control within the Administration are taking their whacks. The government is not a delicate place.



THE President's preparations for the summit were characterized by a certain amount of public relations and somewhat loopy statements on his part. Care was taken not to over brief Reagan, who nonetheless protested to aides about "all those volumes" of briefing material he was being sent. One longtime Reagan adviser said to me, "You can put too much in the computer—he'll try to remember it all. Some people sift it out; it all goes into Reagan, and he's so serious and sincere that when he gets into a situation he'll try to use it all. You can tell it's happening when he starts to talk longer. That's what happened in the first debate with Mondale." Reagan watched a C.I.A.-produced film about Gorbachev; such films are often made about foreign leaders Reagan is about to meet, as are films showing the President what a trip might be like—what the airport looks like, what the greeting committee is likely to be, the

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buildings he will work in, and so on. Even Reagan's defenders have never portrayed him as an intellectually rigorous man. But Reagan has done extremely well in politics without troubling himself with certain facts and realities; he has, with good reason, great faith in his instincts and in the force of his personality. There is no question that Reagan did some studying for Geneva, but he had come to the subject of arms control late. In 1982, he told a press conference that missiles launched from submarines can be recalled. In October of 1983, he told some members of Congress that he had only recently realized that most of the Soviet Union's nuclear force is concentrated on land. A member of Congress told me that he once heard Reagan in a meeting refer to the military "triune"—rather than triad. Shortly before the summit, Reagan told some European broadcasters that he would discuss with Gorbachev the Soviet proposal for a "nuclear-free zone" in Europe—an idea that contravenes NATO doctrine and that the President and the European allies had long opposed. When, in an interview with Soviet journalists at the end of October, which was published in the Soviet Union in early November, Reagan said that deployment of S.D.I. would occur only after both countries "do away with our nuclear missiles, our offensive missiles," White House spokesman Larry Speakes described this as "Presidential imprecision." Aside from the fact that Reagan will not be in office when and if S.D.I. is ready to be deployed, this formulation of his policy in effect gave the Soviet Union a veto over the deployment. When asked by reporters the next day whether that was what he intended, Reagan gave one of his favorite replies—"Hell, no." Reagan's penchant for "misspeaking" on the subject of arms control makes his aides nervous, and created some apprehension about what might happen at the summit. A close Reagan adviser says that Reagan realizes that a deployed S.D.I. would give the United States a military advantage, and that his various statements about giving it away or selling it or not deploying it until certain things had happened are attempts to send signals to the Soviet Union that the United States is not going for a first-strike capability. "He says some of these things perhaps too quickly," the adviser says.

Deaver, who is now in the public-relations business in Washington and remains close to the Reagans—especially to Mrs. Reagan—was, along with Wirthlin, called in to help out with the public aspects of the summit planning. (Conservatives fret that Deaver and Mrs. Reagan might be pushing the President to give concessions to the Soviets in order to establish a place in history for himself as a peacemaker.) In meetings that took place at the White House at least weekly, a special planning group that included Deaver and Wirthlin focussed not only on what Reagan should do but also on how the rest of the Administration should behave and what they should say. Weinberger was kept from making television appearances—though he made speeches that made their way onto the news programs—and Perle was put under very tight wraps. A set of meetings between the President and various outside groups was planned. A couple of weeks before the summit, Reagan met with some experts on the Soviet Union—a meeting at least one expert came away from disturbed by Reagan's lack of knowledge and penchant for telling anecdotes. Reagan is fond of saying, and said in this meeting, that he just wishes he could fly the Soviet leader over American workers' homes, to show him the superiority of our system. (One former national-security official called Reagan's meeting at that point with Soviet experts "eyewash," and said that if Reagan had been making a serious attempt to learn, the meeting should have occurred much earlier.) A meeting was held with religious leaders in early November (Reagan asked them to pray for Gorbachev)—a move Deaver thought would highlight the contrast between the Soviet system and ours. A plan for a meeting between Reagan and former Presidents (a Deaver idea) was called off—on the advice of Richard Nixon, who said there can be only one President at a time, and out of concern that Carter would take the opportunity to criticize S.D.I. Reagan consulted Nixon frequently—which led to conservative fears that the President would return to the dread idea of détente. Reagan did talk to the former Presidents by phone from Camp David over the first weekend in November. Among the pointers Nixon gave Reagan was that if he wanted to make any headway with the Soviets on human rights he had to deal with it quietly. Deaver's flair was most apparent in the planning for Reagan's return from Geneva. It was Deaver's idea that the President should stop in Brussels to brief the NATO allies on the way back from Geneva. (The idea was to show that the United States has allies but that Gorbachev would have no one to talk to; however, Gorbachev went from Geneva to Prague, where he briefed members of the Warsaw Pact.) And it was also Deaver's idea that the President would dramatically helicopter from Andrews Air Force Base to the Capitol, where he would address the Congress. (Deaver, in collusion with and at the behest of Nancy Reagan, had long cosseted Reagan, but Deaver figured that on this occasion the extra effort would be well worth it, and Mrs. Reagan went along.) The "game plan" was that no matter what Gorbachev did in Geneva, Reagan would give no interviews and would not hold a press conference—forums in which he does not always excel—and he would be shown to his best advantage by giving a speech to a Congress that was bound to give him a warm welcome. The decision for the speech was made before anyone could know how the summit would turn out. Deaver told me, a couple of weeks before the summit, "The beauty of it is that no matter what happens he'll occupy the spotlight after the summit, and it gives him a chance to verbally restructure what happened if it all falls apart."

As the President left for the summit, on November 16th, three days before the two-day meeting was to begin, his aides had various degrees of optimism—for all their attempts to temper public expectations. Some believed that there could be some sort of breakthrough on arms control, perhaps in the form of guidelines to give to the negotiators. Moreover, the Reagan people had established the idea that, at the least, the summit would be the start of "a process," and said that in pre-summit discussions they would propose to the Soviets that there be annual summits. Therefore, for all the attempts of Reagan's aides to make the two leaders' decision in Geneva to meet next year and again in 1987 seem spontaneous, this was really not a surprise. Reagan's advisers had taken their measure of Gorbachev to the extent they could, and decided that he would probably be tough but civil, and —most important—that he would not want to see the summit fail. For some time, Soviet spokesmen had been sending the message through all manner of channels that if there was no movement on S.D.I. at the summit they would consider it a failure. But Administration officials concluded that Gorbachev has his own constraints—that he has not yet fully consolidated his power, and he is facing a Party congress in February—and he would need to show that in this first encounter with a President of the United States he had acquitted himself well, and had not failed. As it happened, the United States officials didn't want the summit to fail, either. Reagan had already described it as constituting a "fresh start."

The communiqué that had been drawn up by the State Department had already been ruled out as a result of opposition from within the government. Not only was Defense strongly opposed but Adelman didn't like it either, and offered the opinion that seeking a joint communiqué was not a productive enterprise—that in the past such communiqués had hurt the arms-control process, with both sides arguing over what the communiqué meant. Among the things its opponents within the Administration objected to —in addition to the provision about SALT II—were a statement saying that both sides deplore terrorism (the Pen-

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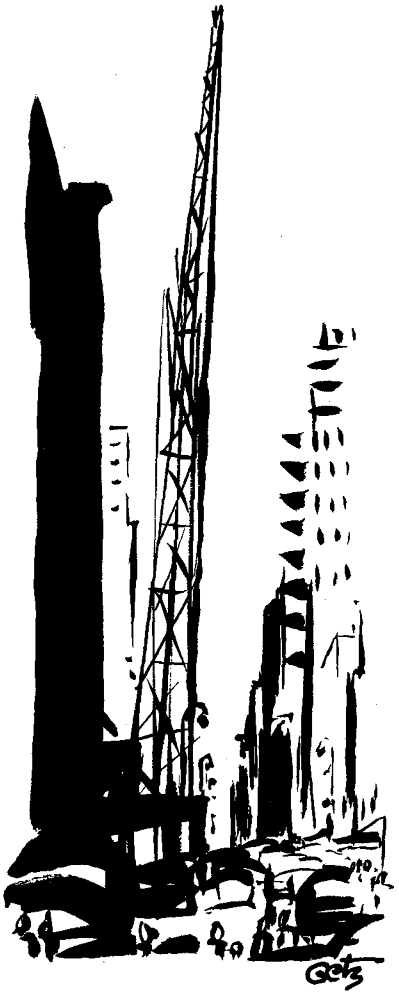
tagon argued that the Soviet Union sponsors terrorism); a statement affirming the importance of the ABM treaty (the Pentagon objection to that is obvious); and a statement saying both nations agree to respect the Helsinki accords of 1975 on human rights. As a result of the objections to the communiqué within our government, negotiations over it with the Soviet Union came to a halt.

Next, the Administration developed a set of guidelines to be proposed to Gorbachev in Geneva. They were first drafted by Nitze and were then subjected to more interagency struggles. The major struggle was over whether there should be guidelines at all. Nitze clearly thought they were a good idea and said publicly that he hoped guidelines would be agreed to at the summit. But this was not agreed policy, and other spokesmen backed the Administration off from what Nitze had said. However, Shultz and McFarlane are said to have been interested in guidelines as well. One argument made internally against guidelines was that they would be only marginally helpful, but if the United States made a big effort to get guidelines agreed to and did not succeed the summit might be seen as a failure. The decision was to let the President take them along and offer them if he saw fit to do so. As the guidelines emerged from the interagency pulling and hauling, it was clear that the Soviets would not accept them. Among the guidelines were a call for a fifty-per-cent reduction in offensive weapons in "comparable" categories (the Soviet Union and the United States are sharply divided over what categories of weapons are to be cut); a separate interim agreement on intermediate-range nuclear forces (both sides had already called for an interim agreement, but they are sharply divided over what weapons should be counted); a call for verification measures that would give confidence in compliance; and calls for a strengthened agreement against nuclear proliferation and for a study of "risk-reduction centers" to act in emergencies, and other worthy but undramatic measures. But the one guideline that the United States knew that the Soviets would not accept was one saying that both sides would proceed with ballistic-missile defense programs "as permitted by and in accordance with the ABM treaty." (Which interpretation of the ABM treaty was not mentioned.) A great deal of haggling went into the drawing up of this guideline—in order to make sure it didn't suggest a reaffirmation of the ABM treaty, or raise any future barriers to S.D.I., or suggest that the S.D.I. program would be limited to research. Since the Soviets had taken the position that they would not countenance S.D.I., this guideline was a "non-starter." When Reagan offered the guidelines to Gorbachev in the course of one of their early meetings, Gorbachev turned them down. However, versions of some of the guidelines ended up in the joint statement that the two nations issued on Thursday, after the meetings had ended. In Geneva, Perle made sure that there were no negotiations on anything that might have the effect of inhibiting S.D.I. So, as Weinberger and Perle had hoped, and largely as a result of their efforts, there were no agreements at the summit on continuing to observe the SALT II and ABM treaties.

That Reagan was to turn the summit meeting into a highly personal event was augured by some of the pre-summit talk of his advisers. In one press briefing at the White House shortly before the summit, a "high official" said that Reagan believed that through "personal dialogue" the meeting "can be terribly important in dispelling" most of the Soviets' misgivings about the United States. In Geneva, before the meetings began, McFarlane told the press that the President had prepared his own remarks for his talk with Gorbachev and that they would be "vintage President Reagan." (The term "vintage Reagan" is usually used to describe Reagan's more sentimental, or even cornball, sallies.) In fact, more than a month before the summit, Reagan talked with his advisers about spending a substantial amount of time with Gorbachev—the amount being considered then was about two hours. Deaver recently said to me, as we were talking about the summit, "Reagan has tremendous confidence in his ability to communicate, to win his argument. And, of course, he believes religiously in our system, and that all you have to do is tell them and show them and they'll understand." He continued, "I suppose to some people that's naïve, but to him it's that simple." He added, "Reagan has a tremendous faith in human nature and believes that there has to be some impression on Gorbachev of his sincerity. When you take that part of Reagan and mix it with the 'evil empire' part of Reagan, it's a very interesting combination." Deaver said that though Reagan no longer publicly uses the term "evil empire" to describe the Soviet Union, he still believes it. He said, "If there's a change, it's that Reagan doesn't believe that's an argument to be used now—that it only strengthens their paranoia about us." In a conversation shortly before the summit began, Wirthlin told me, "I think he sees the arena as very much tailored to his own strengths—one-to-one situations." Moreover, Reagan is a talkative, sometimes even garrulous man; his conversation can be a stream of arguments, old stories, anecdotes. And Gorbachev, from what signs we have had of him, is a talker, too—and, like Reagan, an extrovert. The five hours that the two men spent alone together—with just their translators along—was indeed unusual, but it probably served their mutual purposes. It kept the summit from declining into a set of structured meetings in which the two leaders harangued each other and obviously failed to come to any agreement. For Reagan, it kept the focus off arms control as the major sticking point, and for both men it distracted people from the reality that little of substance was achieved. Wirthlin says, "The summit started



out earlier this year as a get-acquainted meeting and then turned into a more formal meeting and ended up as something in between—with the focus on process and the theme of 'Don't expect too much.' In that, the President was in a win-win situation. If everything had gone wrong and Gorbachev had gotten up and walked out, that would not have hurt the President here."

THE wrangling over the final joint statement went on until about 4:30 A.M. Thursday, with both sides threatening to break off the negotiations and each taking the calculated risk that the other didn't want that to happen. Among the points in the final agreement were a call for a fifty-per-cent reduction in nuclear weapons, "appropriately applied"—which settled nothing—and an interim agreement on intermediate-range nuclear forces. (But not a "separate" one, as the United States sought.) The joint statement also called on the arms-reduction negotiators to "accelerate" their work. Perle says that they had difficulty finding the right word—that they considered "intensify" but feared that might imply that the negotiators weren't trying hard enough. There is no evidence that the two leaders gave the negotiators any basis for such an acceleration. One Presidential adviser told me before the summit that the meeting might lead to establishing another avenue for negotiations, but if that occurred it has not been made public. Perle was pleased to get a call for arms reductions that was not linked to S.D.I. The Soviets, for their part, got a reference to an earlier agreement stating the objective of "preventing an arms race in space." (Some of the American delegation were opposed to including this, and Perle says that in any event the United States and the Soviet Union interpret it differently—that the United States does not concede that S.D.I. could cause an arms race in space.) The joint statement also contained a vague pledge to seek prohibition of the use of chemical weapons, and some of the points in the guidelines about risk-reduction centers and nuclear proliferation.

On the subject of human rights, the statement said that the two sides "agreed on the importance of resolving humanitarian cases in the spirit of coöperation;" this was as far as the Soviets would go. The President's advisers said that the President had given Gorbachev a stiff lecture on human rights—in private—and that from now on the subject would be handled by "quiet diplomacy." There was no mention of regional conflicts, though the American side let it be known that the Soviets indicated that they wanted to find a political settlement in Afghanistan. Negotiations toward this end have been going on for some time—with India and Pakistan playing a role—but some American officials are not optimistic. Bilateral agreements were signed on the subjects of educational, scientific, and cultural exchanges; safety in air routes in the North Pacific (to prevent a recurrence of such an event as the Soviet downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007 in 1983); and the opening of consulates in New York and Kiev. An agreement to resume direct commercial flights between the two countries was not completed until the next day. Perle, who played an important role in drafting the communiqué, told me, "You will find that this is not a translation from the Russian, as the communiqués of the early seventies were." The papering over of the difference over S.D.I. lasted only until Gorbachev's press conference, which he held after his joint appearance with Reagan.

REAGAN'S arrival on Capitol Hill that night was as dramatic as had been envisioned, and members of Congress gave him a hero's welcome. He had acquitted himself well and had done something that would go over well with the American people. In giving him sustained applause, they became part of his aura. And Reagan showed a side of himself that people who had long worked with him knew—a stamina that he summons up when he absolutely has to. The seventy-four-year-old President had been on the go for twenty hours, and he looked fit and fine as he delivered his speech. The adrenaline was obviously flowing. The tone of the President's speech was measured, with no excessive claims for what had happened. He talked of his private meetings with Gorbachev, saying that they were the best part of what he has chosen to call the "fireside summit." He said, "I can't claim we had a meeting of the minds on such fundamentals as ideology or national purpose—but we understand each other better, and that's the key to peace. I gained a better perspective; I feel he did, too." He said that he and Gorbachev had agreed to turn the arms-talks negotiations "toward our

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chief goal, offensive reductions" (does he now think that the Soviets will finesse the subject of S.D.I.?), and said that they had agreed on fifty-per-cent reductions "in appropriate categories"—the categories being the rub. He once again defended S.D.I., and talked again of his "open laboratories" proposal, to allow United States and Soviet scientists to examine each other's efforts in the defensive-weapons field (those members of Congress who take this proposal seriously do not much like it), and he said he had assured Gorbachev that if research shows that a defensive system is possible "we would sit down with our allies and the Soviet Union to see how together we could replace all strategic ballistic missiles with such a defense." (Gorbachev, in his press conference, seemed anything but assured.) Reagan said, "A new realism spawned the summit, the summit itself was a good start; and now our byword must be: Steady as we go."

On Capitol Hill, the reception of the President's speech was more subdued in the corridors afterward and in conversations the following day. Members of Congress said that it was a good thing that the two men had met, but that not much had been accomplished. Several said that the next meetings would have to produce more results. And Nunn was among those who said that the summit meeting would not help the President get more funding for the Defense Department out of the Congress than it had been likely to give him before he went to Geneva—though the President, in his speech, asked for "continued support" for his military buildup. Nunn told me, "I don't think summit conferences affect the arithmetic. I don't think the President has ever added two and two to get four on the budget."

AMONG the problems the President returned to was one that was there before he departed: the fact that the pending proposal to require that the budget be reduced by specified amounts in order to reach a balanced budget within a few years was going to take large amounts out of his planned increases in defense spending. The proposal, called Gramm-Rudman, after its chief sponsors, Republican Senators Phil Gramm, of Texas, and Warren Rudman, of New Hampshire, had been embraced by the White House as an amendment to the pending resolution to raise the debt ceiling to two trillion dollars. But what had looked at first like a brilliant political maneuver—it got the President and the Republicans in Congress past the embarrassment of the two-trillion-dollar ceiling, and robbed the Democrats of an opportunity to make the ballooning of the deficit under Reagan a political issue—began to cause major headaches at the White House. Regan had apparently sold the idea to the President without warning him that it would cause large cuts in his defense plans, or telling him that Shultz, McFarlane, and Weinberger were opposed to it on those grounds. These three officials began to make their opposition known publicly, and the President eventually became aware that his continuing defense buildup was threatened. And it gradually became clear that the proposal would cause further defense cuts in this fiscal year. The deficit for fiscal 1986 was running over the ceiling set by the proposal as it passed the Senate, and this would trigger an automatic "sequestration" of funds by the President.

The House, on November 1st, passed its own version of the Gramm-Rudman proposal, with an almost totally unified Democratic majority. (Only two Democrats voted against it.) The Democratic version provided protection for certain programs for the poor (enough to satisfy the Black Caucus but not too many to drive away Southern conservatives), took care of other members' concerns by protecting certain veterans' benefits and easing cuts in farm programs, and provided that a higher percentage of defense spending would be vulnerable to cuts than under the Senate bill. And the House Democrats, making their own political point, provided that the budget must be balanced over four fiscal years, rather than the Senate's five, in order to force the White House and the Senate Republicans to face more painful decisions before the 1986 elections. Despite the Democrats' euphoria at their newfound unity, not all of them were happy that they passed any version of Gramm-Rudman at all. But they went along with the calculated decision that it was preferable to make the proposal—which was going to pass in any event—less unpalatable, to take the opportunity to embarrass the Republicans, and to show that the Democrats are for cutting the budget, too. After the House passed the bill, the Senate added another fifty amendments to try to clean up its own version, which had been passed in a rush (making for seventy-five Senate

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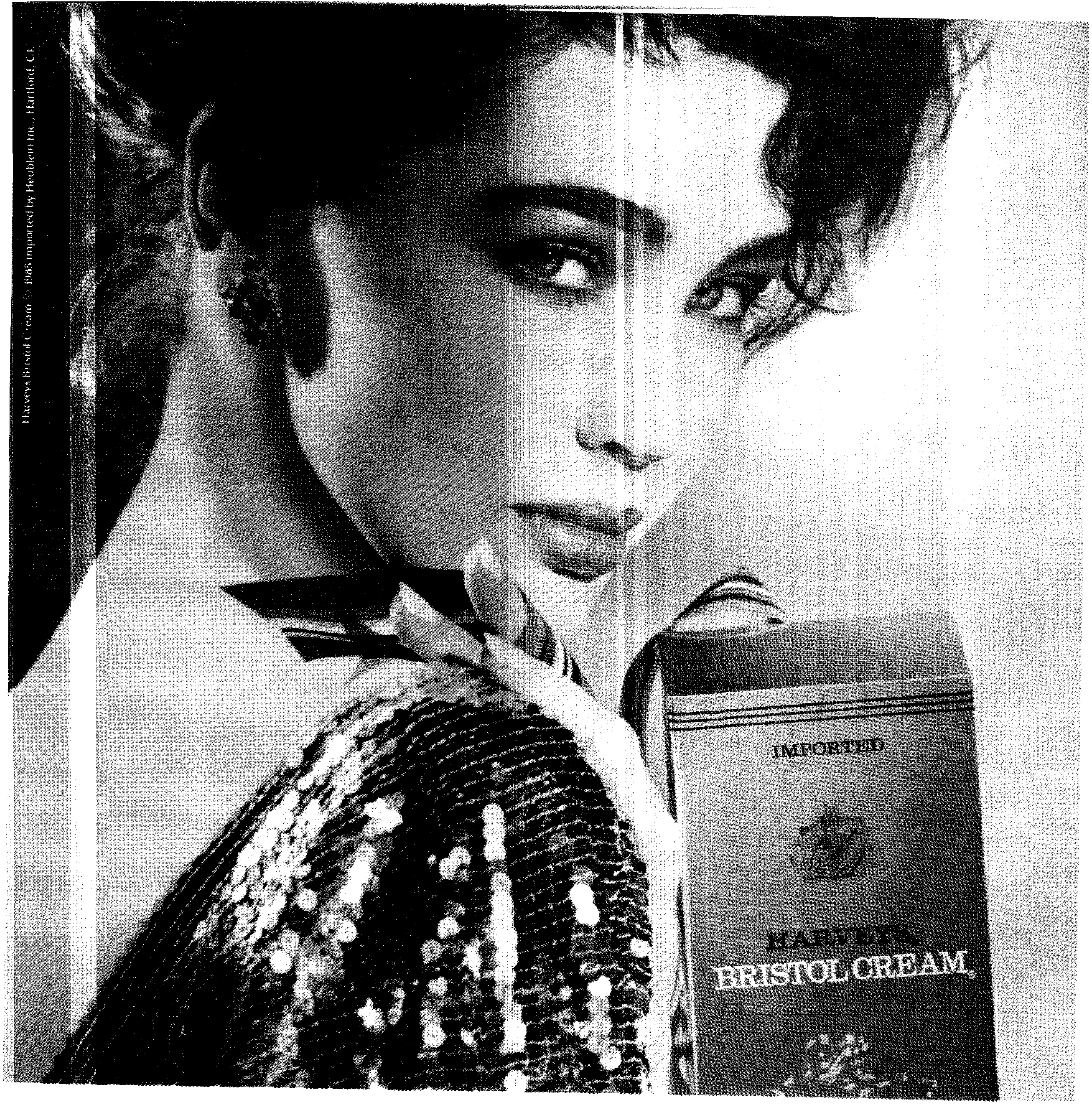
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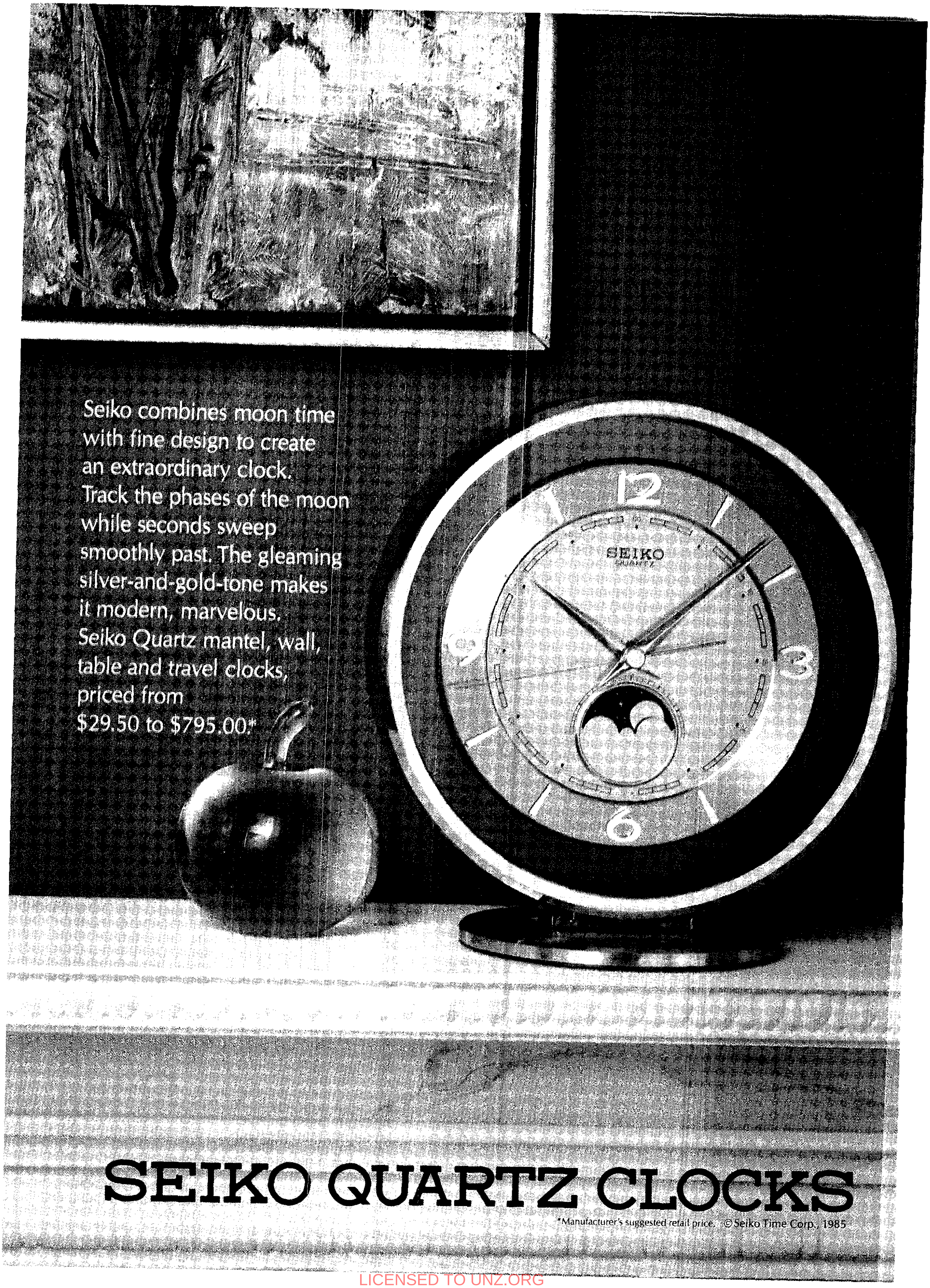

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amendments *after* the proposal was adopted), and, at the importuning of the White House, made Medicare more vulnerable to cuts so as to take some of the pressure off defense. (Not all Senate Republicans thought this was brilliant politics.) The bill went back to a House-Senate conference, and the White House has been imploring Republican senators to help it out further on defense (in fact, there was no version of the proposal—not even the one the President first embraced—that would not make cuts in defense) and threatening a Presidential veto if a bill emerges that would make a substantial cut in defense this year.

The view is held on Capitol Hill, and in some parts of the White House, that a Presidential veto of Gramm-Rudman would be a political disaster for Reagan: that he would once again leave Senate Republicans high and dry on the budget, and that he would have more difficulty arguing that he was serious about dramatically reducing the deficit. Thus far, the White House has had strikingly little impact on the Senate and House conferees, who have come together in a sort of bipartisan collusion around the idea that the President must be forced to cut defense spending or raise taxes, or both.

Another decision the President faces is what to do about the tax-reform bill that has just been agreed on by the House Ways and Means Committee. Since his barnstorming for tax reform had little effect on the public, and since few Republicans on the committee supported his proposal, the bill that emerged from the committee had a Democratic stamp to it, but it still essentially followed the outlines of Reagan's proposal. Had it not been for he commitment on the part of Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, Democrat of Illinois, to produce a bill, and for Rostenkowski's negotiating skills and doggedness, here would have been no bill at all. So f Reagan wants any tax-reform bill to pass the House he will have to give some support to the committee's bill—here is little Republican enthusiasm or tax reform in the House as a whole. Or, for that matter, in the Senate. The Administration is deeply divided over whether Reagan should endorse the Ways and Means bill. For now, the President has gone off for a much-needed Thanksgiving holiday at his ranch, with his popularity at an all-time high. He faces some hard realities when he returns.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

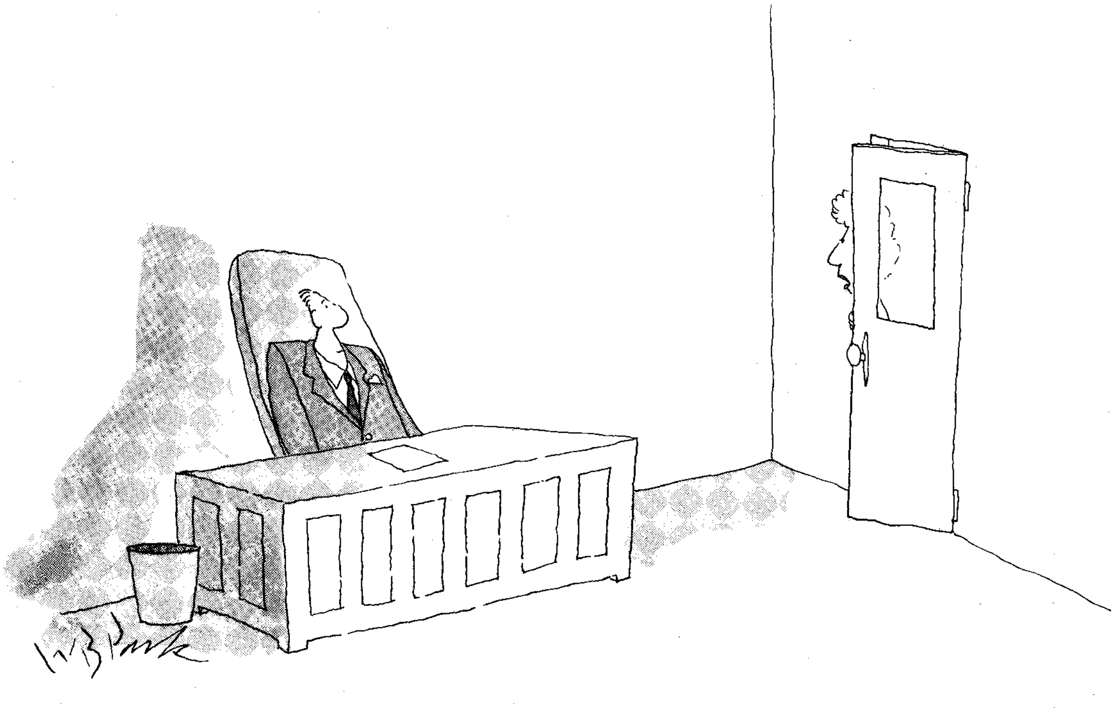
Flutes, and "Figaro"

WENDY ROLFE gave a pleasant flutes recital in Merkin Hall last month: music by Handel, Telemann, and Bach on a boxwood, one-keyed Baroque flute; by J. P. Pixis and Mozart on an 1818 crystal flute; and by Frank Martin, Harvey Sollberger, and Francis Poulenc on a modern metal instrument. "Die Zauberflöte" has now been recorded with a Baroque flute in the title role—an Erato/RCA set, conducted by Ton Koopman, recorded live in the Royal Theatre in The Hague, with the Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra (largely British strings and European winds). The spoken dialogue is omitted, which makes for some jarring juxtapositions. It's a fresh, urgent performance, with light, forward voices and instruments that Mozart would have recognized; the Tamino, Guy de Mey, is outstanding, for perfectly focussed tones and beautifully distinct words. But the magic flute itself sounds feeble. Tamino's comment after its first strains—"Wie stark ist nicht dein Zauberton"—seems quite inappropriate, and through the trials by fire and water it proves but a faltering guide. This may, however, have something to do with microphone placing and the position of a stage flute, for the orchestra flutes sound fine. And Miss Rolfe's Baroque flute—made two years ago, by Catherine Folkers, on the model of one by G.-A. Rottenburgh, whose flutes were famous—was clear, limpid, and lovely in tone. Its intonation, in fact, was purer than that of the nineteenth-century seven-keyed crystal flute, by Claude Laurent, on which she chose to play Mozart. The piece was the arrangement for flute, in D, of the C-major Rondo for violin and orchestra, K. 373; the fourth note of the rondo theme, an A, tended to sag.

In the mid-nineteenth century, Theobald Boehm redesigned the flute, making it the modern instrument that can be kept in tune in all dynamics, at all ranges. When Miss Rolfe returned after the intermission to play a Boehm flute, the sound was shocking at first—full, fat, and furry after the more delicate boxwood and crystal notes. But, of course, one's modern ears soon adjusted to the familiar instrument and heard delicacy in music that had been written for it. Sollberger's "Riding the Wind II," for solo flute, exploits the sonic possibilities of the modern instrument beyond what its inventor intended, with a noisy clicking and clacking of its keys such as flute students learn to avoid, with breathiness, with broken notes, chords, and counterpoints that form no natural part of the instrument's utterance. It's an exciting piece, and Miss Rolfe's account of it was arresting.

In Richard Strauss's opera "Intermezzo," the hero defends his wife's abrasive, extravagant behavior by declaring that she puts some gunpowder in him. Sollberger's "Riding the Wind II" put some gunpowder in Miss Rolfe. Elsewhere, I felt, she had charm, poetry, sensitivity, and rare technical ability—it was certainly an enjoyable recital—but perhaps not the fire that makes one go away with the memory of how certain phrases were delivered singing on in one's mind. She played everything with her eyes glued to the score. That's not important unless it also *sounds*. When I tried listening without looking, I thought that it did sound: that even from a recording of the recital a listener might deduce that she was playing from the page—not addressing her audience with full, free mastery, responding to its responses. (Contrariwise, that "Zauberflöte" recording can fill even a solitary listener with the sense that artists and audience are together bringing the work to life, with mutual spontaneous rapture.) Miss Rolfe played Telemann's A-minor Fantasy for solo flute, I felt, with insufficient fantasy and boldness—no ending a thought decisively before embarking on the next. Notions of toying with the music and teasing the audience—in Handel, Mozart, Poulenc—were missing. But there was grace in her phrasing. A Romance by Pixis (a composer best remembered as a contributor, along with Lisz and Chopin, to the "Hexameron"), Martin's Ballade, and the central movement o Poulenc's Sonata were lyrically handled.

The Baroque flute wa accompanied in Hande and Bach by a gamba and a harpsichord played by Alice Robbin and Wendy Young The crystal flute wa accompanied by a fortepiano, played by John Van Buskirk, who played a Steinway in the Martin and Poulenc works The platform dispositions were for solois with accompaniment



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not for players making chamber music together—Miss Rolfe turned her back on the harpsichord—but in fact the ensemble throughout the evening was amiable and well balanced.

AN authentic-instrument "Così Fan Tutte" has also arrived on record, from Oiseau-Lyre. Arnold Östman conducts the Drottningholm Court Theatre Orchestra, which has some members in common with the Amsterdam ensemble. (The string first desks contain the Salomon Quartet, which opened Merkin Hall's On Original Instruments series this season.) It's a frank, forthright performance, and on that count likable. There are some pleasantly strong and decisive utterances in the recitatives. The wind players are expert, and their sextet-serenade that opens the garden scene of Act II is beguiling in timbre. But Mr. Östman is often brisk or square to the point of roughness; again and again he leaves no time or space for the singers and the players to shape their phrases carefully, to sound the marvels of the music. Moreover, the men—Gösta Winbergh as Ferrando, the veterans Tom Krause and Carlos Feller as Guglielmo and Don Alfonso—sing in the standard international Mozart style of our day, and none too well at that. Unlike the new "Flute" recording, the new "Così" is not a fresh, careful essay in the re-creation of a Mozartian performance in all its details. The text is an odd mixture of modern barbarisms (in the form of blunt, repeated-note phrase endings) and accuracy. The set can be prized instrumentally, and dramatically for some vivid points made by Rachel Yakar's Fiordiligi in recitatives (the arias tax her) and by Alicia Nafé's Dorabella in both recitatives and arias. Otherwise, it demonstrates that using the right instruments is not in itself enough; there's more of the essential "Così" in the old, unauthentic recordings conducted by Fritz Busch and Karl Böhm (his earlier one). Unlike them, however, this new version is complete. Guglielmo's rejected aria "Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo" is included as an appendix.

MANY of the world's operatic cities have a "Nozze di Figaro" directed and designed by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle. New York's version arrived last month, at the Metropolitan Opera. It is a polished and precise execution, as one would expect from someone whose staging of the opera has been through so many "editions." In some ways, however, the drama is overdirected and is weakened by elaboration. Mr. Ponnelle can seldom resist adding to the original stage pictures. Mozart began his Act II with the Countess alone onstage—all the other characters have been introduced in lively dialogue—reflecting on her emotionally lonely life. It's a striking image. Mr. Ponnelle adds Susanna to the scene. Elsewhere, there are similar excrescences: a chorus appears at the end of the Count's aria, for example.

The basic set is a three-bay triumphal arch whose stuccoed surface is peeling and decrepit; in several places the interior brickwork shows through. Perhaps it proclaims that the world is built of bricks and the aristocrats' elegant plastered façade will soon disappear altogether. Behind the arch, the various rooms of the first three acts take shape. The outer bays hold doors in Acts I and II; in Act III, the palace throne room, they become gun-filled niches; and in Act IV they are spanned by garden gates. It's a handsome décor, executed in tasteful shades of brown and gray, with some white and some black costumes, and with touches of color provided by Cherubino's blue breeches, Dr. Bartolo's blue coat, Marcellina's purplish-brown bustle, and the battered red carnation that Antonio brings into the second-act finale. Some of the costuming is odd. Cherubino enters as a modern rock star, with a huge tangled mane, an extravagantly frilly blouse, skintight satin breeches, and bare feet. The Countess wears a Fortuny nightdress, and she walks through the palace corridor wearing it. In Acts III and IV, she wears a hat. Susanna, in the Act II cabinet (and, in terms of the plot, alone there), manages to lace herself into a wedding dress that surely must require a dresser's assistance. The Countess makes her last entrance—for the episode that Joseph Kerman called "the most beautiful thing in the opera"—still wearing Susanna's short skirt, and loses dignity thereby.

Possible architectural symbolism apart, little attention is paid to the opera's Revolutionary content. But then this was a curiously bland "Figaro" from every dramatic point of view. There was little menace in Figaro's defiance of his master, and any danger in the Count was suggested not by Thomas Allen's delivery of the fierce, vindictive aria but by a stagy lighting effect: a lamp beside the prompter's box came on and cast a

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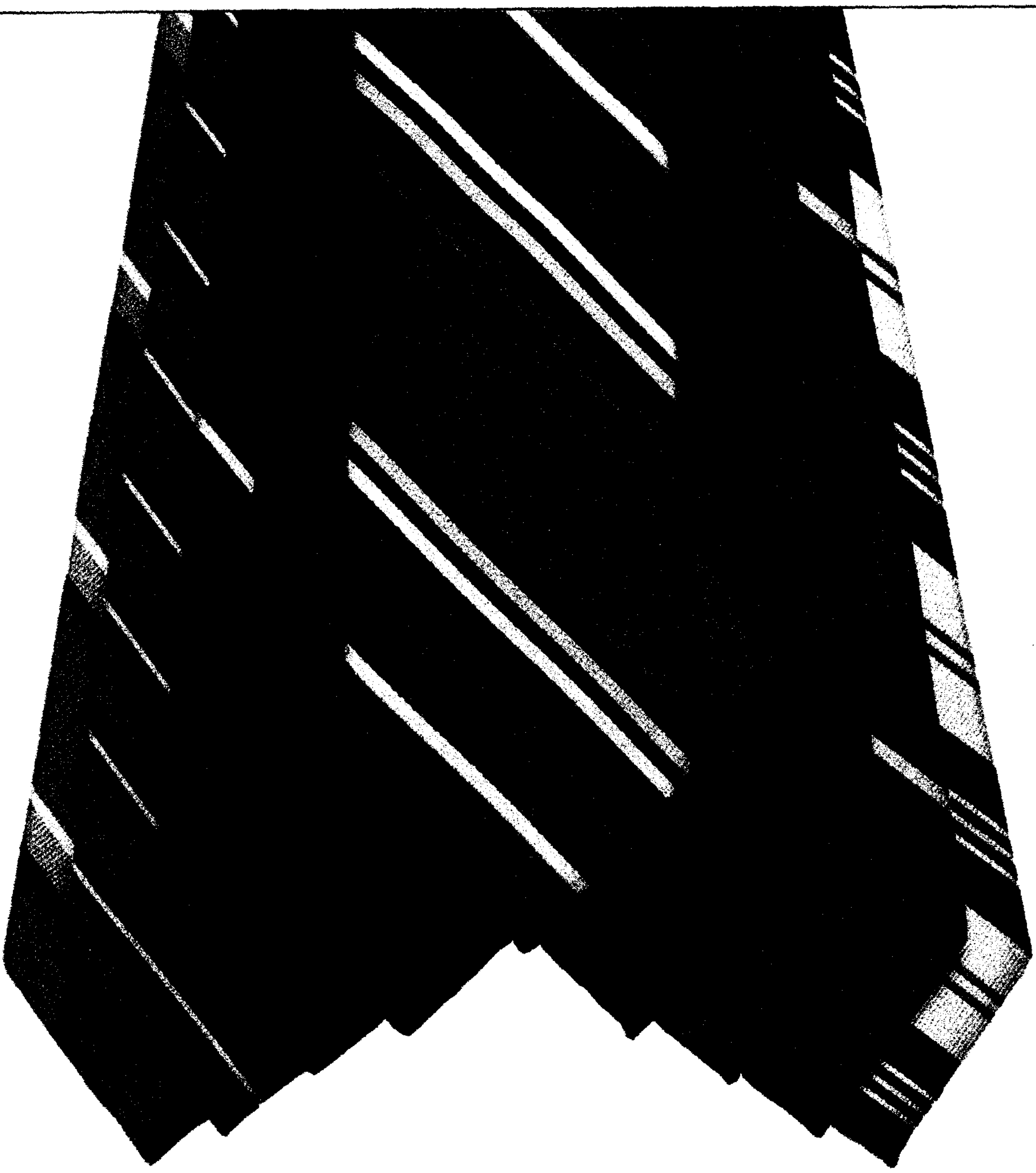

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giant shadow on the wall behind the singer. The class war and the sex war are far from being the whole of 'Figaro," but an audience should share emotions that are strong, deep, and sometimes painful. This performance remained on a decorative level. It was as if the drama had been composed by Paisiello, not by Mozart. The setting did nothing to combat he house's unsuitability for Mozart. Carol Vaness, the Countess, was way upstage at the start of "Porgi amor"—ar from the orchestra, even farther rom the audience.

James Levine conducted the overure fast—too fast for the notes to tell. Nearly a century ago, Bernard Shaw aid, "If you want to ascertain whether a musician is hopelessly beated, benighted, out of date, and behind his time, ask him how this overure should be played. If he replies 'In hree and a half minutes,' away with him at once; he is guilty." On the first night, Mr. Levine certainly seemed guilty, and in textual matters he and his cast were certainly benighted and out of date. One doesn't expect—wouldn't want—to hear authentic intruments in a Met "Figaro" but does xpect to find an educated approach to ighteenth-century musical notation. This performance had dozens, perhaps hundreds, of wrong notes in the form of missing appoggiaturas, and all Mozart's invitations to gracing and to cadenzas were gracelessly declined. In Shaw's day, singers still knew about uch things. (I didn't in fact mind the hocking hole Miss Vaness left in the middle of "Dove sono," for she used it o dramatic—to shock—effect.) On he other hand, after the initial misudgment Mr. Levine led a beautifully ehearsed, loving, and expertly played performance, which held many passages of musical delight. Mr. Ponnelle's production contains some enemble episodes where the singers 'freeze" and, eyes on the conductor, concentrate on balance, tuning, and hythmic exactitude. All these were good to hear.

Kathleen Battle was the Susanna. She has Elisabeth Schumann's secret of being sparkly and melting at once. Schumann had left the stage in the years when I heard her, but to the end he retained what Desmond Shawe-Taylor, in the New Grove, calls "a beautifully controlled high soprano of delicate, ringing timbre and of crystalline purity," and in recitals it was easy to discern still the "charming tage presence, especially in demure, mischievous parts"—qualities that in combination "made her ravishing as Susanna." She recorded Susanna's two arias.) Great singers sometimes utter a word or two in a way that listeners never forget. Years after he heard it, Verdi recalled the way Adelina Patti sang Gilda's "Io l'amo," in the last act of "Rigoletto": "No expression can express the sublime effect of this word as she uttered it," he told Giulio Ricordi. Bellini was transported by the way Maria Malibran sang Amina's phrase "Ah, m'abbraccia," in the finale of "La Sonnambula." (In fact, she sang "Ah, embrace me," for this was at a Drury Lane performance in Sir Henry Bishop's English version.) I'll not forget the way Maria Callas sang Norma's "Son io," in the last act of Bellini's "Norma." Or the way Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (modelling herself on Melba) sang the single word "Bada," in Mimì's farewell. Or the way Miss Battle (modelling herself on Schumann, perhaps) sang the single word "Bravo" in Susanna's first aria. Just two notes, a drop from G to D—but struck with a certainty, sounded in a timbre, and joined by a subtle portamento that gave exquisite pleasure. The arcs of the second aria were traced in tones of crystalline purity. Miss Battle's stage motion was not always quite so sure; she tended to wave her arms about. I'd love to hear her in an intimate house and in a more intimate kind of production.

Miss Vaness's Countess was promising, but there were problems of scale. This is a big voice. When Miss Vaness essayed, commendably, to draw it down to a very fine line, that line sometimes faltered. And there were moments of stage gaucheness in a generally graceful portrayal. Frederica von Stade's Cherubino is familiar; she was in the last Met production of the opera, ten years ago. Her singing has become almost too smooth; notes that Mozart slurred in pairs were so evenly emitted that something of the youth's impetuosity was lost. Ruggero Raimondi was an excellent—if perhaps too consistently amiable—Figaro. The production makes the hero rather more of a peasant, less of a gentleman's gentleman, than usual. Mr. Allen's Count seemed small-scale in the Met; neither the voice nor the personality told strongly in that enormous space.

AT the New York Flute Club concert in CAMI Hall last week, Judith Pearce played an instrument

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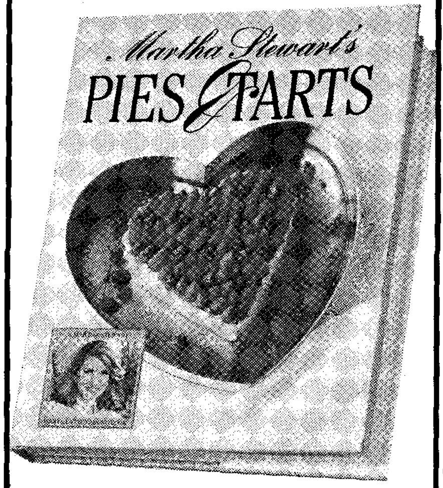

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made by Albert Cooper—a modern flutemaker who has added refinement, in the matter of exactly where the holes should be placed, to Boehm's design. Miss Pearce was once the flutist of the Fires of London—she can be heard on the Unicorn recordings of Peter Maxwell Davies' "Eight Songs for a Mad King" and "Vesalii Icones"—and now lives in New York. Several composers have written for her; two of them were represented on this program. Nicholas Maw's "Night Thoughts" (1982), for solo flute, is ten minutes of ardent but disciplined lyricism. Davies' "The Kestrel Paced Round the Sun" (1975) is five minutes of graphic, inspired imagery; it stands high in the catalogue of "bird" compositions for solo wind which I wrote about last month. The title comes from the Orkney poet George Mackay Brown.

Miss Pearce is a pleasing player. Perfect intonation makes a good start. Her tone is strong, firm, and full—never bloated, and free from the wobble that disfigures (except when a composer calls for it) much flute playing. It's an individual, subtly inflected voice. But, like Miss Rolfe, Miss Pearce performed everything from the page, even the works that were written for her. She suggested a flute-playing Alice—well-mannered, sweetly reasonable, logical and imaginative at once. Alice is adorable. W. H. Auden found her "an adequate symbol for what every human being should try to be like." But a public performer should have a touch of flamboyance as well, in certain works. The finale of Spohr's E-flat Sonata, Opus 113, for flute and harp, needs more "presentation" than Miss Pearce gave it; it needs to be phrased with a smile. Perhaps the sober mien—unlike the usual infectious panache of Fires players—was adopted specially for this concert given not so much for the general public as for the specialist audience of the Flute Club. The ear could discover both a master of the instrument and a cogent, gleaming, poetic artist. The accompanists were Elizabeth DiFelice, piano, in Charles Koechlin's Fourteen Pieces and Carl Reinecke's "Undine" Sonata, and Kathleen Bride, harp, in the Spohr and in William Alwyn's "Naiades." At a time when several American soloists have moved to London, Miss Pearce adds something to New York's musical life. We must hear more of her.

—Andrew Porter

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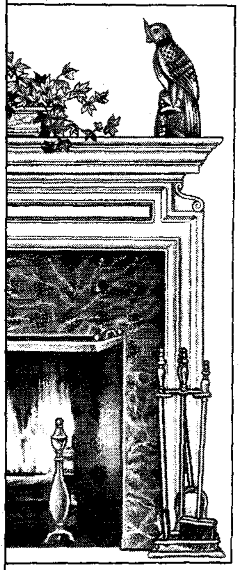

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BOOKS

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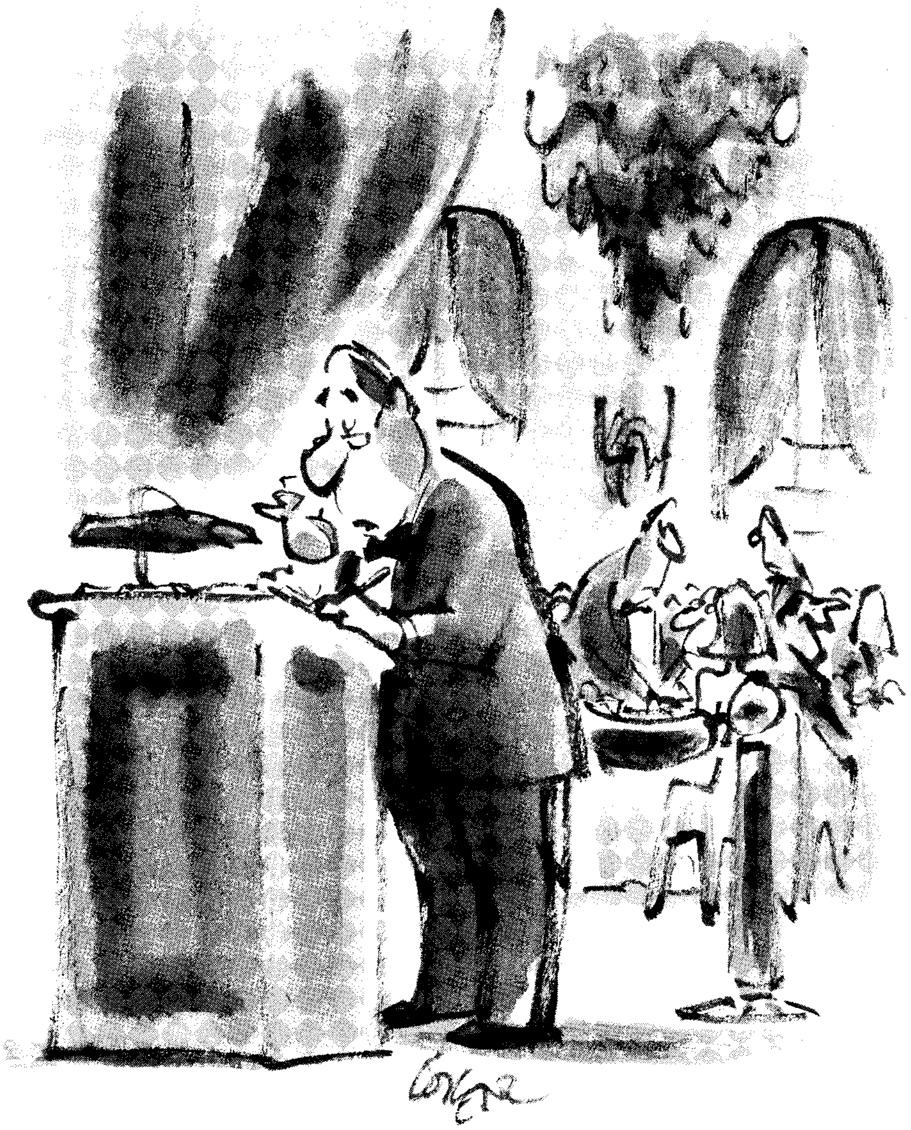
YOU never know what kind of hat E. L. Doctorow will be wearing when he writes a new book. During the past twenty-five years, he has written a Western, a science-fiction novel, a tract novel, a historical docu-novel, a play, a Horatio Alger romance, and a collection of allegorical-surrealist short stories capped by a quasi-autobiographical novella. Now we have the puzzling "World's Fair" (Random House; $17.95). The book appears to be a novel in the form of a memoir set down by a middle-aged man about his growing up in the Bronx during the thirties. But Doctorow likes to play games with his readers. He grew up in the Bronx, and the narrator and his family have the same general makeup and the same given names that he and his family have. In an interview with Bruce Weber in the Sunday *Times Magazine*, Doctorow said that the book is "the illusion of a memoir." Then he said in the daily *Times* that t is "really a story about memory," hat "in a sense, my whole book is a ime capsule." This last is accurate, if ncomplete. What the book is is fragments of a novel embedded in a kind of catalogue of the everyday detritus of he thirties. The catalogue is taken rom a rich archive, which includes Fleer's Dubble Bubble gum, five-hour Saturday matinées (two cartoons, a hort, a newsreel, a serial, previews, and two feature films), knickers, Flit, he Gee Bee racer, Big Little Books, balsa-wood model airplanes, tonsillecomies, Little Orphan Annie Ovaltine mugs, Frank Buck, BB guns, "Deep Purple," zeppelins, the Dornier Do X flying boat, Frank Kovacs, Admiral Byrd's "Alone," Royal Crown Cola, Joe Louis, *Popular Mechanics*, Commander Edward Ellsberg and the aising of the S-51, Walter Damrosch, he Morro Castle, the sub-zero winter of 1933-34, Keds, Railway Express rucks, Tootsietoys, steam shovels, ugs, cap pistols, Howard Johnson's, Tarzan's yodel, train whistles, *G-8 nd His Battle Aces*, Mel-O-Rols, ujubes, the Cord, rumble seats, Charles Atlas, Rogers Peet, the urricane of 1938, the Rover Boys, nd the interconnected seas of radio, movies, the funnies, and comic books.

"World's Fair" begins when Edgar Altschuler (Doctorow was named after Edgar Allan Poe) is four and ends when he is ten and goes to the 1939 World's Fair. He lives in a pleasant four-bedroom apartment with his mother, Rose, his father, Dave, and his older brother, Donald. Rose is passionate, devoted, intelligent, thorough, strict, and no fool. Dave is a handsome, wild ne'er-do-well, spoiled by his mother, and full of surprises and quixotic tendencies. He is a gambler and a womanizer, and eventually he loses his popular, up-to-date midtown music store. Both sets of grandparents were born in Russia. Rose's father, a violinist, is dead, and her senile mother has moved in with her and Dave. Dave's parents, still resilient, live farther north in the Bronx; the father, an old Socialist, is kindly, but the mother is sharp and malicious, and ceaselessly needles the noble Rose. Edgar has an ordinary and properly melodramatic childhood. He goes to school; he rapturously watches his brother and his friends build an igloo in the back yard; he listens to his parents bicker and fight; he gets peritonitis; he has a girlfriend; he is mugged when he wanders into the East Bronx one day; he sees a woman just after she has been hit and killed by a car; he watches the Hindenburg nosing south over the Bronx on its last day. All the



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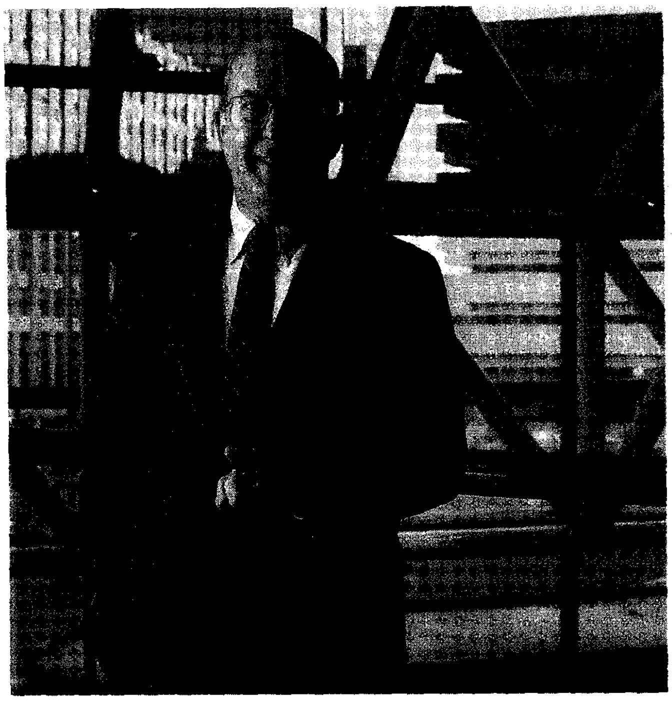

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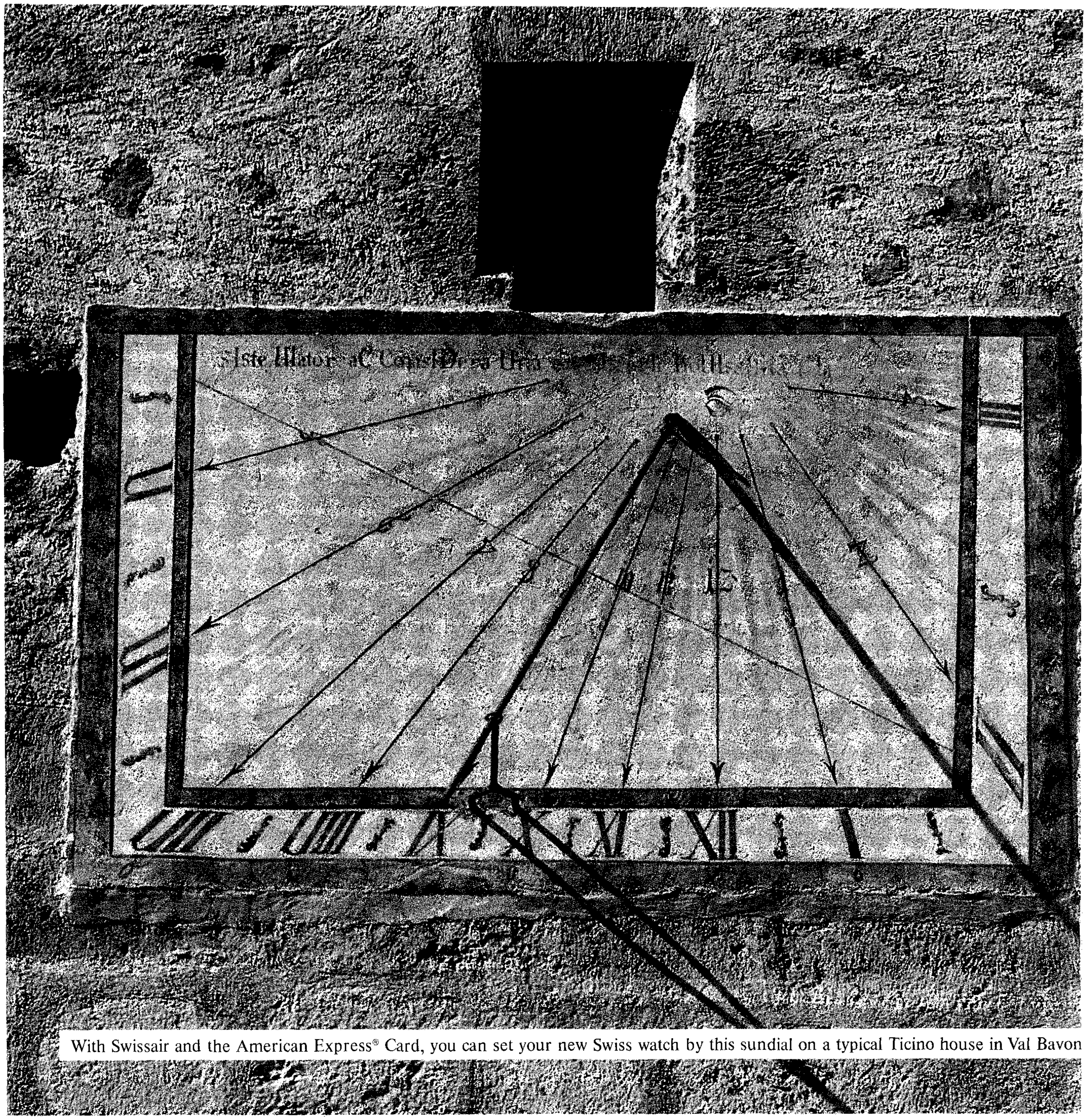

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while, Doctorow attempts to graft heavy-duty sensibilities onto Edgar which would have astonished the child had he been able to understand them. The narrator muses over the igloo:

> I felt that what was being built was not a shelter but some structured withdrawal from the beneficence of the lighted day, and my excitement was for invited darkness, the reckless enclosure, as if by perverse and self-destructive will, of a secret possibility of life that would be better untampered with.

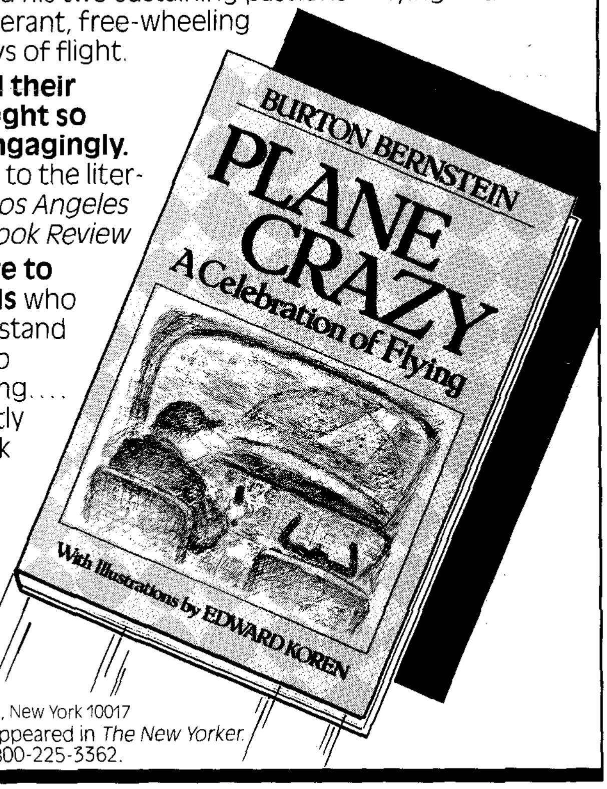
Beware of the poetic "some"! Here is Edgar at Far Rockaway:

> I felt through my fingers the sand pour of bones, like some futile archaeologist of a ground-up mineral past. I recognized the heat in the sand as some invisible power of distant light. And from the glittering blue water I took its endless motion and unimaginably frigid depth. All of this astonishingly was; and I on my knees in my bodying perception, worldlessly primeval, at home, fearful, joyous.

Doctorow surrounds Edgar with his accurately researched lists of the artifacts of the thirties. But two-thirds of the way through the book the novel hidden within it begins to be visible. It concerns the intense and abrasive relationship between Rose and Dave. They are opposites, inextricably entwined by tradition and propriety, and they give off intense heat. We learn much of this from brief interludes that occasionally break the narrator's drone and are offered almost as oral reports by Rose and Donald and Frances—a beautiful sister of Dave's who is married to a successful lawyer and lives in Pelham Manor. We also learn from Edgar, who overhears this perfect patch of dialogue one night:

> "The phone bill," my mother was saying. "Consolidated Edison. Today I didn't even have the money to get your shirts out of the Chinese laundry."
>
> "I have some money for you."
>
> "You've been saying that for three days."
>
> "I drew something against my commissions this morning. I don't like to do that, since it puts me in the hole."
>
> "I'll tell you what puts you in the hole. Your card playing puts you in the hole."
>
> "Does this go with dinner? What course is this?"
>
> "Tell me of any other wife who waits to twelve o'clock to serve dinner? Where have you been? What have you been up to?"
>
> "If you don't let me eat in peace, I'm going to walk right out of here."
>
> "Walk. You don't frighten me. Do I ever have your company? Would I know the difference?"

By the time we read this, it is too late. The book has only forty pages left, and we have already been told that Edgar's father dies before his



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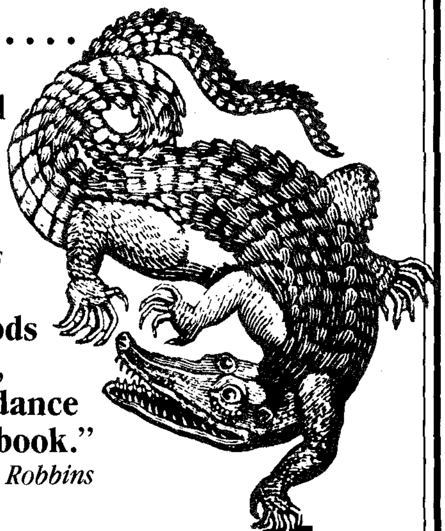

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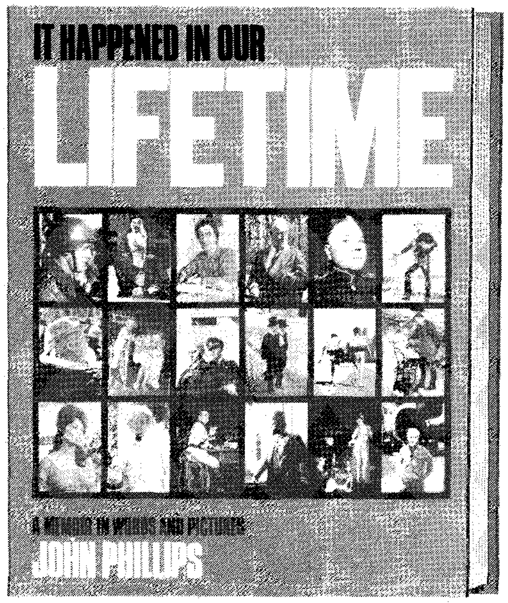
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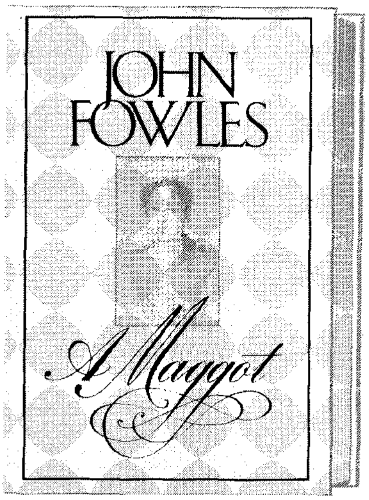
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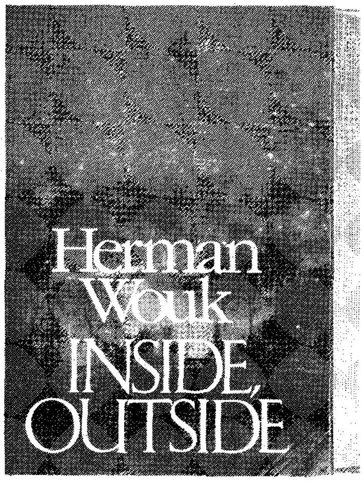
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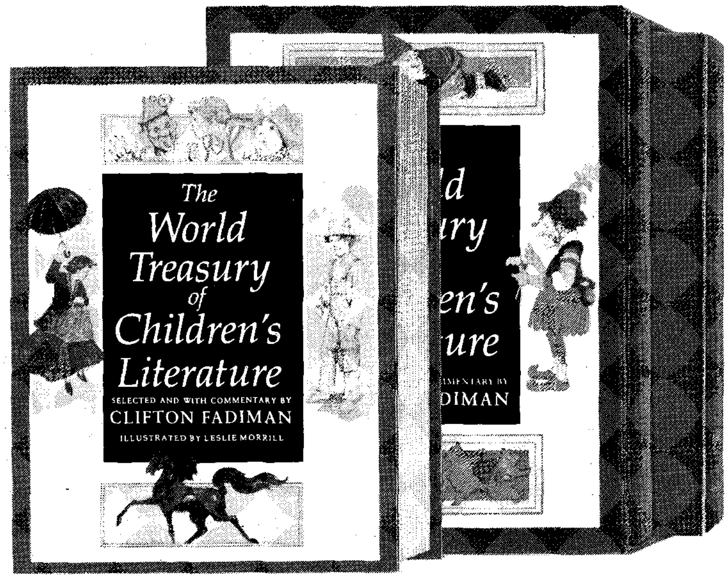
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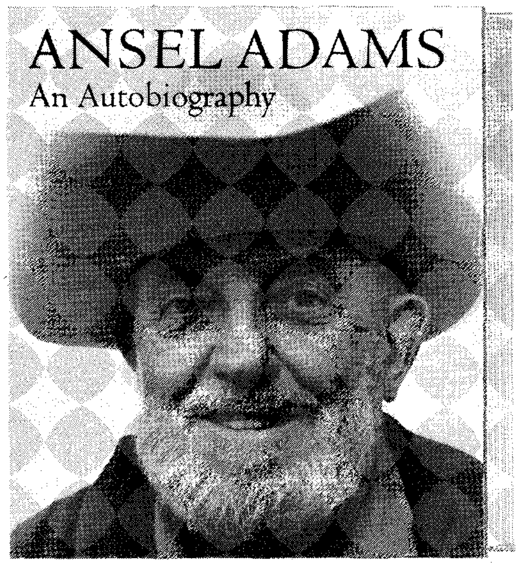
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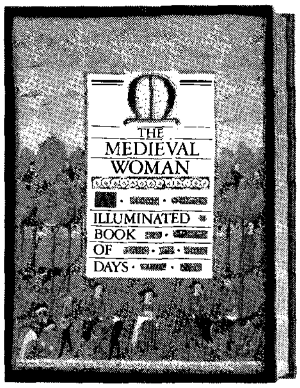
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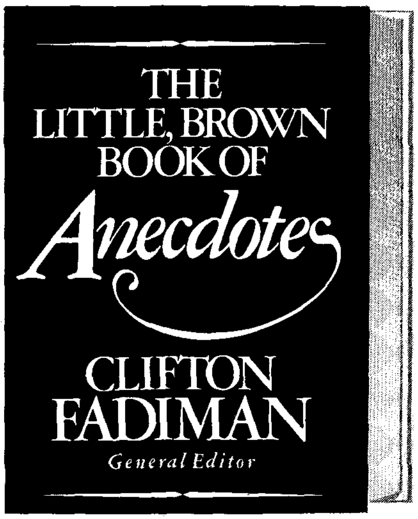
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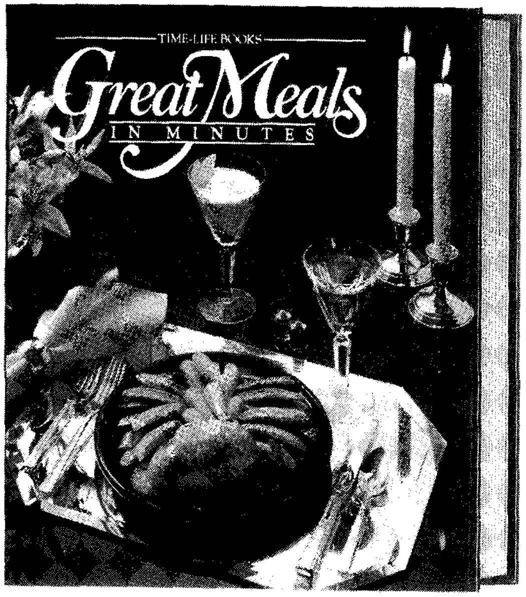
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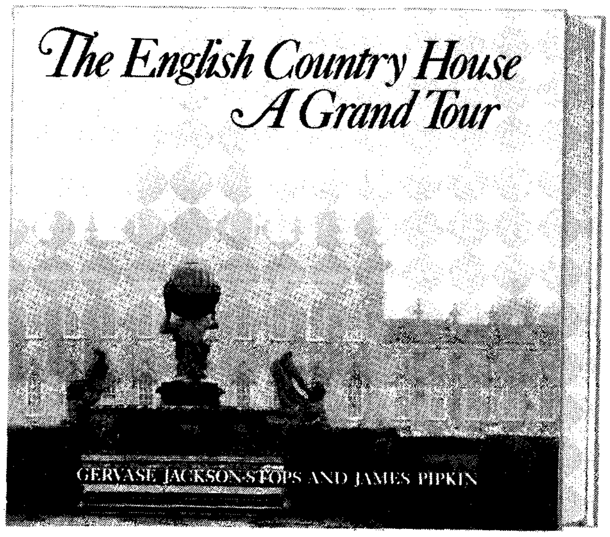
The English Country House
A Grand Tour
GERVASE JACKSON-STOPS AND JAMES PIPKIN

At bookstores now **LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY** time. (The first short story in Doctorow's "Lives of the Poets," which preceded "World's Fair," can be read as an epilogue to it. It's as if the idea for "World's Fair" had grown backward out of the story.)

Doctorow tends to be showy. Either his sentences are short and clipped or they limp on, making commas do the work of periods or dashes:

> I was not well. I was not happy. I was very tired and injured, I felt I had been badly treated, I had been cut, I had stitches in me and drains, and at night when no one was there and I woke, I heard another child crying and I couldn't help it, I wept too.

He stops where Saul Bellow begins. Doctorow's descriptions of Edgar's trips to the World's Fair are the climax of his book. They remind us that if that jubilant, visionary exhibition failed to improve urban design in this country it changed our gastronomy.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE NIGHTINGALE: OR, THE SAGA OF YOSELE SOLOVEY THE CANTOR, by Sholom Aleichem, translated from the Yiddish by Aliza Shevrin (Putnam; $16.95). A violinist and an actor were the subjects of the first and the third volumes of a trilogy that Sholom Aleichem wrote early in his career. This second volume, a sad novel about a pious cantor's prodigious and prodigal son, was written in 1886, when Aleichem was twenty-seven, and it appears here in English for the first time. The story, of folktale stock, is about a poor boy with a heavenly voice—his ticket to the world beyond the walls of his synagogue and his shtetl. By the time he sees that flatterers have snared him, his childhood sweetheart, "meek as a lamb," has been handed over to matchmakers. Aliza Shevrin explains in a valuable foreword that Sholom Aleichem loved music second only to writing, and this cautionary tale—in which Yiddish, Hebrew, Ukrainian, and Russian words were spoken, spat, screamed, and sung by spouses, neighbors, and lovers—bears her out.

FAMILY LINEN, by Lee Smith (Putnam; $15.95). A vast cast of characters, mostly blood kin and in-laws, take turns, chapter by chapter, as the focus and/or the narrator of this raucous novel, which seems

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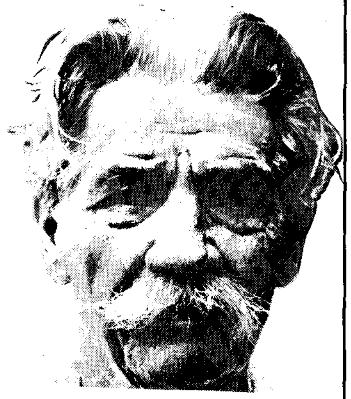

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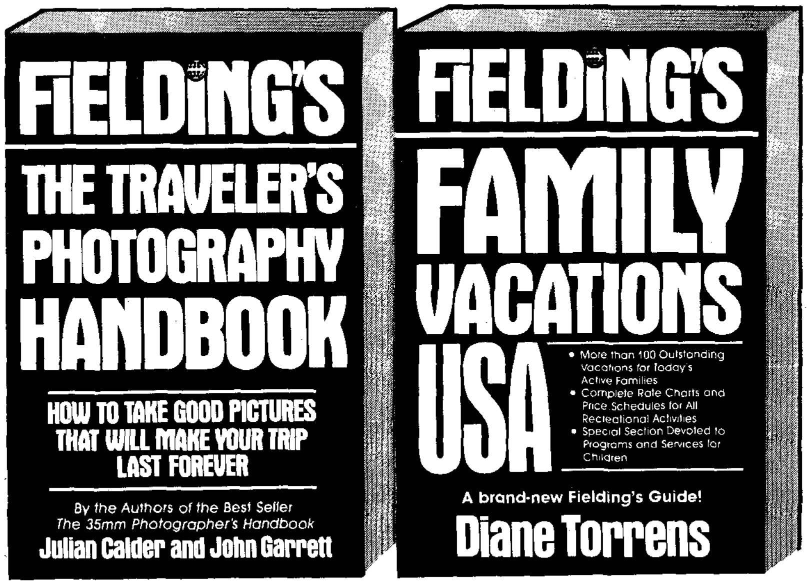
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to aim at being a suburban "Li'l Abner." The first chapter begins well enough, with an old maid's shrewd assessment of a hypnotist's wife's rosebushes, and the last chapter ends well enough, with a drunken wedding dance, but in between the chaos is contrived. Lee Smith knows better than to state outright that the dermatologist whose B.M.W.'s license plate is "SKIN" is hardly superior to the exterminator whose company car sports a giant iron termite; instead, she makes the exterminator the doctor's wife's lover. But many of the characters, with their faith in brand names and their low opinions of each other, are familiar caricatures. By the time the family intellectual settles down to read a baffling memoir that her mother wrote in 1928, the reader can guess that the family idiot will turn out to be less idiotic than he seems.

ONTACT, by Carl Sagan (Simon & Schuster; $18.95). A clue to what's wrong with this science fantasy may lie in one of the acknowledgments at the end. Dr. Sagan thanks his colleague Kip Thorne for "generating fifty lines of equations" to validate the "relevant gravitational physics" in the book. The entire book—four hundred and thirty pages—reads like fifty lines of equations. Here is a tender moment in the courtship of the heroine, the astronomer Eleanor Arroway, and Ken der Heer, a science adviser to the President: "What a wonderful program in this little guy's head!" he says, referring to a caterpillar. "It works every time—optimum escape software." The plot, which concerns the first human contact with extraterrestrials, is like a recycling of every science-fiction film one has ever seen. And the people bear the same relation to people that the Jarvik heart bears to a heart.

GENERAL

HENRY JAMES: A LIFE, by Leon Edel (Harper & Row; $24.95). This is an abridgment and revision of Mr. Edel's noted five-volume life. Both are wonders, and neither supplants the other. In the full version, the reader is invited to live and work through the hours of the author's life, while the condensation has a more immediate impact. For one example, because James's shifts of direction or attention in his writing seem here to come closer together, the reader finds James almost preternaturally responsive. In a preface, Mr. Edel mentions his greater freedom, with the passage of time, to discuss James's sexuality, and he also notes several of his recent discoveries, including the source of "The Turn of the Screw." The James of this volume is a unique mixture of fear and courage—a terror of women and of the erotic aspect of life combined with a dauntless bravery in his art, which not only pursued new themes but created new methods and designs in the novel.

HONKYTONK GELATO: TRAVELS THROUGH TEXAS, by Stephen Brook (Atheneum; $12.95). The author, an English writer whose previous book, "New York Days, New York Nights," proved him a sharp-eyed and often funny observer of American ways, in this travelogue has taken on Texas—the whole of it. In a rented Toyota, he visited Austin, Dallas, Houston, San Antonio, and many small towns, with names like Cut 'N Shoot, Birthright, and Peerless. He partook

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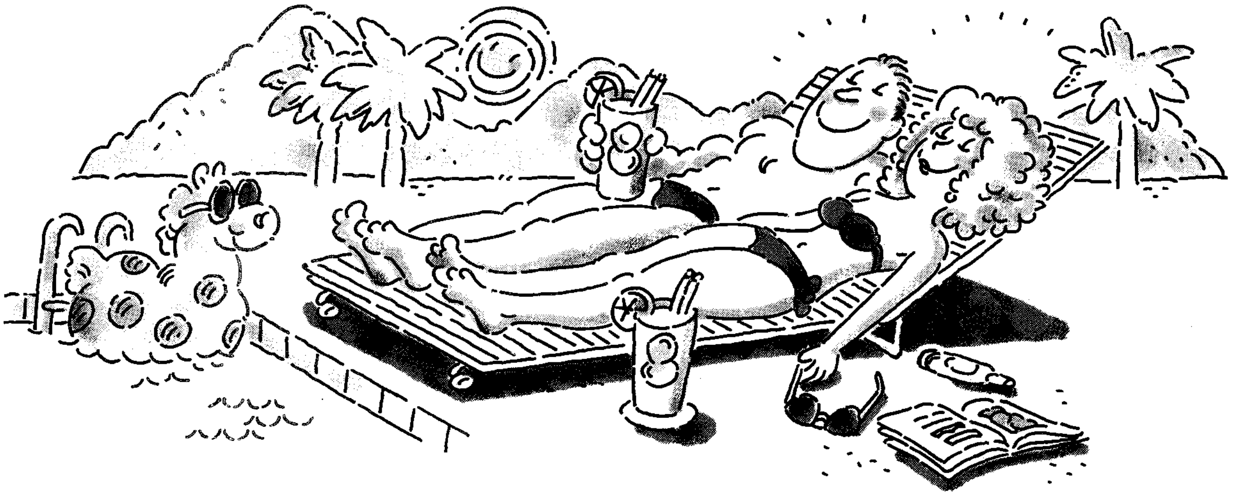

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of Texas life from a chili cookoff, at which he talked to a girl named Sweethang Neale, to a rodeo in a prison, cattle auctions, beauty pageants (he reports that there are two thousand of these in the state each year), and the gold-plated *dolce vita* of the Dallas multimillionaires. A man of Old World sensibilities, Mr. Brook expected to be less than enchanted by Texas, but he found many things to like about the place and (some of) its people. The reader who has never been there is left with a fairly solid idea of what our noisiest state is like, and with a residual feeling of nausea at the very mention of money.

FRANK AND MAISIE: A MEMOIR WITH PARENTS, by Wilfrid Sheed (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). Frank Sheed, of Irish antecedents but Australian born and bred, and Maisie Ward, of an English family of Catholic converts and intellectuals, married in England in 1925, and embarked on a joint career of championing the cause of Catholicism—as street-corner spielers, lecturers, world travellers, writers, and publishers (they founded the influential house of Sheed & Ward)—which lasted well into their eighties. Mr. Sheed presents this pair, who tempered what some might consider fanaticism with humor and humanity, as he saw them as a child, when he was transplanted from England to America and back again; as a schoolboy; as an Oxford undergraduate; as a half-reluctant collaborator in their publishing business; and, finally, as a loving son become a loving and admiring friend, when he took off on his own as novelist and essayist. The portrait of his father—whose mission was to keep fresh the message of the New Testament, but who was also a man of infinite jest and wit—is unforgettable. Photographs.

COMMON COURTESY: IN WHICH MISS MANNERS SOLVES THE PROBLEM THAT BAFFLED MR. JEFFERSON, by Judith Martin (Atheneum; $10.95). This charming slip of a book, which began as an address requested by Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, argues that "business entertaining" is an oxymoron, and that "democratic etiquette" is not. Miss Manners does not confine herself to her contemporaries and her compatriots. She begins her discussion of forks, for instance, in eleventh-century Venice; scolds both

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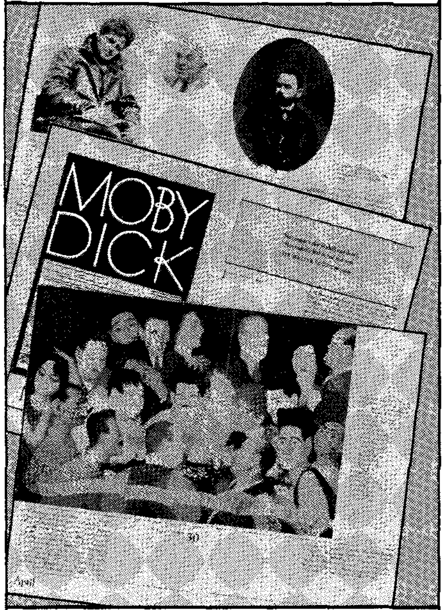

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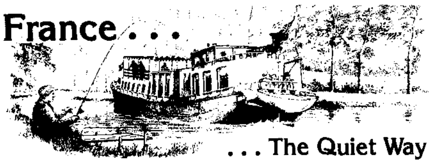

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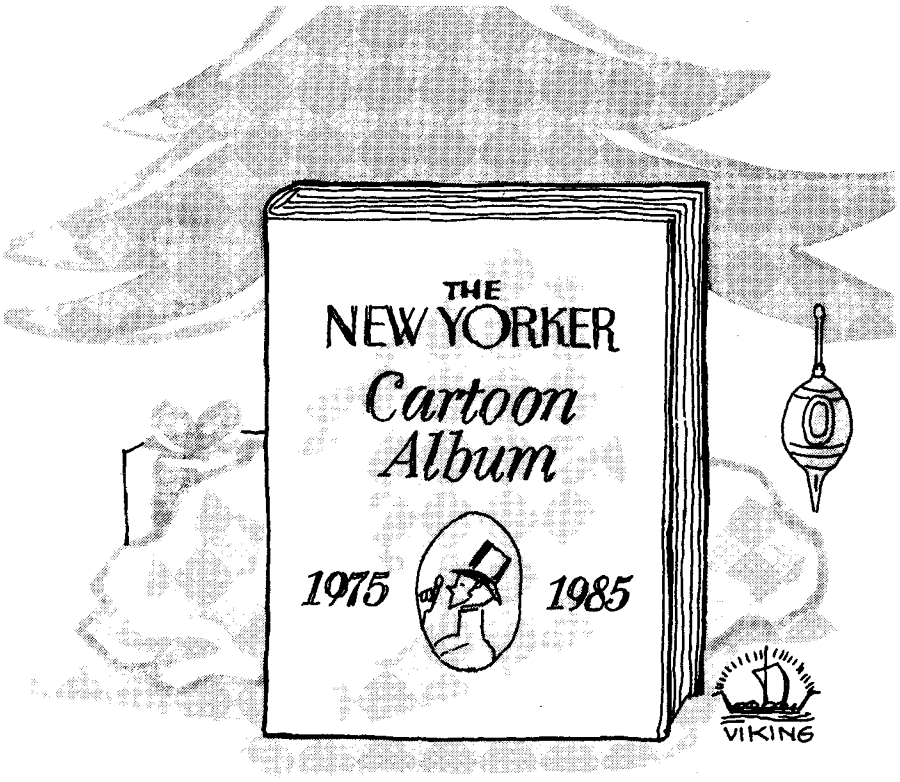
sides in the Victorian fish-fork debate; censures all graduates of the American branch of the Jean-Jacques Rousseau School of Etiquette (founded c. 1960), who boast of not knowing which fork is which; and defends the use of the right hand to convey all forks to all mouths as a European technique that came over with the Colonists and thrived in the New World even as the Colonists decided that they had curtsied often enough to kings and queens. A hundred-and-eighty-word Knopf-ish note at the end details the history of the preceding sixty-eight pages' typeface, which was Ben Franklin's favorite.

Photoportraits, by Henri Cartier-Bresson, translated from the French by Paula Clifford (Thames & Hudson; $50). A retrospective collection of more than two hundred and fifty photographs. Most of the portraits are of well-known writers, poets, artists, musicians, and philosophers. In nearly every one there are indications of the rapport that Cartier-Bresson establishes with his subjects—a rapport that one senses is at its most intense at the moment he clicks the shutter of his Leica. Interspersed among these images are arresting photographs of anonymous people—a Paris concierge, Indian transvestites, a sinister-looking group of Iranian peasants, a eunuch of the last empress of China. A preface, by Cartier-Bresson's friend André Pieyre de Mandiargues, is written in an effusive style that probably reads better in the original French.

Gisèle Freund: Photographer, by Gisèle Freund, translated from the French by John Shepley (Abrams; $45). This beautiful book is, like Cartier-Bresson's, a retrospective of a lifetime's work. It includes a gallery of portraits of people in the arts, quite a few of whom also appear in the Cartier-Bresson—Matisse, Colette, Alberto Giacometti, Pablo Neruda, Aldous Huxley, Henry Miller. Miss Freund, who left her native Germany for Paris when Hitler took power, and who first worked as a photographer to pay for her studies in sociology at the Sorbonne, was one of the early experimenters with color photography. Her color portraits of the aging Virginia Woolf, of the youthful Arthur Koestler, of Paul Valéry, and of André Malraux are included here, and give us a new idea of how



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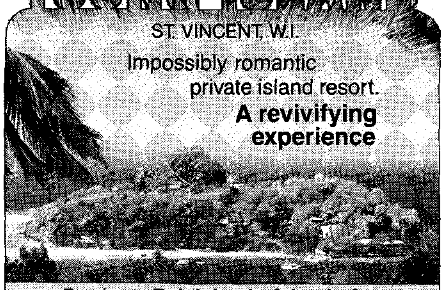

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these people actually looked. Other pictures show the last May Day celebration in Frankfurt before the rise of the Nazis, the distressed areas of northern England in the nineteen-thirties, and the street life of Paris from the thirties to the present.

THREE DAYS WITH JOYCE, photographs and text by Gisèle Freund, translated from the French by Peter St. John Ginna (Persea; $17.95). A memoir made up of thirty-nine black-and-white photographs of James Joyce in Paris in 1938 and one color portrait taken a year later. The black-and-whites were shot over three days, and show Joyce first in his flat, going over proofs of "Finnegans Wake," and then at Shakespeare & Company, the bookshop in the Rue de l'Odéon run by Sylvia Beach, who published "Ulysses" in 1922. We see him arriving by taxi and in conversation with Miss Beach and Adrienne Monnier, the bookseller who published the French translation of "Ulysses." Another section shows Joyce in the garden of his son George's house, on the Rue Scheffer, relaxing in a chaise and playing with his little grandson Stephen. He is also seen posing with son and grandson under a portrait of his father (a shot Joyce staged to show four generations of his family) and playing the piano. The pictures are rare—Joyce was not fond of being photographed or drawn or painted—and are profoundly moving. He looks frail and very tired, although elegant, as usual. Richard Ellmann, his chief biographer, says in a preface that Joyce was harassed with worry about his and his family's future at this time and was weakened physically from a long series of eye operations. The color portrait, taken only two years before his death, is haunting: Joyce seems to be gazing through his thick lenses, beyond the camera, into who knows what uncertainty. Miss Freund says that he liked the pictures of him en famille, but that she refrained from showing him the one in color.

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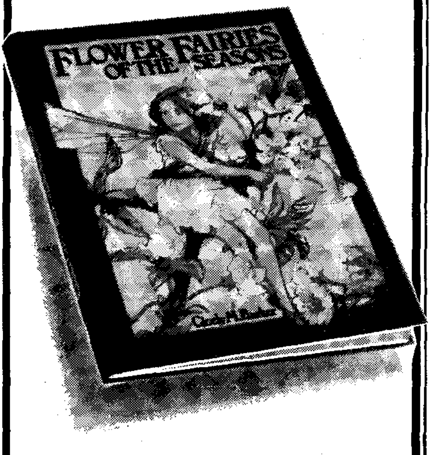

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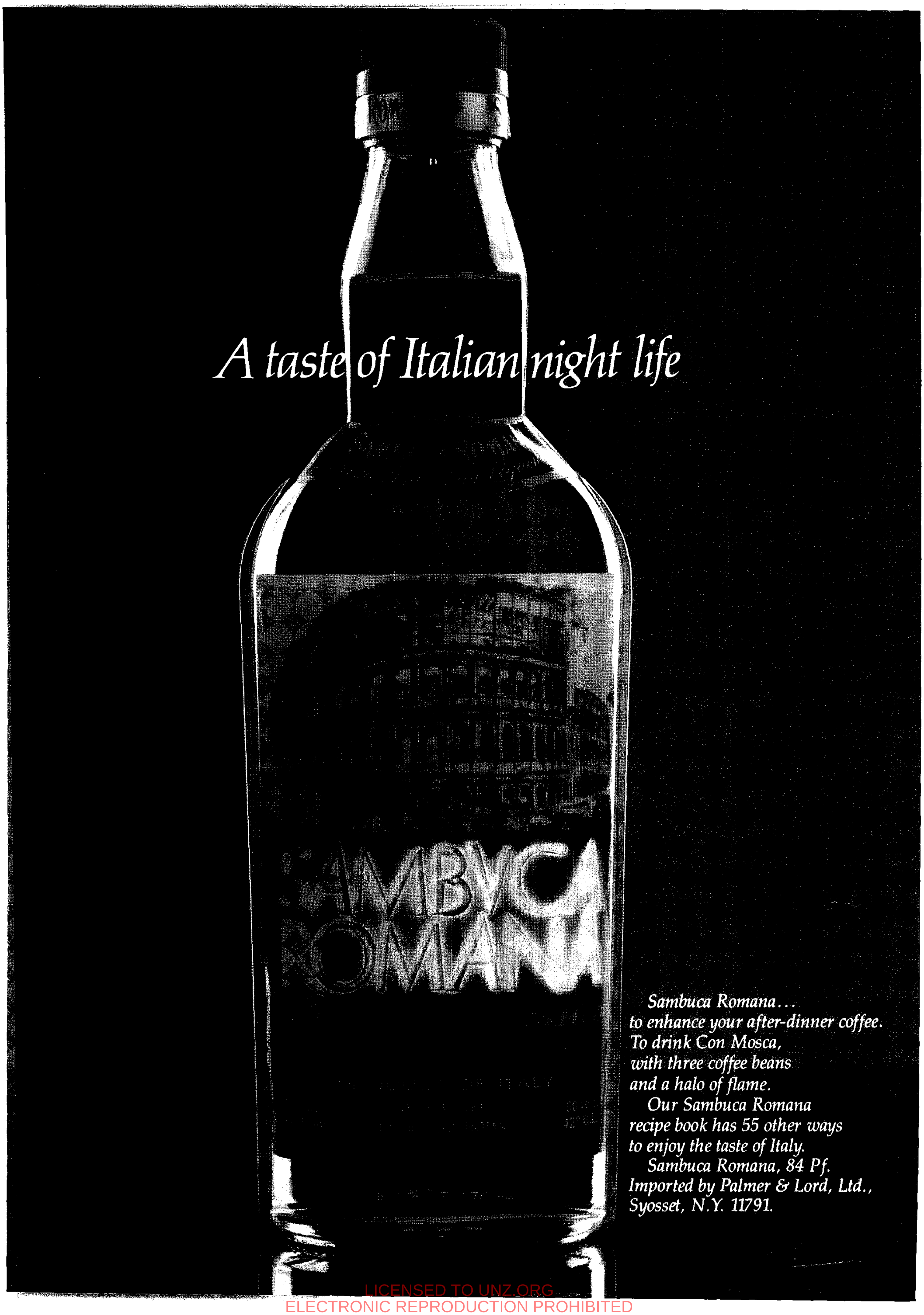

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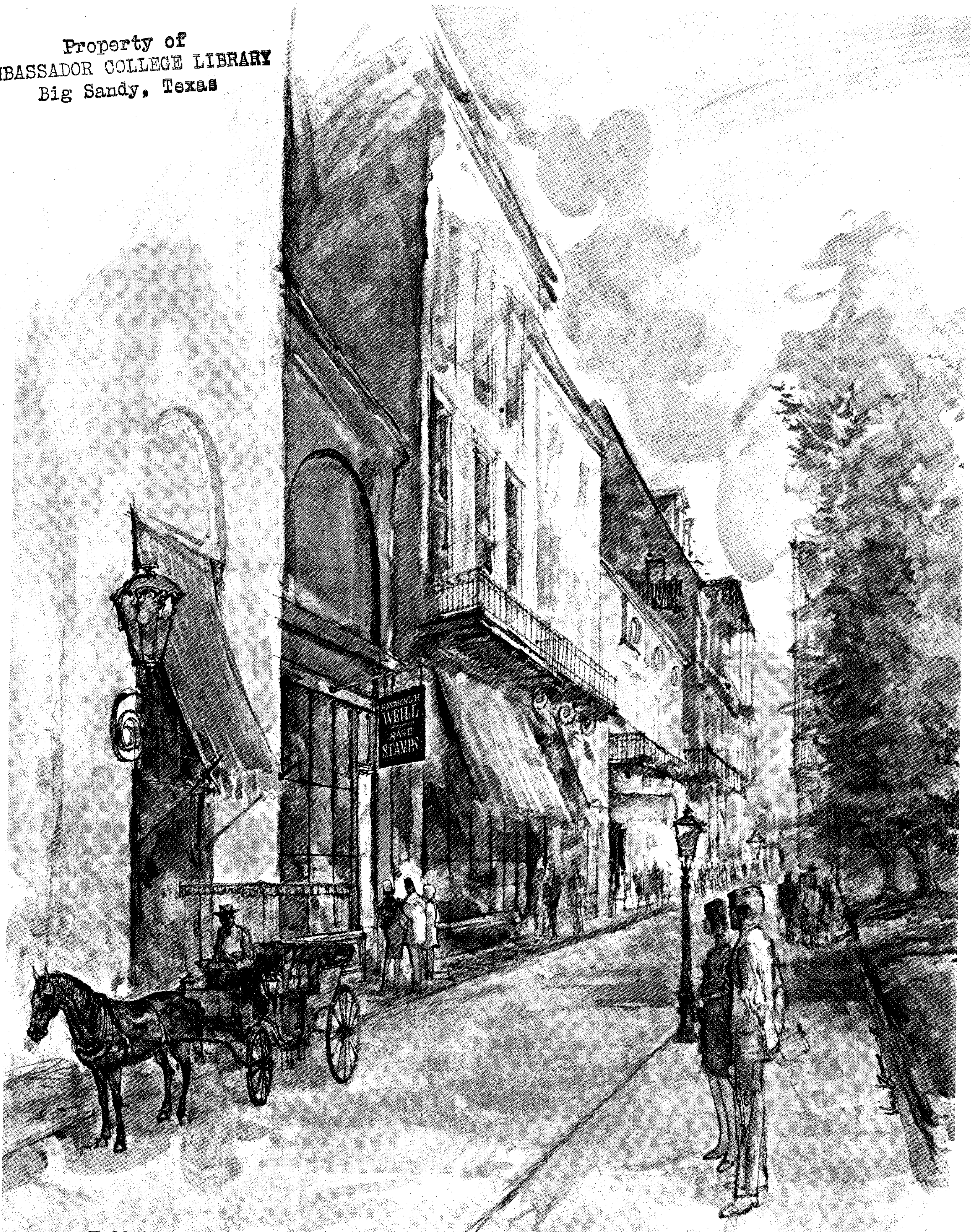

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